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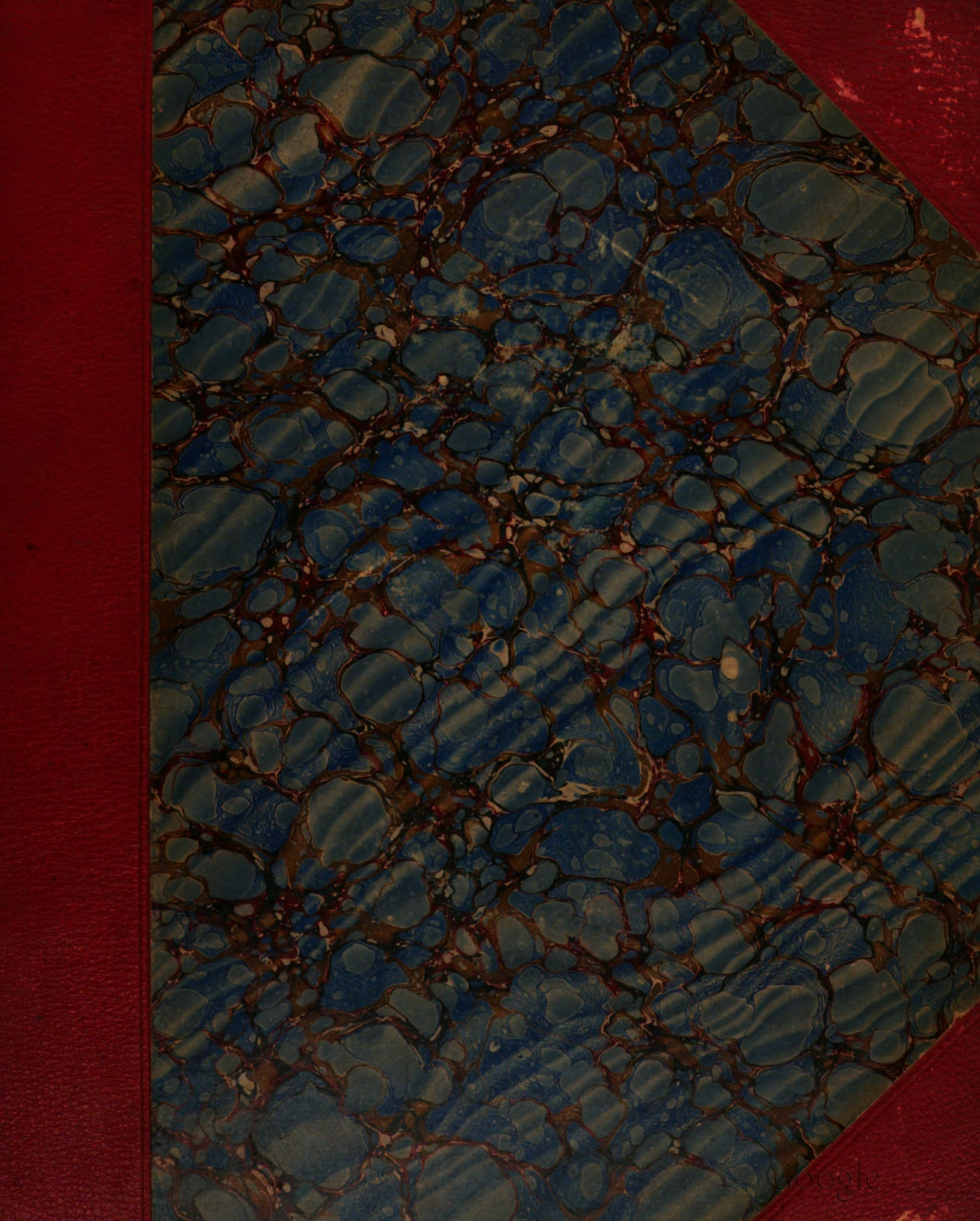
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MONTHLY~



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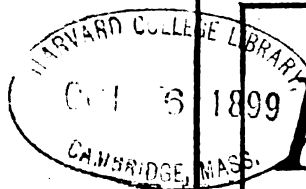
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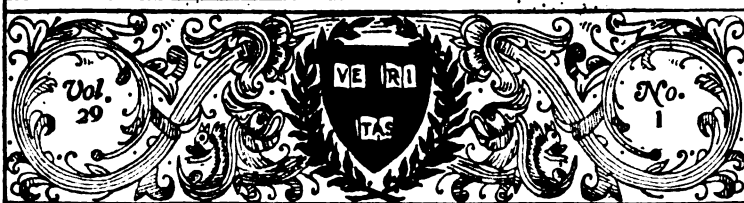
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The
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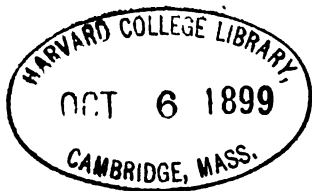
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THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIX.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 1.

THE RELATIONS OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE WITH HARVARD.

IN the announcement of courses provided for Harvard students by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences during the coming academic year, a new feature appears. Among the courses classed as primarily for Graduates, sixty-three are marked with a double dagger (‡); and a note states this to signify that under certain conditions these courses are open to properly qualified students of Radcliffe College.

The practice thus recognized for the first time in the "elective pamphlet" of Harvard is now in its sixth year. Since the year 1894-95 a considerable number of Harvard courses, mostly in the group primarily for Graduates, have been open to properly qualified Radcliffe students; and have been regularly announced, as double-starred (***) in the Radcliffe lists. Few Radcliffe students have resorted to them. At least in principle, however, the practice has introduced coeducation at Harvard. If the practice continue and increase, then, there seems likelihood that Harvard may suddenly find itself committed to coeducation, somewhat as unwary men lay themselves open to actions for breach of promise. Clearly it is desirable that persons interested in Harvard should more generally understand the present relations between the old college and Radcliffe.

In 1879, thirty-seven professors and other instructors of Harvard College agreed to offer private collegiate instruction for women. The instruction in question generally amounted to the mere repetition of

courses regularly given at Harvard. For this the instructors concerned were paid enough sensibly to augment their scanty salaries. And during that first year twenty-seven women availed themselves of the opportunity offered them. The institution thus informally started was popularly known as the "Harvard Annex." Two years later it was incorporated as "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women," of which the purpose was stated to be that of "promoting the education of women with the assistance of the instructors of Harvard University." After thirteen years more — fifteen since the Annex started — there were sixty-nine instructors on its lists, and 255 students. To this point, the work in question, though conducted by Harvard instructors, had no official connection with the college.

Already, however, negotiations had been begun, with a view to establishing closer relations between Harvard and Radcliffe. The Harvard Faculty, for one thing, had been consulted. This was done so tentatively, to be sure, that the matter was not formally entered in their records; but their action is understood to have influenced the Corporation and the Overseers in decisions fully set forth by President Eliot in his Annual Report for 1893-94. According to this,

"On the 13th of November, 1893, the Corporation received from the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women — commonly called the 'Harvard Annex' — a series of votes which were the result of negotiations carried on during the previous year between the Society and the President and Fellows. These votes declared the desire of the Society to change the name of their corporation to Radcliffe College, and to give degrees in Arts and Sciences, and therefore to apply to the Legislature for the power to confer such degrees. They also declared their purpose to make the President and Fellows of Harvard College the Visitors of the new corporation, and their intention that no instructor or examiner should be appointed, employed, or retained by the new corporation without the approval of the Visitors; and they requested that the President of Harvard University be authorized to countersign the diplomas of the new corporation, and to affix to them the seal of Harvard University.

"The President and Fellows transmitted to the Board of Overseers a copy of this communication with the statement 'that the President and Fellows are

prepared to carry out the arrangement proposed thereby, provided that the Board of Overseers shall give its consent.' On the 6th of December the consent of the Board of Overseers was given to the proposed arrangement. The Society promptly made application to the Legislature for a change of name and for an extension of its powers, and on the 23d of March a liberal and comprehensive act was signed by the Governor, which accomplished the immediate objects the Society had in view. Radcliffe College is 'authorized generally to furnish instruction and the opportunities of collegiate life to women, and to promote their higher education'; . . . and . . . 'to confer on women all honors and degrees as fully as any university or college in this Commonwealth is now so empowered respecting men or women, provided, however, that no degree shall be conferred by the said Radcliffe College except with the approval of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, given on satisfactory evidence of such qualification as is accepted for the same degree when conferred by Harvard University.' By the acceptance of this act the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women came into possession of all the powers needed on their part to carry out the agreement with the President and Fellows, and thereupon the alliance between the University and Radcliffe College took effect."

Meanwhile, President Eliot goes on to state, the Board of Overseers had passed the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, That in the judgment of the Board of Overseers, the degree of Bachelor of Arts should not be given by this University to women, inasmuch as they are not permitted to qualify themselves for it in Harvard College, and at present this form of qualification is implied by the said degree.

"Resolved, Provided that the President and Fellows concur herein, that the Faculty of Arts and Sciences be authorized, in their discretion, to admit any students of Radcliffe College to any courses of instruction designed primarily for Graduates upon such terms and subject to such limitations and conditions as may be agreed upon between the said Faculty and the corresponding governing board of Radcliffe College, such students not to be deemed students of Harvard University, and the privileges hereby conferred upon them to be at all times revocable, as well by the said Faculty of Arts and Sciences as by the governing boards of the University."

Under these circumstances the double-starred courses of Radcliffe, now at last recognized by the double-dagger of Harvard, were estab-

lished; and from this time Radcliffe College has regularly conferred the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts. Several Radcliffe students have meanwhile done work which has deserved the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This the Radcliffe authorities have evidently had full power to confer. They have regularly refused to do so. Their avowed hope is that Harvard may be persuaded to confer on women at least this highest degree. Meanwhile, too, the somewhat uncertain classification of Harvard Courses has resulted in the occasional opening to Radcliffe students of courses nominally for Graduates and Undergraduates, as well as of those courses primarily for Graduates of which such opening was formally authorized by the Board of Overseers.

To some members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, this state of affairs has appeared to menace the one unbroken tradition of Harvard. Amid all the changes which have occurred since the college was founded in 1636, there has never before been a deviation from the principle that the influences amid which education should be obtained here must remain purely virile. The invasion of Sever Hall, University Hall and Dane Hall by occasional Radcliffe students in the single year 1896-97 — not to speak of Laboratories and Libraries — became obvious to the eye. Accordingly, in the year 1897-98 a committee was appointed by the Faculty, to report on the whole subject. This committee found that the standards of admission, instruction, examination and graduation at Radcliffe have been in all respects identical with those of Harvard. It also found that "the system of coeducation has been introduced at Harvard in courses which have included a considerable proportion of undergraduates; but the amount of coeducation has been slight." A majority of the committee reached the following conclusion:

"By far the most important question suggested by the present situation is whether any further steps, and if so what steps, should be taken in the direction of coeducation. This is a question we do not feel called upon to attempt to answer. But we feel that it is one which should not be settled by a policy of drift; from time to time the various bodies concerned should consciously face the problem, and determine with due knowledge of the circumstances the next

step to be taken. It is probable that the time is not ripe for any such discussion; very much must depend on the development of Radcliffe in the next few years. Should Radcliffe become, as some of its friends hope, a college primarily of Graduate and other advanced students, the situation would be altered. We do not recommend any change at present in the main feature of the present arrangement,—the opening by the Corporation, at the recommendation of the Faculty, and with the consent of the Instructor, of particular Harvard courses ‘primarily for Graduates’ to properly qualified Radcliffe students. But, both out of respect for the traditions of Harvard, and also in order that the experiment should be fairly tried and its results instructive, it seems to us necessary to observe strictly the conditions of the experiment and carefully to retain all the limitations which it would seem to involve, even if they should prove irksome in particular cases.”

For the moment this majority accordingly recommended a policy somewhat more conservative than that of the past. A minority dissented; the Faculty preferred, on the whole, the opinion of the minority; and the final votes on the question, passed during the last academic year, were as follows :

“VOTES RELATING TO RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

“*Voted*: That the President be requested to appoint a standing committee of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences on Instruction and Degrees in Radcliffe College, and that the President and Fellows of Harvard College be requested to authorize this action should they think such authorization necessary.

“*Voted*: That the Committee on Instruction and Degrees in Radcliffe College be directed to report annually to the Faculty for its approval all recommendations for degrees.

“*Voted*: That the appropriate committees of the Faculty be authorized but not instructed to act formally in the matter of the administration of honors and higher degrees and of second-year honors in Radcliffe College, if requested so to do by the Committee on Instruction and Degrees in Radcliffe College.

“*Voted*: That committees of the Faculty recommending candidates for final honors in Radcliffe College be requested to submit such recommendations to the Faculty for its approval before reporting them to Radcliffe College.

“*Voted*: That the Committee on Instruction and Degrees in Radcliffe College be directed, when submitting for the approval of the Faculty the list of

courses which are to be open to students in Radcliffe College, to present with it printed lists which shall show, for the last academic year in which these courses have been given, the number of students in them, with the academic status of such students.

"Voted: That hereafter the courses which are open under the regulation of the Faculty to students of Radcliffe College shall be so designated in the catalogues and announcements of Harvard University."

Clearly these votes create a distinctly closer relation between Harvard and Radcliffe than had previously been authorized. The terms of the first vote, indeed, imply a doubt on the Faculty's part as to whether it has not here exceeded its legal power.

What may happen in future is of course a matter only of opinion. My personal opinion is that unless a strong public sentiment declares itself against the principle of coeducation at Harvard, complete coeducation will slowly establish itself here. To this I strongly object. My grounds are partly sentimental. Were Harvard merely a factory of scholars, the case might be different; but to me Harvard seems, even more profoundly than it seems an institution of learning, a traditional school of manly character. Its past history in this respect is too precious to be risked without better reason than has yet been shown. Were the higher education elsewhere closed to women, their plight might excite chivalrous sympathy; but, as every one knows, most colleges in America already receive women on virtually equal terms with men. The question, then, really becomes one where men are justly on the defensive: shall we do our best to preserve one spot where men, if they choose, may be educated by themselves, just as women may at Bryn Mawr, or Wellesley, or Smith, or Vassar? At this moment Harvard has not gone too far to recede. By the express terms of the votes of the Overseers which opened our courses to women, the privilege is still revocable, either by the Faculty or by the governing boards. If not revoked, however, it may soon be claimed to have acquired the authority of established usage. Unless revoked, I believe, it will permanently do away with the pure virility of Harvard tradition.

In at least two ways, I may add, Radcliffe has worked perceptible harm to Harvard instructors. The first is incontestable. Harvard salaries are necessarily low, particularly during the early years of service. Harvard instructors who are not fortunate enough to possess independent means are therefore compelled to do outside work or to leave their bills unpaid. The kind of outside work most valuable to them as scholars, and most valuable to the reputation of Harvard, is undoubtedly original research and publication of its results. Radcliffe meanwhile offers them some hundreds of dollars for mere repetition of college lectures, and the like. If they did not yield to such a temptation, they would not be human. Neither would they be if the yielding, which involves just so much more of the drudgery inseparable from teaching, did not tend slowly to diminish their scholarly vigor. They tend more and more to become mere schoolmasters. So while Radcliffe has undoubtedly helped Harvard instructors to increase their scanty earnings, there can be as little question that it has on the whole impaired their original power. It has thus tended to diminish the reputation which they might have won both for themselves and for the old college to which they owe prime allegiance.

To this objection, there is an obvious answer. Double-daggered courses involve no extra teaching. But double daggers stab both ways; neither do these courses involve any extra salary whatever. The little money paid for them goes not to the instructors but to the corporation. The only thing which they necessarily involve is coeducation — violation, as I have said, of the one tradition which until five years ago Harvard had preserved inviolate.

The other injury which Radcliffe teaching has worked to Harvard instructors is far more a matter of opinion. My own opinion about it, however, is decided. The profession of teaching presents to a man who enters it a danger which few characters prove strong enough to resist. A mature man, to preserve and strengthen his powers, needs manly opposition. To put the case colloquially, he ought to pass a good part of his time in vigorous contest with men of his own size. When a young

teacher begins his work, the real state of affairs does not appear at once. His pupils are near enough to him both in years and in power to give his life a little of the wholesome element of resistance. But teachers grow older with each year; and each year their pupils seem younger and younger. More and more, then, the profession of teaching tends to develop that arbitrary self-confidence and impatience of contradiction which has long been recognized as probably the most insidious failing observable in the somewhat kindred profession of the ministry. Now this danger, inevitable in any teacher's life, is increased when his pupils are girls or women. Whoever has taught both men and women must be aware of the comparative lack of mental resistance which he finds in a class composed wholly or chiefly of the latter. To some temperaments the consequent relaxation of mental muscle may be healthily unwelcome; to many others it is rather luxuriously agreeable. In brief, a man who likes to teach women is in real danger of infatuation.

To prevent coeducation, then, to increase the original scholarship of Harvard instructors, and to preserve them from a probable danger of slowly enfeebling infatuation, I could wish to see arise here a state of public opinion which should forbid further encroachment on the part of Radcliffe.

Very clearly this involves regret that Radcliffe was ever founded. Regret, however, cannot alter fact, nor even distort it. Radcliffe has been founded; it is here to stay. The most obvious objection to my present views, then, seems to be that the mischief is done. I cannot think so; and for this opinion I find considerable warrant in the actual history of Radcliffe to the present time.

In 1879 there was no such place. When the "Annex" was started experimentally, the students who came thither were apt to be mature women, seriously desirous of special education. As the years began to pass, things began to change there. At present the greater part of Radcliffe students are women who either wish training for the profession of teaching, or else come thither under the impulse of that wholesome prevalent fashion which is beginning to insist on a college education for

girls, not embarrassed by the demands of "society." Of course the original type of "Annex" student — serious, mature, stimulating — is not extinct; but it is no longer dominant. A suggestive example of the present state of affairs will be remembered by whoever attended a pleasant Radcliffe Commencement two or three years ago. The President of Radcliffe announced, as among the most significant incidents of the year, the gifts to the new college of a gymnasium and a dormitory. Now gymnasiums and dormitories are admirable things; and every one must be glad that Radcliffe possesses them. All the same, they are hardly the sort of thing which most advances the highest scholarship. The old Annex started with the intention of providing women with opportunity for serious university study. The gymnasium and the dormitory indicate the result of eighteen or twenty years' earnest endeavor towards this ideal end. We have in Cambridge a sweet, sound, every-day college for girls; and that college is beginning to get a good, every-day endowment.

In that increasing endowment lies to-day the hope of those who would still preserve unimpaired the almost unbroken tradition of Harvard virility. A properly endowed Radcliffe might so grow and prosper as soon to establish, with the consent and advice of the Harvard corporation, an independent faculty; and the careful supervision exercised by the President and Fellows of Harvard College could keep this faculty to a standard identical with that of Harvard. Almost unwittingly certain steps have been taken in this direction. At least in the department of English — and very likely in others — some of the younger instructors have given decidedly more time and energy to Radcliffe work than to the Harvard work which was nominally their chief business. In at least two cases, gentlemen who had retired from teaching at Harvard have continued for a while to teach at Radcliffe. And the Radcliffe announcements for the coming year contain the name, as an Assistant in Philosophy, of a recent student of Radcliffe College, who is not a Doctor of Philosophy only because Radcliffe persistently refuses to confer a degree which it has informally admitted her to have earned. This lady, of

course, has never been in the service of Harvard as a teacher; and her independent appointment at Radcliffe may well serve as a precedent for many appointments to come.

The future of Radcliffe, in short, does not necessarily depend on a closer alliance with Harvard. The two institutions may remain friendly and mutually helpful without proceeding to lengths which, if each were humanly embodied, might finally call for the holy bonds of matrimony. A few more words from President Eliot's report for 1893-94 are still pertinent:—

“It is obvious that such an alliance as has been made between Harvard University and Radcliffe College could be equally well made by the University with any separate college for men which might be established in Cambridge. As the University increases in numbers and in complexity of life and organization, it may well be that benevolent persons will desire to establish separate colleges for men, with dormitories, dining-halls, chapels, laboratories, and reading-rooms of their own, but depending on the University for instruction, examinations, and degrees. For the creation of such detached and partially independent colleges the alliance made between Radcliffe College and Harvard University may in the future serve as precedent and example.”

All that is now needed for the establishment of a Radcliffe so independent as to avert the danger of coeducation is a vigorous awakening of public opinion. And I have not yet lost hope that such public opinion, demanding generous endowment for Radcliffe, may still do Harvard a service which at this moment no direct gifts to Harvard could compass.

Barrett Wendell.

THE MADNESS OF ROBERT MARTIN.

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town.
We yearned beyond the sky-line, where the strange roads go down."

IT began with the weather of a day in early September. The heat of a New York summer had been broken by the first outrider of fall. Only the dwellers along the Hudson, who alone of all New York still enjoy the horizon, and the crews of ships in the harbor had marked the gorgeous windrows in which the faint breeze of the evening before had piled the many colored clouds of a mackerel sky. Next morning the meanest inhabitant of the darkest tenement on the East Side knew that the interminable summer was nearing its end. Through all the great city blew a crisp breeze, keen with the sharpness of ice-flows away to the northeast of Labrador. It might be hot again for a short time; but the mind, which but yesterday had been unable to conceive cold weather, now realized the approach of fall, of frost, and in the distance beyond, of winter with ice and snow. And the spirits of men rose invigorated out of the weltering indifference in which they had lain during the three months of heat which had made all exertion a weariness, and idleness the greatest boon.

It was this that Robert Martin felt as he walked down Seventy-fourth Street to the Eighth Avenue Elevated on his way to a downtown bank — this and something more. For he was young, strong, and athletic, with a deep-hearted love of the wide-reaching woods and the open sea that five or six years of city life had but deadened and blunted. If he passed for a practical, matter-of-fact young man it was because early responsibility had given him small leisure or liberty to "see visions and dream dreams." His father's death had left him, a lad of nineteen, and a brother two years his senior to straighten out an estate so involved that four years of constant attention and hard work had but now cleared them and their mother an inheritance sufficient to remove uneasiness. Meanwhile Bob had reached the post of second assistant-cashier in a

long established bank, and his brother a responsible position with a firm of manufacturing chemists.

The summer, now nearly past, had brought little rest to Robert Martin. Through July the assistant-cashier had been ill, and the cashier absent since the early part of August, so that Bob had been doing the work of two men. He was more tired and nervous than any one knew or he would himself admit. But this morning he smelt the salt of open ocean and the smoke of mountain fires until he fairly loathed the close air of the counting-room, whither penetrated a roar neither of surf nor wind-swept pines, but of traffic on the pavements below.

It was Saturday, and a busy day at the bank. Though the doors closed at noon, Bob did not finish his accounts till nearly two o'clock. As he prepared to leave and go to lunch, Mr. Wallace, the cashier, came in, brown and healthy from his vacation. After greeting Bob he said, looking sharply at the young man,

"Have you had any vacation, Martin?"

"No, sir. It was not possible for me to leave, and I didn't ask for it," Bob answered.

"You look lean and tired. Go away to-night to the shore or the mountains somewhere. Rest up and get into condition again."

"But my books aren't quite posted-up and things fixed for me to leave," objected Bob.

"Never mind that; Long and I can do without you for ten days,—or two weeks for that matter. You look nervous and overworked."

Five o'clock found Bob on the American Line pier gazing down the Bay at the Paris, which dwindled seaward in a flutter of white handkerchiefs. Henry Martin was bound for Europe on business for his firm and was taking their mother with him. Amid a crowd of leave-takers, some talking merrily, others in silence, Bob walked up the pier and in aimless hesitation turned down West Street. He felt all the irresponsibility of a truant school-boy. The house on Seventy-fourth Street was closed and no one awaited him at dinner. He had dropped every thought of the bank in that delightful letting go of a weary burden suddenly and

without provision, which gives twice the relief of a long prepared suspension of labor.

As he walked down West Street, which had a Saturday afternoon openness and freedom from the usual crush of trucks and teams, the sharp chill in the air stimulated his blood, while the clear sunshine took the edge off its coldness. The river and harbor allured him. Several blocks below he came to the wharf of a towing company, where he was well known. He had spent many a Saturday afternoon about the Bay on their boats. The little tug he boarded this afternoon was new to him; but her crew, observing the familiarity with which he spoke to the wharf manager, made no comment when he went aft and seated himself on the bits as the boat backed out into the stream. They steamed down to the Narrows but found no business, as the wind was fair for vessels bound in. When the boat's head swung round, the sun hung low over the Palisades, and Martin climbed up on the deck-house to watch the harbor waters turn from red to yellow and then to green as the tug ploughed into the sunset. The ragged-built city to the right and the hills behind Jersey City and Hoboken assumed a strangeness in the fading colors that increased as day waned and lights began to twinkle against the dark, formless masses.

Then there rose in the soul of Robert Martin the Great Yearning — the longing for this strange, wide world, that tempted our tall, blue-eyed Norse ancestors beyond the horizon, to Iceland and the New World. To us English, "Beyond" is a heritage of unrest, a legacy from those old sea rovers, the Vikings, that has come down to us through Frobisher and Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh. The inheritance came closer to Robert Martin; his ancestors had been privateersmen with Paul Jones, and even his grandfather,—whom he remembered as a tall, stern, spare-built man,—a whaler who sometimes told strange tales, and of whom strange tales were told. And with this yearning for the Shores and Seas Beyond came a great disgust and loathing for his own well-ordered existence. What was life to him but a treadmill? What was success but self-satisfaction in strangling the stronger, braver, more

primitive man, for the smaller, meaner man of civilization? What did men feel in this sheltered life but much diluted sensations, transmitted weakly through a society which insulated them from the full, fierce joys of their forefathers. Wrapped up in the petty considerations of bread-getting and social existence, what did they know or feel of Life, which had for them a range of sensation along only the middle of its scale? Better the bitter gloom of an outcast and the wild exhilaration of the wanderer fighting a storm at sea, for whom every note in life rang full and clear.

At the dry-dock off Fourteenth Street, Hoboken, lay a large schooner half-way up whose mizzen rigging fluttered a flag just discernible in the twilight. At this sign that she wanted a tug, Martin's boat swung in sharply, and made fast alongside to avoid the difficulties of a tow-line at night among the many craft in the river. From his place on the deck-house of the tug Martin watched the ship's crew at their work. Sails were loosed, running rigging overhauled, and boats stowed and lashed, till it gave him the tingle of excitement always roused by a ship's preparation for sea. He had made several short voyages, and to-night he longed to be aboard this schooner. Perhaps she was bound to the West Indies or Barbadoes, or to load rubber in Para at the mouth of the Amazon. Several such vessels even went "deep water" in the China Trade. Calcutta, Hong Kong, and Shanghai always tempted him and awoke a longing for the far East.

Suddenly his muscles stiffened. His mind involuntarily had put the question, "Why not?" Yes, why not? He was sick of his conventional life; all it led to tasted as dust and ashes. The bonds which held him to it galled sorely; and a break meant freedom, complete, without one thing to trammel it. His mother and brother were well provided for; and their sorrow—it hurt him—yes, it must be a sacrifice. But it was made for a life larger, fuller of strong emotion and of rapid action than any he could ever know. All his life it had tempted him, and now, with a sharp gust of salt wind and a dash of spray in his face, he seized it.

The tug-boat people were all, except the pilot, at supper; and it

was too dark for the schooner's crew, half-drunk as usual on leaving port, to notice Martin as he slid from the tug's deck-house to the main rigging of the vessel alongside. He heard the mate aft roundly cursing his men as they hoisted the spanker; and just as he disappeared under the fore-castle-deck a great shower of red, blue, and green rockets rose from Manhattan Beach, sparkled for one bright moment in the moonless sky and sea, then went out black as a slow boom drifted across. Below in the 'tween-decks he crawled into an old sail behind several great coils of hawser. He felt about for a space where the canvas was free from rope binding or reef-points, took off his shoes, and unexpectedly went to sleep.

He awoke with a start to the thud of feet along the deck just above him. For a moment he could not place himself. The heavy deck-beams close overhead, the clutter of old gear about him, and the smell of tar were all startlingly unfamiliar. Then in an instant he remembered, and could not keep back a laugh. What would his friends say of him, the steady, practical, sober-minded Robert Martin, running away to sea like a school-boy. For all that, he was in high spirits. The crisp wind searched him out even in the 'tween-decks, whence he saw the sun shining on deck and caught the sparkle of salt water to leeward.

As he sat up there came for the first time the realization that he had gone without dinner the day before. At once his mind began to formulate a story for the skipper. He spread out his coat and in it carefully wrapped up his collar, cuffs, tie, socks, and handkerchief. The bundle he hid in a dark corner behind a pile of chain-cable, and covered it with a piece of greasy tarpaulin. Then he stoved in his straw hat, pulled out one shoe-string altogether, broke the other and tied it in many knots. When he emerged from under the fore-castle-deck, grimed with dirt and chain-rust, his collarless shirt open at throat and wrists, and his turned-up trousers showing bare feet thrust into his shoes, there was little of the bank-clerk about him.

The mate was superintending the washing down of decks. With an astonished "I'll be damned," he called out, "Who are you, forward there?"

"Jack Allen, sir. Stowed away," Martin answered, as he slouched across the deck touching his demolished hat.

"Come aft to the old man," growled the mate, turning on his heel. From where he sat on the break of the deck-house the captain, a huge, round-sided man, had seen all that passed; but he said not a word till the mate brought Martin aft and said tersely, "Stowaway, sir. Crawled out of the 'tween-decks."

The skipper looked Martin over slowly and roughly demanded, "What in hell you doin' here?"

Bob had taken off his hat and spoke humbly, yet looked the captain in the eye.

"It was this or starve, sir. I'd had a job ashore over a year when I lost it. An' I couldn't get a ship 'cause the shippin'-masters took me for a landsman."

"You're a sailor, then?" said the skipper.

"I can hand, reef, and steer, sir."

"As long's we're at sea, I guess I'll have to feed you, though you're a damned unwelcome addition to my crew. But if I catch you hangin'-back or so'd'gerin' I'll clap you in irons and down in the dark on biscuit and water so quick you'll wish you'd done your starving in New York. D'ye hear? Go aft an' take the wheel."

Marking this test of his seamanship, Bob took care to go aft by the leeward runway, to repeat clearly the words of the man at the wheel, "sou-sou-west, half west," and to stand to windward of his wheel, though the other, fisherman like, had stood to leeward, signs which did not escape the skipper.

It was a long time since Martin had held the wheel of a sailing ship. The breeze was fresh across the starboard quarter, usually a bad wind in which to steer, but the smart schooner answered her helm as easily as a cat-boat, giving the man at the wheel an exhilarating sense of control over the long craft driven under bulging canvas. The rigging kept up a high-keyed tune, the seas, shadowed in patches by wind-drifted clouds, sparkled in white crests, and off the starboard bow the bright sand beach

of New Jersey slid past in a succession of many-colored summer cottages set in spots of green lawn. For Martin the horizon gates were open and his mind caught glimpses of strange seas and islands beyond. Soul and body he was more alive than he had been in a year. Whither he was bound he neither knew nor cared to wonder. Already he had a sailor's confidence of ability to go at will anywhere in the world.

When he was relieved at seven bells of the morning watch, and went forward to receive his allowance of hot coffee in an old tomato-can, and salt horse with bread and potatoes on the lid of a lard-bucket lent him by the negro steward, he found the crew not unfriendly. The only American in the forecabin, an angular Cape Cod fisherman, asked dryly, "For what was you wanted in New York, mate?"

But when Bob answered, "For stealin' a church an' soakin' it for another drink," all five laughed and investigated their new shipmate no further. He was another man on the halcyons and at the wheel, welcome at the windlass whoever he was.

The second day out succeeded a black night of rain squalls that kept all hands on deck shifting and shortening sail. Day came darkly, with a nasty sea showing traces of recent storm. It still rained at intervals from greasy, dark clouds which trailed like wet rags across the black-foaming seas. By noon the wind had freshened almost to a gale, and the schooner pitched deliriously into the yawning troughs. Every now and then she "took it green" over the bows, and the scuppers spouted like fire-plugs when she rose on the next crest. But she rode well under reefed foresail and jib, with lots of life in her pitch.

Just after dinner the lookout forward shouted, "Boat on the lee bow, sir," in tones that brought all hands to the forecabin deck. Dropping down the slope of a big sea ahead was a dory, dismasted and water logged. The captain's glasses showed her a large boat, painted white; and lashed to her astern a man who seemed alive but almost exhausted.

"It's no use trying to launch the boat, sir, even if we could spare the men," shouted the mate as the ship's stern settled in sea that almost smashed the boat on its davits.

"I'll run her by as close as possible," the captain called back, taking the wheel. "Get ready to throw him a line."

"He's too far gone to catch it, sir," answered the mate, lowering the glasses.

Martin stood near him expecting this reply. For seconds he had been struggling to face the thought in his mind.

"I'll take a line overboard, sir. I'm a strong swimmer," he said.

The mate looked at him with admiration in his hard face.

"It's likely to cost you your life."

"I'll risk it," Bob said.

"Then get ready while I fetch a logline."

The air, when he undressed, was raw and Bob felt glad of the oil with which the steward rubbed him while the mate made fast the light, strong line to a belt below his shoulders. In the brief interval while they ran down the dory he was not conscious of any special emotion except a peculiar deadening of all sensation. Neither physical feeling nor the thought of what was about to come affected him much. He wondered at his own indifference. When he climbed to the bulwarks beside the fore rigging there was a moment's awful heart-sinking at sight of the waves sweeping up and down below him. Then suddenly the dory rose right alongside and he went overboard with a roaring sound of the sea in his ears and a sensation of surprise at the warmth of the water after the cold air. In the water he had a terrible sense of helplessness as he whirled and tossed in the foam in spite of his strongest exertion. The line seemed to grow to an awful burden dragging him down, when, before he knew it, he was swept against the dory with such force he thought all his ribs broken. The man alongside clutched him weakly and courage came back strong.

For a moment they rose and fell with the boat while Bob strove to draw his sheath-knife from the belt across his chest and cut the lashings that held the man. Then he felt the pull of the line as he turned on his back kicking out with what strength remained and drew the man after him. For a dreadful time they seemed simply to rise and

fall with the seas, now completely under water, now gasping in a breath of air. Then, suddenly again, the ship loomed vast and black above them while he expected to be dashed to death on the next wave. Instead they were seized by two shipmates hanging halfway down the vessel's side and passed up to other hands stretched down from the bulwarks above. When they carried him down to his bunk in the forecastle he was scarcely conscious of anything but intense relief and longing to lie down on deck and sleep indefinitely.

Morning found Martin still weak, aching in every muscle, all one side black and blue where he had struck the dory, and the man he had rescued was not able to leave the cabin aft. Bob limped on deck at half-past five, when all hands had coffee, and began the day by washing down decks. But the mate kindly told him to lie off till some of the soreness was gone. He sat down in the sunshine, surprised to see the Capes of the Chesapeake off the schooner's bows. It was a bright day, though a heavy sea was still running, and the October sharpness was gone from the air. As usual numbers of vessels were bound in and out, and ships, schooners, and tugs with barges, moved in one direction or another. They passed close to Cape Henry, where the old, brown, square-cornered lighthouse stands beside the graceful new tower, and held on up the Bay. It had never occurred to Bob that they might be bound for any place so near. The last man who left the wheel had heard the skipper say something to the mate about going to Baltimore for orders. Remarks overheard at the wheel were as usual the only source of information "forward" either as to where they were or whither bound.

All that day Bob sat in the sunshine or lay in the shade of a sail while the green shores of Maryland approached or receded as the vessel tacked back and forth, making slow work of the hundred and fifty miles from the Capes to Baltimore. On the western side the shores of the Chesapeake rise steep with grass and trees to the water's edge. From among the green leaves on small bluffs shone many a white-pillared mansion house, which had looked out through its vines and climbing roses

upon the many-armed bay since long "before the war." All day Bob had been thinking, and somehow each one of these old country-seats shining afar off with hospitality and home-life made him think the more. This was the life he had loathed so, had condemned and abandoned as small and mean. After all, might not Society be right in the existence it had evolved for mankind. There was safety in tying a man to his home and taking hostages from him,— safety for the individual and for the race. Perhaps "he travels the fastest who travels alone"; but he travels hard-shod and steel-spurred over others making as they go the strong man's fight, which is not for himself. And Martin wondered whether the brave man, the strong man, the man of fighting spirit, could be a free-lance, or worse, a wind-driven, wave-drifted onlooker, interested only to see the odd ways and strange places in which other men of many races were making the fight that is a man's life. Did not his horizon gates lead to the solitary and desert island of selfishness? He was not a religious young man, nor a very self-sacrificing and unselfish young man, he was too healthy and sane for either. But he wondered if the freedom that had lured him out of harness might not

"All end in sittin' an' thinkin'
An' dreamin' hell-fires to see."

Toward evening the captain gave up beating back and forth, sailing ten miles to gain two, and took a tug. It was midnight when they made the schooner fast alongside one of the orderly, stone-faced wharves of Baltimore.

Between three and four o'clock in the morning, in the smoker of a Baltimore and Ohio New York express sat Robert Martin, "clothed and in his right mind." His hat was stove in, his shoes tied with broken strings, and marks of dirt and chain-rust were about his clothes, but he had solved a great problem and stilled a great yearning, and his mind was calm and at peace.

R. C. Bolling.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL MEET.

THE meet which was held in London on July 22d between the combined teams of Oxford and Cambridge and of Harvard and Yale was of great significance in college athletics. It was not indeed the first time that a college team had competed in England, but no crew or team has ever before come so close to victory nor taken part in a meet the results of which are likely to be so far reaching. This was a meeting of the four greatest universities of England and America in a spirit of mutual respect and admiration, and of the most intense rivalry. But every one who took part felt that much more was at stake than the supremacy of his particular university; each man was representing his country in a way, England against America. It was of the utmost importance, therefore, that this meet should not only be successful in providing a good contest, but that the highest possible standard of sportsmanship and fair play should be set. Upon this meet in large measure rested the future of international athletics. The contest was something more than a trial of American strength and speed against British, it was a trial of American sportsmanship. And the most satisfactory result of the meeting is the knowledge that the best American ideals of sport were upheld and vindicated. Athletics in England, as well as in America, have had their ups and downs, and of late years the downs have been most in evidence. But a contest such as was held in London shows that it is possible for two evenly matched teams to meet in the most intense rivalry without the slightest trace of bitterness at defeat or of undue exultation at victory. Both sides strove with all their might to win, yet no untoward incident marred the good feeling which prevailed among spectators and competitors alike. Such an example sets a standard not only for college athletics, but for the amateur sport of both countries: an example by which both can profit.

In America there was dissatisfaction in certain quarters because the challenge from England had come to Harvard and Yale, though neither

university had taken first place at the Intercollegiate Meet in New York for three or four years. Even the combined Harvard-Yale team was recognized as inferior to that of University of Pennsylvania, and many papers said that the challenge ought to be refused, since the two universities to whom it was issued were not the Intercollegiate champions. But the question of championship was not thought of either in the issue or the acceptance of the challenge. Oxford and Cambridge sought merely a fair match with those two institutions of the New World which occupy most nearly the position held by the two greatest universities in England. They acted upon the same principle that Harvard does when she regards the match with Yale, in whatever branch of sport, as the most important of the year, whether Yale has the strongest team in the country or not. Harvard and Yale are more like Oxford and Cambridge in their ideals and standards, and are more closely connected with them by tradition than any other American colleges. They are the most natural rivals for Oxford and Cambridge, and in accepting their challenge they did not assume to be anything more. Oxford and Cambridge did not seek nor desire an international championship, they wished to meet the two most famous American universities. The athletes of the four universities did not pretend to represent their countries except in so far as Oxford and Cambridge are representative of England, and Harvard and Yale of America.

For the English universities to have been matched against a team picked from the Intercollegiate Association would have been as unfair in 1899 as was the suggestion when first made by Harvard in 1896. The Intercollegiate Association would have had an immensely greater body of students to draw upon, many of whose institutions are very far from representing in this country the things for which Oxford and Cambridge stand in England.

In America we are very apt to carry the "championship" idea to an extreme. It is considered more to be a champion than to be a good sportsman, and most colleges have at one time or another taken very undesirable means to achieve athletic renown. Natural rivalries and

alliances have been neglected in the desire to play against crack teams, much to the detriment of true sport. In English 'varsity athletics this element has been almost wholly lacking. In part, perhaps, this is due to the English temperament, which cares less than we do about victory or defeat and more about the sport itself. But the fact that practically all 'varsity athletics are confined to Oxford and Cambridge has also done much to prevent the "championship" evils which pervade every branch of our athletics.

Of these evils perhaps the most prominent in the past have been excessive training and a disregard of a proper amateur standard. The Englishman has avoided the first of these partly through his climate and partly through his methods. A man gets fit in England with much less training than in this country. Thus the Oxford-Cambridge team assembled at Eastbourne, to prepare for the games in July, only about three weeks before they were to take place. Much of the preliminary training consists of walking long distances,—from fifteen to twenty-five miles,—with track work every other day. The build of the Englishmen was in marked contrast to that of the Americans. The latter were slighter and not so stocky, with less beef and more wire. The English trainers had taken big heavy men and trained them *down* to their work, the Americans had been built *up* for theirs. In the games the Americans showed better form throughout than did their rivals. The grace with which Rice and Rotch jumped, and Burke, ill though he was, ran, was never approached by the awkward though powerful style of the Englishmen. Our methods, when not so overdone as to make a man merely a racing-machine, seem better suited to our climate, in which perhaps twice as much track work is needed to get the average man fit for a race.

Oxford and Cambridge have never been very much troubled by the "amateur" question. This has partly been because of the absence of "championships," but largely for the same reason that there has never been such trouble at Henley, namely, that the class of men which as a rule in this country offends against the amateur standard is not much encouraged in England to go up to the universities or to row at "the

Regatta." Hence it happens that the regulations are not so strict at Oxford and Cambridge as they are at Harvard and Yale, and the sentiment against what would here be considered distinct irregularities is not so strongly developed. It is recognized that the conditions are not such as to permit the rank professionalism which flourishes in places here, therefore there is less need to check small breaches in the law. Because of the comparative purity of 'varsity athletics in England, Englishmen have recoiled with all the greater horror at the reports occasionally circulated, generally not without foundation, of the evils which have permeated our amateur athletics. Until recently it has generally been thought that the question of an athletic amateur standing was but little regarded in our colleges and athletic clubs. Indeed, the high stand which Harvard, followed by Yale, has in recent years taken, was an additional reason why Oxford and Cambridge should select them for their challenge. When many papers in both countries circulated false reports concerning the amateur standing of two members of the Harvard team, the athletic authorities of Oxford and Cambridge took no move to inquire into the charges or to disqualify the runners. At a conference just before the games they expressed themselves as satisfied that neither of those men would have been brought on the team had there been any truth in the reports. The visit of the Harvard-Yale team to England would have paid had it done nothing more than establish the fact that there are places in America where the amateur standard is strictly enforced.

In yet another way American athletics were vindicated by the Harvard-Yale team. That incredulous class of Englishmen which cannot believe in any remarkable performance unless it takes place under British auspices has always been more or less sceptical about the "paper records" made in this country. When they hear that the hundred has been run in less than the British Amateur record of 10 seconds they say, with a smile, "Ah, yes, a little slackness in measurement, you know, or else American timing: wanted to make the best of a good thing, I fancy." In this meet, however, the Americans came up to their "paper records"

in the events which they won. In the high jump and the hammer, and above all in the hundred and the hurdles, the records made on American fields or timed by American watches were amply vindicated. Englishmen had refused to believe that the champion and ex-champion of England could be beaten by a hurdler who had never raced on turf in his life, in spite of the fact that he had been repeatedly timed to go faster than the British Amateur record of 16 seconds. The doubters were not convinced until they saw "Flying" Fox run away from Paget-Tomlinson and win a wonderful race in 15 3-5 seconds. Once convinced, their admiration knew no bounds, and from the Prince of Wales down, they gave their hearts to the winner,—and in future will say less about the unreliability of American records.

Better even than the high standard of performances was the good feeling which prevailed throughout the whole visit of the Harvard-Yale team to England. It was very good for Harvard and Yale to be thus joined together in a common cause, and the way in which college distinctions were obliterated was most happy. All were members, not of the Yale, or of the Harvard team, but of the Harvard-Yale team, and old-time squabbles and jealousies were forgotten in friendship and respect. A bit of song which was very popular with the team gave the keynote to the prevailing sentiment,—

"'Tis always fair weather when good fellows stand together."

At the games themselves the best of spirit was manifested by both spectators and contestants, in spite of the intense excitement and strong partisan feelings. The harmony of the occasion was marred by neither word nor deed, and though the rivalry was of the keenest, there was no bitterness. The cheers which greeted the announcement of the time in the hundred and the hurdles came from English and Americans alike, though at the time it seemed as though Harvard's success in these two events would give the victory to the visitors. When one of the Harvard men fell exhausted on the track in the three-mile run English spectators ran to help him; and English voices called, "Well run, Harvard!"

"Well run, Yale!" to the defeated. The feeling between the contestants is perhaps best illustrated by the remark of a Cambridge man who had won his race to a Harvard runner who was just going out to an almost hopeless struggle. "I can't wish you success," he said, as he shook hands, "but I do wish you joy of your race."

The international athletic meets of the future have had a high standard set for them, but one which can and must be lived up to. That other meets will follow is practically certain, for Harvard and Yale will not rest satisfied until a joint team has won on English soil, and it is strongly hoped that an Oxford-Cambridge team will return the visit of last summer. The expense and difficulty of transporting a team of twenty or more men across the Atlantic will probably prevent its being an annual undertaking. But the idea of a visit every other year has much to recommend it. Such meets have possibilities of great good in them in the elevation of the standards of amateur sport. The good that they can do in promoting good feeling between the youth of the two countries can hardly be estimated, and the youth thus affected belongs to that class which is, in England at least, most influential in the government. At the dinner given to the two teams after the sports the coach of the Oxford-Cambridge team spoke of the good influence which the meeting would have upon English sport, and his concluding sentence phrased the thought and the hope of every one present.

"This," he said, "has been the best meeting I ever saw: may we have more like it."

Henry Wilder Foote.

DOLLS.

CHARACTERS.—HELEN, ROLAND, GLADYS.

[*THE scene is a living room, comfortably furnished, but in great disorder. The lights are lit, and a wood fire is blazing. Books are piled up in corners, and on one side of the room a table is littered with account books. Beside the table is seated HELEN, a tall, dark, deep-eyed girl, about twenty-five years of age, dressed wholly in black. She is engaged in transferring entries from one book to another. On the other side of the room, erect on a couch, GLADYS is seated. She is a child of about nine, dressed also in black; alert and impatient as to face, and very restless as to arms and legs.*

[*A period of quiet, relieved only by the rustling of HELEN'S papers, and the sound of GLADYS' heels kicking against the couch, is broken by*

GLADYS. I do *wish* it would come.

HELEN. Gladys, come and help me a bit. Read off this list of books, while I check them off.

GLADYS. All right. [*Jumps up and runs over to HELEN.*]

HELEN. [*Giving her a book.*] Begin at the top of this page, and read only the left hand pages.

GLADYS. [*Sits down on a chair near HELEN, and begins to read very fast.*] Pilgrim's Progress Greek testament Robert Elsmere other devotional travels dark —

HELEN. Not so fast, dear. I have to look them up. What comes after "Greek testament"?

GLADYS. [*More slowly.*] Robert Elsmere, Other Devotional, Travels —

HELEN. What kind of travels?

GLADYS. Just travels.

HELEN. Let me see.

GLADYS. [*Jumping up impatiently, and showing book to HELEN.*] There!

HELEN. Oh, I see. Very well: what comes under "Travels"?

GLADYS. You might believe me next time. [*Lies down on couch, on other side of room.*] Darkest Africa, Marco Polo, Gulliver, Sentimental Journey, Forbidden Land, Trip to Hebrides, Coll — Somebody's China,—

HELEN. What?

GLADYS. [*Spelling.*] C-o-l-q-h-o-u-n.

HELEN. Oh, Colquhoun.

GLADYS. Colhoon, then. Odds and ends, Alice —

HELEN. What about Colquhoun? And not quite so fast, dear.

GLADYS. [*Impatiently.*] China, I said. I'm tired of this. I wish my doll would come. Do you think it's *ever* coming?

HELEN. Just a little more, dear. You are a great help. After "China," what comes?

GLADYS. [*At first with exaggerated slowness.*] Odds and ends. Alice in Wonderland. Nothing to Wear. Through Nature to God. Proverbial Philosophy. Other Philosophy. Culberton Genealogy. Hedda Gabler. Rough Riders. Lamartine. Less Miserables.

HELEN. A little louder.

GLADYS. [*Very loud.*] Less — Miserables. Abby — Constantine. Splendors — and — Misers. [*Bell is heard to ring.*] It's come! [*Throws down the book and rushes out.*]

[HELEN rises with a sigh, and a slight shiver, picks up the book, and pokes the fire. There is heard the sound of a closing door, and a cry of disappointment from GLADYS. HELEN half turns, hearkening, and her left hand wanders for a moment to her back hair. She is still standing in this position, with the poker in her hand, when the portières are lifted, and enter, first, GLADYS, then ROLAND.]

GLADYS. It's only Roland.

ROLAND. [*He is a large, well-built, rather handsome blonde, of about twenty-eight. The prevailing expression of his smooth-shaven upper lip is about half-way between an incipient sneer, and a smile of paternal benevolence. He wears a dinner-coat, and pauses a moment in the doorway.*]

Well; I think this is the most hospitable reception I ever experienced. At the door, Gladys tells me, with as much frankness as force, that she is bitterly grieved to see me. Out of the dining-room, Gladys' mother calls out that she will on no account see me, or have anything to do with me. And in the drawing-room, Gladys' charming sister greets me with a poker in her hand.

HELEN. [*Laughingly replacing the poker, and advancing to greet him.*] Well, Roland, if you will come on such an occasion—

ROLAND. At such an inopportune moment, you would say, I must expect an inhospitable reception. Thank you. I think I prefer your metallic pokers to your verbal ones.

HELEN. Come, sit down, and don't talk nonsense. If mother didn't seize upon you to take down pictures, or take up tacks, consider yourself lucky. Of course we're glad to see you. Only—don't expect ice-cream and cake.

ROLAND. I don't. And I'll try to avoid picture-hooks and tack-hammers. I really won't stay long. I've only come to make a proposition to you. The sooner you accept it, the sooner you'll be rid of me. I suppose I may smoke?

HELEN. You may.

ROLAND. [*Sitting down on the couch, beside GLADYS.*] Here you are, Gladys. Let's see if you've forgotten your accomplishments. [*Produces from his pocket a tobacco-pouch and pipe, which she proceeds to fill.*] Goodness, what a big girl you've got to be. Boston beans seem to have agreed with you. How's the Subway?

GLADYS. All right. And, you know, Auntie Emma's going to send me a doll—a big one—I picked it out myself—it's a beauty. It was too big to go in my trunk, so it's coming by express. I thought you were it.

ROLAND. Thanks for the compliment. I realize that I answer the description. But [*brushing off his knees*] in the excess of your delight, don't spill tobacco over me. What else did you do? You didn't spend all your time buying dolls, did you?

GLADYS. [*Checking off the sights on her fingers.*] No, I went to the Public Library; and the Museum of Fine Art; and Harvard College; and Huyler's; and Bunker Hill Monument.

ROLAND. [*Seizing her other hand, and checking off on it in a similar way.*] And Mr. Foster's, and Leavitt and Peirce's, and Sanborn's, and Ramsden's, and the Holly Tree?

GLADYS. No; I didn't go there. What are they?

ROLAND. Then you still have something in store for the next visit. [*She gives him the pipe, and lights it for him.*] Thank you. That's lovely.

HELEN. As far as I can find out, her aunt's spoiled her by letting her do everything she wanted to. It's bad enough here; but there —

ROLAND. [*Puffing at his pipe.*] Oh, well, it was a good thing to get her away after — She's getting to be a stunning girl, aren't you, Gladys? Knock your older sister all out. Don't show your affection by kicking me.

HELEN. She is so excited since she got back about that doll, we can't do anything with her.

ROLAND. It must be pleasant to have a doll coming. After all, [*in a mock serious tone, relapsing in parenthesis to his natural voice*] my dear young lady, all temporal aims and ambitions are very much alike, and in the light of the eternal verities — whatever they are — the favor I'm going to ask of you is no more important than the advent of Gladys' doll.

HELEN. Preacher!

ROLAND. I admit it — relic of my old school-teaching days — I tell you, Helen, two years as master in a boys' boarding-school is sufficient to give a man a taint of morality that will last him the rest of his natural existence. Fortunately, I don't practice morality — only preach it; but that's bad enough. I try conscientiously to live down the taint, but I simply can't do it. Virtue will out — at least mine will — at the most inopportune time and place. — Oh, you know, it's awful to go through life with such an affliction — to be subject to moral fits, as it were. If

only some unselfish woman would give me her sympathy, perhaps I might cure myself. Like the job?

HELEN. What nonsense you do talk! Don't you think it would be a good idea, as this is almost the last time you will see me for twelve months, to talk sense? You have no idea what a pleasant surprise it would be to me. I haven't heard ten sensible words from you, I really believe, since we grew up.

ROLAND. [*Between puffs.*] Result of moving to city.—New York air demoralizing—very. However, your idea's excellent and fits in nicely with my proposition, which will quite surprise you;—it's very sensible. Where's Henry?

HELEN. In the laundry, I believe, superintending the packers. Do you want to see him?

ROLAND. [*Hastily.*] O dear, no—the present audience is quite large enough. My inquiry was a mere expression of interest—of that keen and devoted interest with which I regard not merely him but all the members of his cultivated and charming family.

HELEN. There you go again!

ROLAND. Wait for the proposition.—Tell me—Has he said anything to you about a Miss Markham?

[GLADYS, who has been following the conversation, at this laughs outright.]

HELEN. He has said very little else, for the past week. Who is she, anyhow? Has she any—people?

ROLAND. Why, she's a girl I know very slightly.—She's fairly good-looking—and that's all.—People? No; she's completely and absolutely destitute of "people."

HELEN. She's gone away, though, I believe you said?

ROLAND. [*Laughing.*] That "*though*" is lovely. I believe I did send him word to that effect. So you need not dread his further association with one of the great unpeopled.

HELEN. Don't make fun of me. He's rather easily led, I'm afraid. And he's all mother and I have now—

GLADYS. He was awfully cut up by your message.

ROLAND. [*Eyeing HELEN sharply over his pipe.*] He goes abroad with you, doesn't he?

[HELEN *nods.*]

ROLAND. What are you going to do about his studies?

HELEN. [*With an obvious effort.*] We are going to have a tutor in Paris. He'll take his examinations in Bonn.

ROLAND. True.

[*Short pause. HELEN rests her head upon her hand, looking into the fire. ROLAND smokes thoughtfully. GLADYS jumps up and goes out.*]

ROLAND. Well — now for the proposition — my good friend Gladys having providentially disappeared —

HELEN. Oh, she'll be back. She's gone to see if her doll has come.

ROLAND. Oh! You didn't give her a hint then?

HELEN. Certainly not. Why should I?

ROLAND. You knew I was coming.

HELEN. What has that to do with it?

ROLAND. Nothing whatever.

HELEN. She's not a child to take hints, in any case.

ROLAND. Nor you a girl to give them.

HELEN. What do you mean?

ROLAND. I mean that you're awfully honest, and above-board — distressingly so.

HELEN. I sometimes wish, Roland, that you were more so.

ROLAND. Aha! Who's preaching now?

HELEN. Oh — very well. Is there anything good at the theatres, now?

ROLAND. Oh, go ahead. I don't mind. I admit, I'm a liar and a sneak. Only tell me just what particular manifestation of lying and sneakiness has brought upon me this sudden onslaught?

HELEN. No, you are not either of those things — and you know you are proud not to be —

ROLAND. [*With a rising inflection.*] Thank — you.

HELEN. Only you think it's clever constantly to be saying things you don't really mean. I dare say it *is* clever. You *are* clever, you know —

ROLAND. You are quite right. I *do* know I'm clever, and make no secret, either of the cleverness, or the knowledge.

HELEN. You're clever enough to know that mere cleverness counts for very little. Yet in your search for it, you [*hesitates*] —

ROLAND. Occasionally sacrifice veracity to effect, and in the desire to be splendid, neglect sometimes to be sound?

HELEN. Yes — in little things; and little things count, don't you think so?

ROLAND. Life is made up of them, someone has said. — I wonder who? — Think of getting off a platitude like that — before it was one!

HELEN. It's part of your not being able to take anything seriously. You are laughing at what I am saying, now. What is the matter with you?

ROLAND. Egotism, my dear Helen, egotism. I have a regular rhinoceros-hide of it — impervious alike to the sting of reproof, and the biting edge of sarcasm. In fact, I rather enjoy that sort of thing — like the Cuban insurrectionists who used to go out in a rain of Mauser bullets, for the exhilaration of the thing. In proof of which assertion, and in token of my appreciation of your efforts, I am going to give you an opportunity to repeat them. And that brings me around to my proposition.

HELEN. Oh! You're hopeless!

ROLAND. Not at all. You accuse me, I believe, of lack of sense, and lack of seriousness. Listen to my proposition. It's very sensible — and very serious.

HELEN. Well?

ROLAND. [*Between puffs, as before, eyeing HELEN narrowly.*] Some day next week — I want you to go — out — to the old place with me.

HELEN. What!

ROLAND. [*Putting up his pipe, and taking chair near HELEN.*] We can take the nine-fifteen train out — I can take a day off from the office — I'm ahead on my work. We can get Mrs. Peters, or somebody, to give us something to eat; and take the five-seven back, getting here in plenty of time for dinner.

HELEN. But — we sail Thursday!

ROLAND. Clearly, it will be necessary for us to go before Thursday. I'm not asking you to lose your steamer on my account. There are limits even to my egotism. But either Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday; any one of those days would suit me.

HELEN. Are you really in earnest?

ROLAND. Of course I am. I haven't been out to the old place in fifteen years. We'll take a little sentimental journey, and renew old associations.

HELEN. You must be crazy!

ROLAND. You remember those games of checkers we used to play under the apple-tree? And the bugs that fell on the board? We'll try to raise a board somewhere, and have a game. I really believe that the sight of a nice, juicy, green caterpillar, crawling over a red square, would bring tears to my eyes.

HELEN. As usual, I don't know whether you are serious or not —

ROLAND. I am — absolutely.

HELEN. And it makes very little difference; for of course I couldn't go.

ROLAND. Why not? — And you could scold me to your heart's content. Think of it! Seven consecutive hours in which to seek my redemption!

HELEN. Unfortunately I shall have to do other things in those seven hours.

ROLAND. Oh, I know you're busy packing and all that — but that's not a very good excuse, if you'll pardon my saying so. If you really want to go — of course it all comes down to that — you could arrange it

somehow. One always can. Of course if you really don't want to—my last chance to see you for goodness knows how long—

HELEN. Have you said anything to make me really want to go?

ROLAND. I admit, I have been thinking chiefly of my own pleasure.

HELEN. Have you even said anything to make me believe that you really want me to go?

ROLAND. [*He is leaning over and talking very earnestly. Towards the end of the speech, however, at sight of GLADYS, he straightens himself up and resumes his former somewhat careless attitude.*] I don't know whether I have or not—but it's a fact. It's true all you said, Helen, about my lack of seriousness—it's a villanous habit I've picked up—and I don't know whether the trip has any enticements for you or not—that is for you to decide. But I'll tell you this; that if I have never been serious in my life before, I am now, when I say that I wish you would try to go out with me and let us have a farewell visit together [*GLADYS comes in*] where we won't be interrupted by small children. [*Hesitates, then abruptly.*] I want to talk with you before you go.

HELEN. I'm very sorry, Roland, but I can't do it. If we were only going abroad, it would be bad enough; but with this houseful of things to empty out, there is enough work to take up every moment between now and Thursday, for all three of us. It's quite out of the question.

ROLAND. [*Pleadingly.*] I think you might.

HELEN. No. I can't do it.

ROLAND. [*Earnestly.*] It is a great disappointment to me.

HELEN. Please let us talk about something else.

ROLAND. [*Carelessly.*] Very well. I dare say I'll get over the disappointment. One usually does.

GLADYS. [*After a short pause, sulkily, from the sofa.*] I think somebody might talk to me. Mother says she's too busy; and Henry's busy; and you people talk about going off where you won't be interrupted by small children. And I do *wish* my doll would come.

HELEN. The expressman probably won't be here, now, Gladys. You will have to wait until to-morrow.

GLADYS. I don't *want* to wait until to-morrow.

HELEN. [*To ROLAND.*] You will come to the steamer, of course?

ROLAND. [*Sarcastically.*] I don't know whether I can or not. I'm pretty busy this week. [*After a pause, gloomily.*] Oceanic?

HELEN. Yes. [*Pause.*]

ROLAND. Handsome boat, they say.

HELEN. Yes. Have you been over it?

ROLAND. No. [*Pause.*] It's not as fast, though, as some thought it was going to be.

HELEN. How fast is it?

ROLAND. I've forgotten the exact rate. Not twenty-five knots, though, which some expected it to make.

HELEN. How much is a knot?

ROLAND. About a mile. [*After a pause, still gloomily.*] I never can remember figures. If you'll give me a piece of paper, though, I'll calculate out for you just how much twenty-five knots is.

HELEN. Never mind. It doesn't matter.

ROLAND. I might as well. Have you paper? I have a pencil. [*Produces it.*]

HELEN. [*To GLADYS.*] Gladys, you go and see if you can find a sheet of paper. [*GLADYS goes out sulkily.*]

ROLAND. A knot's a degree on the equator, and there are three hundred and sixty degrees to a circle, and the earth is about twenty-five thousand miles in circumference. So a knot is a three-hundred-and-sixtieth of twenty-five thousand miles.

HELEN. Isn't one three-hundred-and-sixtieth of twenty-five thousand a good deal more than one mile?

ROLAND. Yes—hold on—Oh, I know; a knot is a minute. It's a sixtieth of that.

GLADYS. [*Returning.*] There isn't any paper anywhere, and the desk is locked; and mother says she's too busy to give me the key.

ROLAND. You surely can find me a piece of paper of some sort. An envelope—the back of a letter—any old scrap will do.

[GLADYS goes out with a gesture of impatience. HELEN opens one of the account books and says.]

HELEN. Perhaps, I can find you a bit here.

ROLAND. [*Taking a newspaper from the table.*] Here, this will do.

[ROLAND scribbles on the newspaper, mumbling figures to himself. He is apparently puzzled, and takes no notice of GLADYS, who re-enters, sulkily. She throws a sheet of paper and envelope upon the table, and herself upon the couch. HELEN picks up the paper and glances at it, first carelessly, then with startled intentness. She speaks to GLADYS.]

HELEN. Gladys, where did you get this?

GLADYS. Out of Roland's overcoat.

[ROLAND glances up hastily, drops his calculation, and jumps to his feet.]

HELEN. Gladys, leave the room. [GLADYS goes out. HELEN rises, and, with one hand leaning on the table and the other holding the letter, faces ROLAND. She is trembling slightly, but speaks with calmness.] If I had known that this was your letter, I should, of course, not have read it. As I have already done so, however, it would be foolish in me to pretend ignorance of its contents; and it is probably just as well that I should accidentally become acquainted with them. [*Reads.*] "Dear Boy: Why did you not come last night? Come to me after the theatre to-night. You will find something hot and something cold, to say nothing of your affectionate, Evelyn Markham. 16 November, 189-." [*A pause, while she looks into the fire, and he stands with his arms folded.*] This is your letter? [*Another pause.*] Well? Why don't you answer?

ROLAND. [*Firmly.*] It is my letter.

HELEN. I thought you said you knew this Miss Markham very slightly.

ROLAND. I suppose the definition of a slight acquaintance might vary. As you see, I know her well enough to be asked to eat a Welsh Rabbit in her apartment.

HELEN. She addresses you as "Dear Boy."

ROLAND. [*Laughing slightly.*] She has a trick of doing that to

her gentlemen friends upon rather slight provocation. However,—the letter shows that I gave you a false impression as to the extent of our acquaintance.

HELEN. [*Stooping suddenly to pick up the newspaper, and glancing at the date.*] To-day is the seventeenth. Yesterday was the sixteenth. Yesterday you told Henry that Miss Markham had gone away. This letter was written yesterday, and makes an appointment with you for to-day. How do you explain that?

ROLAND. I lied.

HELEN. [*After a pause.*] Do you wish to preserve this letter?

ROLAND. [*Emphatically.*] I most certainly do not.

[HELEN *puts it into the fire and watches it burn. Returning to the table, she catches sight of the envelope, and picks up that also, glancing at it.*]

ROLAND. [*Hastily, putting out his hand.*] Let me burn that.

HELEN. [*Starting.*] This is addressed to Henry! [ROLAND *gives a gesture of vexation, and paces back and forth.*] This is the envelope that letter came in. What does it all mean?

ROLAND. It means that I am a brazen-faced liar, and that, having two minutes ago been forced to acknowledge that that letter was written to me, I am now forced to acknowledge it wasn't. I don't know any way of convincing you that I was lying last time, and not this; but it's a fact.

HELEN. Was that letter sent to Henry?

ROLAND. It was meant for him.

HELEN. Didn't it get to him?

ROLAND. No.

HELEN. Why?

ROLAND. I stole it. It was given to me to deliver, and I pocketed it. Simply another manifestation of my amiable character. Oh, there is no limit to my crimes.

HELEN. Roland! *Why* have you done all this?

ROLAND. Because in the first place I am vicious, and in the second place, a fool. Henry became infatuated with this Markham girl; and

as I didn't think her a fit person for a fellow of his years to associate with, I determined to do what I could to discourage the acquaintance.

HELEN. What do you mean? You mean she's a—dangerous woman?

ROLAND. [*Laughing.*] Oh—very. She has claws, I believe; and breathes flame—

HELEN. Don't joke now!

ROLAND. Well—yes—she's the kind of woman you mean. So I thought I'd see what I could do to stop the thing. That was my first mistake—interfering in what was none of my business. My next was my choice of means. I knew that he was not very far in at present—

HELEN. How long has he known her?

ROLAND. Only about a week—and that if I could only keep them apart until he went across, everything would then be all right. So first I sent word to him that she had gone away. That was a lie; and my only excuse for telling it is that I saw no other way of accomplishing my end—and a very poor excuse I admit it to be. Then, as a precaution against her writing to him, I got a friend to take me to see her just before I came here.

HELEN. Hadn't you known her before?

ROLAND. Only by reputation. I found that she was determined to write, so offered to bear the note myself; and took good pains to leave it where no one but your hopeful young sister could ever have found it.

HELEN. Why did you pretend the letter was for you?

ROLAND. [*Hesitating.*] Well,—its discovery saddled me with a good many crimes, whatever interpretation you put upon it. So, as long as I had to pose as a villain anyhow, I thought I might as well be a good black one, as the sort of dappled donkey I now am. If you had been willing to—to accept my proposition, I don't know what I should have done. It would have been a big temptation. But so long as all was—so long as you *didn't*, I thought the simplest thing would be to take everything upon my own shoulders, and keep him out of it altogether. It's simpler to consolidate the crime than to attempt to defend, before

you, his very minor part in it. I'm conscious that under the circumstances I'm not a strong advocate. But, as a matter of fact, he is quite blameless.

HELEN. Oh, I am not thinking of him.

ROLAND. Yes—but I am. It doesn't matter about me, Helen. I've known you and liked you, and I once thought you might like me, but you're going abroad now—and that's the end of it. I should like to say, though, about Henry, that you needn't feel the slightest uneasiness about his connection with that woman. Of course, after what has happened, you can't believe a word I say. But there is one point I'd like to put before you. If Henry was doing anything wrong, he would never have talked about the girl before his mother and you the way he did. You think that over, and you'll see that that clears him. He was simply playing with fire—and my one consolation in the contemptible part I have been playing is that I believe I've quenched the fire. Good-bye, Helen. I won't ask you to shake hands with me. Make my farewells to your mother and Henry.

HELEN. Wait. I do want to shake hands with you—not for good-bye—but in apology. I am sorry for what I said to you, Roland,—and—if you're willing—after the way I've acted—I should like—to take the nine-fifteen train with you Monday.

ROLAND. What, you will! Helen! And you don't think me the most contemptible scum that ever clouded the pure water of your life? [*Takes her hand.*] And—I may talk with you then about what I was going to?

HELEN. You may talk about anything you like, Roland, if you will talk as you did just now. [*He starts to kiss her. She stops him to ask.*] And this Miss Markham—how long do you say you've known her?

ROLAND. [*Looking at his watch.*] Two hours and ten minutes—eleven minutes—not quite eleven minutes.

HELEN. And—Roland—tell me, you're quite sure you don't like her better than you do me?

ROLAND. Tell you? What's the use of my telling you?—you

can't believe a word I say. But — [*Takes her in his arms and kisses her.*]

GLADYS. [*Shrieking from outside.*] It's come! It's come! [*Rushes in with an enormous doll in her arms.*]

[*Curtain.*]

Editorial.

WITH more than an ordinary sense of exultation, pride, and hope, can Harvard men begin the new term. The past year was indeed one of great significance: undergraduates and devoted graduate helpers achieved complete and brilliant success in athletics and all other branches of intercollegiate contest; the executive and teaching bodies of the University made even more than customary advance in method and scope of instruction and opportunities for scholarship—and this advance has become more widely recognized and acknowledged. Yet to the present body of students the significance of the year lies not so much in these victories and achievements themselves, as in the causes which brought them about and the hopes they arouse for the future. Enthusiastic, earnest, persistent activity in a course wisely and deliberately chosen, rather than an unusual combination of fortuitous, favourable circumstances, was the prime cause of success in both spheres of university effort—and for this reason we look for continuance of victory and progress. The zealous, loyal, determined spirit so evident last year will surely animate the returning undergraduates, and, if manifested in all its natural force, should quickly spread to the hundreds of new students who compose the class of 1903.

Upon these new students much wholesome advice and many wise admonitions, which will meet the uneven fate of most advice and admonition, have already been expended. Further counsel may, indeed, be spared, for after all, they must as individuals find places for themselves, each in his own way and according to his personal inclination. To them is now given as great a measure of freedom as they will likely attain at any time of life. Within wide limits, they may do or be what they will. But surely the college of which they become a part may justly ask that they should do something and do it well, that they should be something and that thoroughly. The field of effort is wide and varied; the welcome in each part will be warm and hearty. If each man have a positive feeling toward his college life, and engage in some activity—engage strenuously, perhaps, yet not without a relieving sense of proportion and value—then the class of which he is a part cannot but possess the spirit and energy which will win victories, share effectively in common pursuits, and make the class vigorous and potential in general college life.

THE two new college buildings just completed—Brooks House and Randall Hall—invite appreciation and comment. Brooks House, like all of Mr. Longfellow's work, is dignified in design and admirably adapted to its surroundings: Mr. Longfellow has solved the problem which presented itself in a scholarly fashion, and has given us a building less incongruous with its fellows than any that has been erected during President Eliot's administration. It is not, to be sure, a wholly beautiful building: its general stumpiness of effect prevents that; but with a sky-line already determined, with a fixed number of stories different

from that of the buildings to which it is a pendant, with limited resources of land and money, it is a very happy adaptation of means to ends.

Mr. Wheelwright's work on Randall Hall is distinctly inferior. The western façade is about as ugly and as clumsy a bit of Georgian as one can find, searching far. We expect a stately portal and come to a trivial doorway (quite as bad, in a different manner, as that of Sever Hall) with an entablature so feeble that the other ornaments seem to crush it. The Gargantuan college seal, the garlands, the urns, are depressingly out of scale,—the muse that wooed Sir Christopher Wren was a sturdy damsel, but, surely, her ankles were not thick. The incoherent north-west corner, and the entire north side are, architecturally, beneath contempt; although, practically, the kitchen arrangements are probably excellent. It is but fair to Mr. Wheelwright to allow that probably the Corporation could not permit him, for various practical reasons, to do himself complete justice. But even then, one cannot forgive the mortuary aspect of the building, due to the clumsy, unskilful treatment of ornament,—particularly the two blank windows filled in with heavy tablets. If the building were a church one would wish to carve on them the ten commandments: possibly, as it is a dining-hall, Mr. Wheelwright has reserved them for the *carte du jour*.

The undergraduate, however, will most delight in the improvements on Soldiers field. Thanks to Professor Warren, whose fence is wholly admirable, the field has taken on a new dignity and beauty. Of course, every Harvard man, in his enjoyment of the place, must remember his debt to Major Higginson; but every Harvard man likewise owes as great a debt to Professor Hollis, to whose untiring devotion each improvement, each new beauty, bears witness.

Book Notices.

"FROM SEA TO SEA." By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

"In these two volumes," writes Mr. Kipling in his preface, "I have got together the bulk of the special correspondence and occasional articles written by me for the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* between 1887-1889. I have been forced to this action by the enterprise of various publishers, who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations."

This preface, curt and pointed as it is, is yet pertinent for both casually interested readers and for devoted admirers who have closely followed the author's growing popularity and literary development. The most complete enjoyment of these volumes involves a turning back in thought to a time when Mr. Kipling was unknown to Western readers; and that turning back must be abrupt and conscious if we are to realize the exact position of these newspaper letters in the mass of his work. Even those not at all concerned with the author's progress, who read these volumes only for the immediate entertainment afforded, should remember that these letters and articles are the work of a young man (of twenty-two to twenty-four), a young journalist writing for his paper. The method and purpose of their composition preclude careful literary finish; the youth and inexperience of the author keep us from expecting persistent depth and insight.

Taken, however, at their face value with no allowance for conditions of authorship, the contents of these two volumes are amusing and entertaining throughout, in proportion, of course, to our acquaintance with the countries and scenes depicted. The comments of a traveller they are, dealing lightly, wittily, and cleverly with whatever has attracted his attention, but with a vividness and a charm far beyond usual tourist notes. The prominent externals of countries have indeed seemed to attract him most: vivid accounts of deserted Indian cities, of massive, hideous temples, of royal stables, of reeking, unhealthy centres of Eastern population, opium joints, bustling American cities and quiet villages, of the astounding Yellowstone, and the salmon-swarming Columbia River,

occupy a great part of the volumes. But interest in men and women of all climes, complexions, and natures is back of it all; and man's problems, religious, social, political, and industrial, push themselves boldly into the foreground.

Of course the treatment as a whole is superficial and incomplete. But if taken letter by letter, without any effort to force out of really fragmentary and often lightly formed impressions a systematic estimate of the peoples and places described, they are brimming with delight and suggestion. As far as they go they seem truthful and accurate; objections must be on the ground of depth and comprehensiveness. We naturally are most sensitive about the American Notes — we feel that the general impression they leave is not flattering to our country and its people. We may, to be sure, admit the acuteness and perhaps the soundness of the comment on San Francisco politics, Chicago rush, and Mormonism. It is the incompleteness that annoys us. We feel that while seizing on prominent faults, he has missed something vital and significant in our national existence. Yet in defense of the author it must be said that in no place does he attempt a comprehensive or definitive opinion on America or Americans. All his expressions should be taken only in direct connection with the subject of each letter. And if he has said some unpleasant things, we should not forget his warm appreciation of the American girl, his approval of Uncle Sam's troopers, and his boundless admiration for Mark Twain.

But over and above our pleasure in the wit and keenness, our smiling attention to the vivid and ready accounts of the observant young journalist, is the delight in seeing the man and the writer as we know him from his later work emerge now and then from the veil of badinage and easy fluency appropriate to his immediate end. Scarcely a quality of his maturer writings but is shown to some degree in these volumes. The homely lyrical charm of *Mandalay* is seen in his description of old Moulmein itself, and in the dainty little idyll of Musquash on the Monongahela; that delight in machinery and interest in all practical projects so strikingly characteristic of *The Day's Work* is evident throughout, but especially in *Among the Railway Folk* and *The Giridih Coal Fields*; his love of fair play and deep hatred of stupidity, wrong, and injustice burst forth involuntarily in many a place, especially in the articles on Calcutta (*The City of Dreadful Night*), in the comments on Mormonism, the Western use of the pistol, and the slums of Old World

cities. To such an extent, indeed, are found in these volumes the qualities of expression, thought, and sentiment which mark his best work, that admirers need not regret the "enterprise" which has "forced" Mr. Kipling to the present publication.

W. M.

"TRISTRAM LACY; OR, THE INDIVIDUALIST." By W. H. Mallock. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A novel by the author of *Is Life Worth Living?* — a novel dealing broadly with fundamental problems in social and individual life, of which the main theme is the value and direction of personal endeavour, and in which one finds delightful characters, sound and welcome opinions, penetrating observation, all presented in a style that is nearly always good, and at times felicitous and illuminating — such a novel ought not to be laid aside with the sigh of disappointment which from most readers will follow the conclusion of *Tristram Lacy*.

The cloud of final disappointment, which, however, has been relieved, during the course of the book, by bursts of delight in situations, characters, and conversation, by gleams of wit and sound, helpful wisdom, is due partly to technical faults and defects in the work viewed as a novel, and partly to dissatisfaction with the answers or lack of answer to the doubts and questionings raised by the author at the outset.

The plot, so far as there is one, wanders along erratically, to be sure, and yet with some regard to proportion. We move, generally with the hero but often without him, from London to his country estate, to the Riviera, and finally back to London. We get on the way delightful views, vividly presented, yet, because presented in language that is chiefly intellectual, lacking in subtle and emotional suggestion.

The characters, too, differ widely in the interest they command and in the adequacy with which they are portrayed. From personages as naive and captivating as Miss St. Germans, as placid and charming as Lady Madeleine Seaton, we are kept abruptly turning to repellant caricatures such as those of Mrs. Norham and her fellow socialists; and get still more variety from characters like the witty and beautiful Lady Fregothran, virtually a *dea ex machina*, whose clairvoyante escapades are at the least bewildering, and the brilliant prime minister, Lord Runcorn, whose rôle is that of chief exponent of moderate, well-expressed opinions

on society, philosophy, and literature. Perhaps nothing spoils the unity and consistency of the book more than the part played by Mrs. Norham and her associates. Mrs. Norham is, on the one hand, welcomed by men as keen as Lord Runcorn as the greatest lady novelist of the end of the century, and, on the other hand, is depicted for us as an underbred, slatternly woman, with as much penetration as an oyster, and with views that might be attained by absorbing the speeches of strike agitators and the writings of over-zealous Christian Scientists. Her acts, sayings, and reputation are at loggerheads throughout. The whole portrayal is inconsistent, and in bad taste. One is compelled to think that Mr. Mallock had in mind a particular writer whose work he detests, a particular circle of social workers, whose methods and views he opposes, and that he has in depicting them allowed his personal feelings to get the better of his sense of accuracy and literary fitness. In regard to the character of Tristram Lacy himself, which perhaps might have served as the main theme of the book, we are from the outset left in no uncertainty. The author, after the manner of the older dramatists, takes us fully into his confidence; and in the first chapter from a letter written by Lord Runcorn, a letter delightful from the accuracy of its characterization, we learn in brief all that the subsequent chapters can tell of the essential nature of the hero. This advance study takes away from our interest in the unfolding of his character by his acts, and shows that the author's main purpose was not to make clear the personality of the Individualist, but rather to show how he will solve the problems and satisfy the doubts with which he is beset when we first meet him.

"Tristram Lacy . . . has come to regard life with an apathy—an acquiescent indifference—which resembles that of these helpless decadents and degenerates," writes Lord Runcorn in the letter just mentioned. . . . "His pessimism, his apathy, his unnerving indifference, is a disease which has nothing to do with his temperament or his physical constitution. It has its origin altogether in the intellect. I mean it is a disease produced by a sane and unimpaired logic working on such premises as are supplied to it by contemporary philosophy. Profoundly religious as he used to be when a boy—profoundly impressed as I remember his being by the sublime mysteries of the Christian worship—he has gradually come to be a disbeliever in everything that dissociates the human destiny from the dust . . . he represents the effects which the rationalism of the modern world has on men in proportion as

they really believe what it teaches them. Tristram Lacy was born . . . with the temperament of a poet, as well as with the vigour of a man of action. He is a poet now, in whom the ideal is absolutely dead. He is a man of action who would be capable of doing great things if his intellect did not convince him that there is nothing great to do." Here, then, is a character interesting because we know so many like him, and a theme that commands attention because its questions have come with almost stunning force to us all. Is there any activity or mode of life that is absolutely worth while for its own sake? What sphere of action is most suitable and satisfying to the restless human soul? To these queries Mr. Mallock gives no fair answer. Or if we admit that the questions cannot be definitely answered, his effort and failure are not at all contenting. Lacy, to be sure, realizes throughout his obligations to the tenants on his estates, and finds a measure of satisfaction in faithfully meeting those obligations; he finally marries the woman best fitted to respond to his nature and abilities; and he reënters political life by contesting a vacant seat in Parliament. In urging Lacy to stand for this vacant seat Lady Fregothran expresses, rather bluntly and cynically but as completely as it is given at all, the conclusion of the whole matter: "You are capable of doing anything, but you have managed to persuade yourself that nothing is worth doing. . . . From some points of view, no doubt you are right enough; but from another which is bound sooner or later to be your own, you will find, unless you get the better of your present mood, that you have been wrong. Look at me — am I inactive? Do I allow my husband to be inactive? And yet do you think that one of the things we aim at seems to me, in itself, to be worth the trouble it costs us? It does not." And again: "Depend upon it, if you don't think much of life, you won't think any the better of it by keeping out of the game . . . in reality life is a game at which you must play whether you want to do so or no. The only question is, will you win at the game or lose? . . . Success may be as despicable a thing as you like, but you ought to aim at it because it is incalculably less despicable than failure." All this is true, but it shows little advance from the position of Lacy in his greatest inaction.

But in spite of the faults we must find in this volume if we test as a bit of unified literary work, in spite of the incomplete treatment of its main theme, there are many excellences which make even a hasty reading profitable and pleasing. And not the least of these is the abundance of

well-considered, suggestive views on very varied subjects, from the value of gossip to the relations of politics to literature, and the effect on youth of the atmosphere of extreme religious criticism in the great universities. Many of these bits of opinion and comment will likely be marked and returned to with pleasure, long after the story, its characters, and its theme have been entirely forgotten.

W. M.

"THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON." Cambridge Edition. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by William Vaughn Moody. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

To handle within the compass of one volume all of Milton's poetry; to furnish his Latin poems with excellent literal translations, and his English with no less excellent notes, textual and historical; to give in few words the gist and net purport of long, tedious discussions; to write the best short life of Milton that has yet been written:—to do all this is pretty nearly to achieve an editorial masterpiece, and Mr. Moody has done it. His *Milton* in the Cambridge Edition is the result of sound judgment, a delicate sense of proportion, and best of all a thoroughly discriminating and sympathetic insight into that great mind which has been so often and so variously misunderstood. One cannot have, of course, space enough to illustrate these traits as fully as they deserve, or to cite a sufficient number of characteristic passages. But one may at least refer to Mr. Moody's treatment (pages 93–96) of the "origins" of *Paradise Lost*, where he weighs the influence of Phineas Fletcher's *Apollyonists*, of Andreini's *Adamo*, and of the writings of Joost van den Vondel. There is not often seen a piece of work at once so sensible and so suggestive.

It is in his admirable Life of Milton, however, that the editor best shows his power and his scope. Though he calls it a "slight sketch," and says that "it will have accomplished its end if it has dissatisfied the reader with a conventional opinion," the reader will set on it a far higher value. To quote is surely better than to comment, when one has such a passage as the following, on Milton's great tragedy of the Dagonalia. Mr. Moody has just pointed out that the poet's long-delayed

intention to make Samson the hero of a drama is shown by the subjects pencilled in his note-book in 1642.

"At that time Samson had apparently engaged his attention no more deeply than other Bible heroes whose names occur in his notes; but events had gradually been shaping his life into such a form that it now found in Samson's story its sufficient prototype and symbol. No hint escapes the poet that the many-sided correspondence of his own case with that of his hero is in his mind; the treatment is throughout sternly objective, even sculpturesque in its detachment; but the autobiographic meaning is everywhere latent, giving to the most restrained lines an ominous emphasis and to the least significant a strange kind of wintry passion. He, too, had been a champion favored of the Lord, and had matched his giant strength against the enemies of his people. He had sent the fire-brands of his pamphlets among their corn, and slain their strongest with simple weapons near at hand. He, too, had taken a wife from among the worshippers of Dagon: he had made festival with her people over the nuptials which brought him a loss as tragic as Samson's,—the loss of human tenderness, a lowered ideal, and a warped understanding of the deepest human relationships. Now, blind and fettered in the midst of an idolatrous generation, he may well have longed for another Salmasius upon whom to wreak, as Samson upon Harapha of Gath, the energy which still swelled his veins. In another year or two, when Dryden should 'tag his verses,' and transform his august epic into a trivial opera, he would be brought like Samson to make sport before the Philistines, as a juggler or a mime. Perhaps he might still hope, bowing his head in prayer to the God of the spirit, to bring down the temple builded by the men of the Restoration to the gods of the flesh, and bury in the ruins all the insolence and outrage of the times. With some such autobiographic second intention in mind as this, one must read the gray pages of *Samson Agonistes*."

It is with such a passage in mind as this, that one may turn to the new *Life of Milton* and still find other instances of equal force, dignity, and justice.

H. M. R. .

Books Received.

"HARVARD TEAMS, 1898-99." By William Bond Wheelwright, 1901, and Arthur Minot Goodridge, 1900.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"THE BEACON BIOGRAPHIES." M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Editor. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"DESIDERIUS ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM." By Ephraim Emerton, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(To be reviewed next month.)

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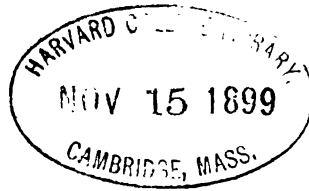
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THE MORAL ASPECT OF COLLEGE SPORTS.

THE recent growth of athletic sports in the United States is one of the striking phases of college life. It is sometimes attributed to a reaction upon the one sided theories of education which prevailed half a century ago, but there are other causes at work even more powerful in effect. The competition of modern society demands physical vigour in men who are to succeed in the world's great tasks. We have come to understand this as many of our best business men have gone to pieces with nervous prostration during recent years. Another view of the case is the closing of all avenues open to the pioneer. The completed exploration and settlement of our territory has left without occupation the young men who would have sought adventure in the wilderness. It may well be that they find in outdoor sports a necessary outlet to the physical activity which in other times would have been expended in exploration and pioneering.

It is natural that a youth should feel a strong craving for something physical to overcome; and this feeling is intensified in the modern life of large cities and dense populations. The New England boy of the last century had enough to do in conquering a hard soil, and the Western boy more than enough in assisting to fight the Indians. When we find a lad's energy taken away from the soil, and let loose in large communities like colleges and universities, we have every reason to suppose that it will find a safety valve of some kind. The form of this safety valve

will vary with the times. Just now it has taken the shape of extensive organization for intercollegiate sports which are thought by many to occupy a disproportionate amount of time in the college careers of most boys. The pale, sickly student whose days and nights were given to study is almost a creature of the past, and we seem likely to have in his place only the athlete. The reaction is almost complete. Yet the question may fairly be asked, Through what other means than the playground can a young man obtain his proper physical growth, and the robust health which is needed to carry him through the strain of life in a large city? No man can do his best work without adequate care of the body.

Naturally, the most appropriate place for the physical development of youth is found on the athletic fields, and within the gymnasiums of schools and colleges, where large numbers of students can obtain the guidance of experienced instructors and trainers. Furthermore, the greatest incentive to bodily exercise is to be obtained in games or sports involving a high degree of skill and judgment. It was therefore to be expected that intercollegiate athletics would develop rapidly, and that the word "team" should have acquired a peculiarly fascinating meaning to the average college boy. The days set apart for college contests have become almost like holidays as the numbers of the colleges have increased, and the publicity attendant upon the exhibitions has drawn enormous crowds to witness them. A more complete organization for selection and training has followed, until now none of the great college teams would be complete without a corps of doctors, coaches, rubbers and attendants. Some of the games demand so much equipment in the nature of clothing and special fittings that few students can afford the expense. This has led to subscriptions and the sale of tickets for entrance to the games. Then, a vast amount of time is consumed in travelling, in arranging the games and in keeping engagements. The business of a modern college team has become very much the same as that of a circus or a theatrical troupe. A schedule of games for the season is arranged months beforehand, and almost the entire time of the captains and coaches is taken up in getting together and training

the men for the season's work. There are four principal sports, each with its 'Varsity and Class teams, and we find a strong tendency to the formation of second and even third 'Varsity teams to compete in inter-collegiate games.

The questions are often asked, Toward what is all this tending? Is this complicated system for the good of college boys? Could we not develop a system of games better adapted to the physical development of youth wholly within the University at much less cost in time and effort? Many people, both parents and teachers, are still sceptical about the ultimate benefit of intercollegiate athletics. Only a few days ago a father said to me of his son who was entering Harvard, "He must not go into athletics, or I shall take him out of college." This objection did not spring from disbelief in proper physical training, but rather from an exaggerated notion of the demoralizing influences of college sports. The politics, the heavy physical strain, and the distractions of certain sports seem to outweigh, in many minds, the positive good that springs from them. This prejudice is, doubtless, based upon the abuses of ten or fifteen years back, when athletics had run mad. Things have changed, however, and the old influences have disappeared. Many practices once thought legitimate have been given up as leading to bad sport, and college boys have begun to acquire consciences both about the time taken from regular work, and about the method of winning games. The deception and brutality which once seemed an inevitable accompaniment of the games have given place to reasonably fair dealings, especially among the older universities. The games promise to become lessons in honorable conduct as well as in the development and care of the body. Not that we have reached the ideal, for there are still distressing lapses, but that the friends of intercollegiate sports have good reason to feel encouraged. The improvements have been accomplished by organization, rules, and mutual agreement among groups of colleges. After all, is not the standard by which college sports are to be judged, a moral one? And is not the moral question the one which will determine the permanency of these sports?

It is this aspect which has been suggested by the friends who are interested in Harvard athletics. My own acquaintance with Harvard students has given me a high opinion of their sense of honor, and their willingness to face the truth. I have, therefore, the less hesitation in calling attention to certain features of our sports, and to certain faults more or less common to all colleges, particularly in their intercollegiate games. Our rules constitute a history of abuses in past years. Like common law they formulate for us the results of experience, and they have grown in the effort to promote wholesome relations among men. Students are sometimes prone to think of them as emanations from brains fruitful in imaginary difficulties, because the abuses against which they were made have been corrected and forgotten. As a matter of fact, many of the faults in college athletics have sprung from ignorance and inexperience, and the rules serve, therefore, to educate each young generation as it moves along from the fitting schools to college. But a high standard in athletic sports is not all a question of rules, which are successful only as they arouse the common sense and honor of students, so that an appeal to rules becomes unnecessary excepting for the purpose of establishing uniformity of practice.

In calling our games lessons in honorable conduct, all of us must recognize that self-restraint, courtesy and a high sense of honor are at the root of good sport. Bad temper, discourtesy or trickery is fatal, and often leaves a wound requiring years to heal. We see that to-day in the unreasonable animosities between some of our universities. It is imperative, therefore, that men should be trained in fair dealing as well as in physical skill. No one can doubt the value of intercollegiate sports, if this training gives students moral power over themselves.

A few years ago, none of the college teams were above suspicion. They amounted practically to gladiators put up for battle by opposing sides who sat on the benches and cheered. The whole effort was bent on winning, as often claimed, "for the honor of the university," without much thought of the kind of men used for the purpose. Athletes were smuggled into the universities under the pretense of being students.

Frequently their expenses were paid either in money or in sinecures of some kind. Now, winning is a perfectly natural and legitimate end: all of us want our college to win, but when it comes to calling in some outsider, to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves, the elements of good sport are gone. It is about as sensible as the man who plays solitaire and cheats in order to enable himself to win. A victory to be worth anything must be won by genuine students, who have come to the University for serious study. They must be exactly what they represent themselves to be on the field. An instance in point is afforded by the record of a Freshman team which once played for Harvard. In the old days, any first year man could play upon a Freshman team, and the team referred to is said not to have had a single Freshman upon it. All the men were taken from the professional schools and the upper classes. There was a laudable determination to win, but what a farce for the University! The only stroke needed to complete it would have been to open the team to first year members of the Faculty! There is no objection to the first year men in a professional school organizing a team and playing anybody they like. The fault lies in their calling themselves what they are not. Besides, the present sensible policy of making the Freshman squads nurseries for the 'Varsity was totally lacking. Happily, the above is past history for Harvard, although our Freshmen are still compelled to meet an occasional law student in other Freshman teams.

Bad practices which rules are powerless to deal with occasionally become epidemic in our sports. Just now, base-ball seems to be suffering from this class of errors. One of the greatest nuisances to the spectators is a coacher bawling across the field at the top of his lungs to a base runner who ought to take care of himself, or a man in the field who is eternally shouting encouragement to "Jim" behind the bat. Neither of these performances is base-ball unless a free use of the mouth constitutes part of the game. Then the coacher who runs from third base to the home plate to distract the other team is simply trying to gain by a detestable trick what his side has not skill to win. Again,

we have some long established tricks which seem to have become legitimate parts of base-ball. The habit which some basemen have of standing squarely in the runner's way when he is trying to make his base, detracts greatly from the interest in the game. It is justified on the grounds that the runner has a right to run into anyone who interferes with him. Why should we have exhibitions of foot-ball when it is base-ball we go to see? All the above matters may seem trivial but they take from the elements of good sport. The spectators cannot fail to leave dissatisfied with a victory which has been gained by a trick, even though their own side may have won. It may be laid down as a rule of conduct in base-ball, and in all other college sports, that a team has the right to all that it can win by good judgment and skill, and no more.

One of the demoralizing tendencies we see in modern athletics is the manœuvering in respect to time and place which so often forms the preliminary in arrangements for games. I am persuaded that much of this proceeds from inexperience, and an exaggerated sense of responsibility. Every new captain or manager thinks that the other side is endeavoring to gain the advantage, and that he must do the best he can for his team—a perfectly natural desire which often leads him into immoral practices! Most of the athletic negotiations are very simple. All we want is that both sides should have a fair show, and be able to use their men to the best advantage. A test where one side has not had time to get in condition, or where one boat has to take the eel grass and slack water, or where one runner gets away slightly in advance of the signal, is not interesting because the conditions are not equal. There is no difference of opinion on this subject, yet it is the most difficult side of college athletics to deal with.

Another unfortunate notion which prevails in our sports is that a member of a team is peculiarly deserving of the gratitude of the University. We can agree that he deserves well if he plays like a gentleman and wins honorably, but when the gratitude of the University is drawn upon for uniforms and perquisites which a student should provide for himself, it becomes a little overstrained. Many people think that there

is great objection to supplying outfits from a common fund collected by the sale of tickets to the games. The claim for it is that all students, rich and poor, are thereby placed upon the same footing, and that therefore our amateur sports cannot become the exclusive prerogative of the wealthy. Of this there is small danger, and the wastefulness in most university organizations seems to make good the objection to the free use of athletic funds.

Strangers going to our games have asked, "Why do they cheer with so little regard to the plays?" That question has occurred to many. The spontaneous cheers that spring in response to a fine play or good work on the field are among the most thrilling sounds on earth, but the cheers pumped up to worry the opposing team, or to assist a poor team to win, are about the most dismal. Even the men themselves must feel this.

The friends of intercollegiate athletics contend that we must not expect too much of boys. Nor do we when we ask only that their sports shall be clean and gentlemanly, with no demoralizing influences around them. Our athletics ought to be on a higher plane than ordinary commercial enterprise. Students are acquiring the ideals and habits of their after lives, and the degrading influences that spring from athletic politics cannot contribute anything of value. It is sometimes claimed that as men they will have to contend against all kinds of underhand methods, and that they may better learn something about them beforehand. This strikes me as weak. No man will find it necessary to pass through a course in crime in order to keep out of the clutches of scoundrels. Besides, it is not a proper point of view to treat college games as battles for the survival of the fittest. They are friendly contests which the rival teams ought to be able to discuss the next day without unhappy reflections upon each other. What are we to do if our opponents resort to foul play? We all know that it is human nature to retaliate, and that it is hard to restrain a team which has been badly treated. But any yielding to bad impulses only proves that the game has failed of its moral effect. More hard feeling and misunderstanding

have sprung from retaliation than from any other cause. As I heard an old graduate say, "Let your teams play fair games, and keep their tempers, and your opponents will be forced by public opinion to come to the same standard."

There are some things in athletics which have passed beyond argument. A member of a team must not break training, and he must maintain a satisfactory standard in his college work. A failure in either implies a lack of stamina and loyalty which should and does throw a man out of a team.

So much good is to be set off against the bad side of intercollegiate sports that their friends far outnumber their enemies at the present time. Only a man out of touch with student life can object to games wholly within the University, but the intercollegiate games must justify themselves by the results. They become valuable in direct proportion to their moral tone. As they develop a high sense of honor, they will stay; but as they promote trickery and dishonor, they must as surely go. The American boys who enter our colleges are, as a rule, clear headed and honorable, excepting where they come under the influence of disreputable leaders among graduates and undergraduates. We may therefore confidently hope for a constant improvement and the spread of true sportsmanship in their athletics. As moral forces, their outdoor sports will possess a double value, capable of moulding the character of the young and of making the members of our teams what all college men should become — good citizens of the republic.

Ira N. Hollis.

CHIKY.

THE fire-fly was at play when we rode into the Kickapoo village, and the swelling, buzzing silence of dusk hanging over the lodges was broken only now and then by the yelp of a watch-dog baying to the lonely cries of a far away wolf. We found Chief Chikwamikoko with four of his men awaiting us; and after the Indians had solemnly greeted us with a grip of the hand, and they had begged of us a little tobacco, we dropped in behind them and started on a dog trot across country toward the Kickapoo Prairie where roamed the Cream Colored Stallion with his herd of wild horses. Presently a big, blood-red, hot-weather moon came peering slowly up over the verge of the eastern horizon before us; and the Indians, knowing well the range and the habits of the wild stallion, guided our course so that the Gulf winds coming away from the range kept beating continuously upon our right cheeks.

In about two hours we came out upon the top of a butte where we stopped and listened to the faintly audible whinnying of ponies off towards the south whither Chikwamikoko was pointing. At the same time, he was telling us in Kickapoo and in broken English that yonder was the Cream Colored Stallion, and, in his herd, was our black mare with six or seven other ponies which she had led astray a little more than two springs before while we were out on the round-up. The wind had begun to shift in the east. So Dick and the chief, after telling Joe, a Turkey-Track cowboy, and me what to do when the wild horses came by in the morning, struck out with the rest of the party toward the southwest; and by dropping the men one by one in relays of two to four miles apart, they encircled westward and southward the wild-horse range.

While Joe and I sat in the grass eating from our saddle pockets the breakfast we had brought along, and the yellow-breasted larks and other birds of the plains were filling the crisp air with their chirpings and their warblings, we caught a soft, faint sound of the pop of a gun somewhere

off to the south. After hurriedly saddling our mounts we again lay in the grass, hiding as we waited. Ten minutes later we heard several pops in rapid succession. Presently there came a low rumble as of distant thunder which, as it came nearer, grew into a heavy, rapid, confused pounding. And then above the din of the *ga-bi-ty, ga-bi-ty, ga-bi-ty* tramping, sounded the fierce squealing and neighing of a pony in distress. All of a sudden the wild herd of horses closely huddled together swung into view round the western slope of the butte, a half mile south-east of us, and headed up the valley to circle the eastern and northern slopes of the butte on which Joe and I were hidden.

And there was the Cream Colored Stallion! Now in the van when the herd was to take a new course; now in the rear to beat up the laggards; and wherever a side of the herd was joggled and opened out, thither, with head close to the ground and ears lying back, plunged the stallion, nipping the ponies in the flanks, and sending them pell mell back into the herd. Seeing Joe and me galloping down the hill towards him, he wheeled sharply about, and, standing as straight as he could, he threw his flowing fore-lock and mane to the winds. But, in another second, he was away at the heels of his herd, galloping out of the valley toward the rolling plain.

By cutting across country we were able to dog the ponies for about four miles without having to go more than half that distance. Leaving them at sunrise with the next relay, we returned to our butte.

Our relays circling a range of forty miles in circumference would have kept the herd running almost twice that distance if the wild ponies had been able to stand the slow but persistent pursuit. It must have been about an hour before sunset when Joe and I saw Dick and Chikwami-koko riding side by side at a jog trot round the slope of the butte where we had first seen the wild horses. We joined them at once. Dick was leading the black mare by the rope he had lassoed her with. Her head drooped, and gray crusty streaks of salt streamed across her back and sides where she had sweated most; and the effort with which she lifted her feet showed that she was travelling on her nerves. And the rest of

the strays which the Indians and Turkey-Track men drove behind the mare were completely fagged, and were easily driven.

With the black mare was a colt about fifteen months old. His heavy fore-lock, mane, and tail were as black as the coat of his mother; while the small head and ears, the short stubby neck, the small, round body, the slender legs, and everything else about him were but the Cream Colored Stallion over again. And the way he ran whinnying to and fro from his mother and the strays, and sniffing the air as he stopped to look back now and again toward the ranges he was leaving, showed that he had in him yet the fire, the spirit, and the vim of his sire. It was only the beseeching whinny of his mother whenever he hung too far back that kept him with us.

When the Great Dipper was swinging low in the Northern sky, we drove our strays through the bars of the corral and shut them up for the night.

In the morning after breakfast Fanny, Dick's little girl of eight, came skipping out to the corral that she might watch the branding of the colts. Hardly was she up on the top bar, when she screamed with a rapture of delight, "Well, well, Blacky, what a pretty wee colty you've come home with!"

"He's an Injun, dearie," chuckled Dick, kneeling at the fire he was kindling to heat the branding irons. "Bein' sort of a chief hisself, guess we'll have ter call 'im Chikwamikoko."

Before Dick knew it, Fanny was in the midst of the men who were arranging their lassos, rubbing her chubby cheeks against the rough, square, sun-browned face of her father and flooding him with a shower of questions and exclamations like, "An' is he mine, all mine, an' not yourn? An' you ain't goin' to burn 'im with that ol' hot iron, is you now, daddy? An',—an' I don't like Chi—Chi—Chikamikoky. It's kinder long, an' it ain't a good colty name, an'—well, o' course I like the Kickapoo man for helpin' you to find the ponies, but, daddy, let's call the—the colty Chi—Chiky, eh, daddy?"

"Yes, yes, dearie," said Dick good-naturedly, though somewhat dis-

concerted at seeing the men smiling with delight ; and adding as he rose to his feet, "he's yourn, an' he's Chiky, an' anythin' you wish. Skip 'lon' now, dearie, the broncs might run over you."

In this way Chiky was saved that awful humiliation that comes to a wild horse in being lassoed, thrown mercilessly to the ground, having his four feet crossed and tied together, and having the sign of a turkey track burned upon his left shoulder.

And when the colts were all branded, and the bars opening into the pony pasture were let down, he and his mother plunged at the head of the herd and led it out on the open plain. For days and for nights the mother, with the colt at her side and the strays stringing behind, followed the long lines of the barb-wire fence, seeking always an opening through which she might pass and return once more to the free, boundless ranges of the Kickapoo Prairie.

As in time the strays became less restless, they adapted themselves to the pasture, which afforded them a range of two by four miles to roam about over ; and mingling with the ranch ponies, they sorted themselves out into small bunches in which a ranch and a stray pony of like tastes and temperament might pair off together and exchange mutual confidences.

And the strangest of all friendships was that of Chiky and the wicked mother with Bobby, the blazed face sorrel that the ranch had turned loose to live as he pleased. The mother no doubt quickly perceived with good horse-sense that Bobby's tales of twenty years of experience on round-ups and cattle-trails would be interesting for Chiky to hear and to know ; and as Bobby was on to the fine points in bucking, in brushing bridles off his head, and in doing a hundred other wicked things which she wanted her Chiky to know, the mother found in Bobby a friend after her heart.

And on blazing, torridly hot days, the three ponies might be seen standing in the sparingly thin shade of low, stunted, black-jack oaks down by the willow creek where the ponies always came to water. Whenever one started alone to drink, along would come the other two.

On returning to the stamping ground in the shade of the oaks, the ponies would take their places side by side, Chiky in between; and while the head of Bobby sleepily looked one way and that of the mother was turned in another, the two old ponies would keep their tails switching with mechanical clock-like precision so as to keep away from the faces of each other the little, black, stinging flies, and, incidentally, whisking them off Chiky, too.

In the cool of the summer evenings Bobby would bring his two friends up for salt. Bobby came for his salt to the fence which enclosed the cabins, while the mare and colt remained thirty or forty yards away, licking their salt from a barrel. Bobby had a grunting whinny, a laughing bass, when asking for his salt. And the mother and Chiky, on watching Bobby paw the ground, push against the fence, and raise his whinny a degree at seeing Fanny come out with the salt in a saucer, would roll their wide-open eyes, shoot back and forth their ears, and touch noses.

"Chiky, Chiky," Fanny would plead, holding her palm out at the colt; "please come up and get your salt with Bobby."

But Chiky, smacking his tongue and raising his head in a very disdainful way, would roll his little black eyes at Bobby as if to say, "Well, Bobby, how much longer are you going to stay there?" Then with eyes askance, he would follow his mother a hundred yards or more away from the salt and await Bobby.

Then came that unusual summer when it rained so bountifully over all the cattle ranges of the southwest. The rain fell continuously day in and day out, and then every little dry weather creek was roaring with water rushing over its banks and bending down the tops of the willows in the direction of its current. Then we suddenly discovered Bobby and Chiky without the black mare, and very much in distress. Lonely and pathetically one behind the other they went along the wire fences, to and fro across the pasture prairies, and in and out of the old stamping places. On riding over the pasture we found the wire running across the stream had been loosened from the posts which the current had swept down stream. And coming out of the bed of the stream, just

outside of the pasture, went the tracks of three ponies upon the bank. We followed the tracks southwest till we lost them.

Finally Bobby got tired of wandering about the pasture, and quit. Although Chiky rubbed his nose affectionately against Bobby's, scratched his back for him, and switched flies away while the old horse dozed, yet he could not persuade Bobby to take another step in search of the wicked mother that had gone off without a word. Then Chiky took on very hard, and tried to find comfort among the other ponies. But there was not one among them, after all, so congenial and so companionable as Bobby; so back to Bobby he came. Every evening as usual Chiky came up with Bobby for his salt. He always stopped out at the barrel while Bobby went up to the fence; and when Fanny came towards him with outstretched hand, coaxingly saying, "Chiky, poor, lonely Chiky!" he would breathe very deeply and snort, and then, rudely turning his back on the little girl, his friend, he would trot or gallop away.

One evening of this fall when Fanny was waiting till dusk for the ponies to come up for their salt, she discovered that some one of the men had left open the bars from the pasture in the lane. While Dick was putting the bars up, he found leading through the bars and down the lane the tracks of a bigger pony over-lapping those of a smaller one. In the morning Dick and I followed the trail of the two ponies straight into the range of the Cream Colored Stallion, but there we lost them.

In the chilly evenings that followed, Fanny used to kneel by the window facing the west, and watch the cattle that were accustomed to hang about the ranch come straggling up the lane into the corral. On one of these evenings wailing winds were driving the falling snow in flurries over the prairies, and mooing cattle in greater numbers came in long straggling lines up the lane into the corrals to find a mouthful of hay, and shelter under the long hay-covered booths. All of a sudden Fanny sprang to her feet and with excitement whispered to us before the fireplace, "Bobby! Oh, Chiky! Look, mamma! Quick, boys! Look! Look! Look, boys, quick!"

Sure enough, there were the two ponies coming slowly up the lane among the cattle, both covered all over with snow. When Fanny opened the door Bobby pricked up his ears, whinnied, and limped out from among the cattle up to the fence. The poor fellow's back, hips, and flanks were covered with ugly scars as if he had been chewed by some other pony.

Chiky watched Bobby being led into the corral. When his old mate passed through the bars he began to whinny wildly and frantically. Bobby's turning about once to answer Chiky's call only increased the intensity of the colt's neighing. And when Chiky saw Bobby disappear under one of the hay-covered booths, he turned and started back on a gallop out of the lane. The sight of four of us, who had gone round to head him off and to drive him into the corral, standing across his way, seemed to set the fire of his wild horse nature ablaze. Bearing down upon us at full speed he scattered and bowled over cattle in his way, evaded our lassos, and made for the open plain. Stopping once or twice to look back, Chiky disappeared in the mist of the falling snow, whinnying as he went.

Two days later, I rode with Dick out on the ranges to see how the cattle had stood the storm. As we were coming home by way of the eastern fence of the pony pasture we fell, all at once, into a trail beaten in the snow by the hoofs of a single pony going back and forth over it. Following the trail down to the frozen willow creek, where the ponies in summer came to water, we suddenly came upon Chiky stretched at full length across the path. Ugly scars on the hips, on the back, and on the shoulders, scars, like Bobby's, made by the biting of a pony, disfigured his soft, smooth, cream-colored coat. His little head was turned toward the clump of stunted, black-jack oaks under which he had stood on warm summer days with Bobby and his mother.

Two coyotes squatting on the bleak, white plain a hundred or more yards away silently watched Dick and me ride off into the dusk toward camp.

W. Jones.

THE PURITAN.

THEIR faith was that of harsh sincerity
Firm founded as the fundamental rock
That breasts the wind and wave in sund'ring shock.
Their eyes, from sight of earthly vision free,
Beheld, beyond the dim eternity,
The awful presence of the living God,
Up to whose flaming judgment seat they trod,
Girt round by angel cohorts visibly.

They passed, an elder and a nobler race,
But left their name writ large o'er all the lands
Where anciently they had their dwelling-place.
So, high upon the mountain's serried crest there stands,
Deep wrought into the granite's rugged face,
The moving glacier's elemental trace.

Frank Simonds.

AN EXPERIMENT.

DEFORREST was reading the *Crimson* in the intervals between his oatmeal and dropped eggs, when he chanced on the following notice :

WANTED.—A room-mate, who has temperate habits and unobjectionable manners. Apply to J. McINNES, 13a ——— Street.

He looked round the crowded café. It was not the man next to the wall at his table, who was reading *Mill*: it was certainly none of those noisy people at the next table, who threw bread at almost every meal, and were generally objectionable. Not a soul in the room could he make

to correspond to the person he imagined the writer of the notice to be; he must belong to a new breed, he decided, hitherto unknown to him.

Then, as he rose from the table to go to his nine o'clock, the idea struck him that it would be quite amusing to answer the advertisement, provided he could be serious and keep his countenance during the interview. Such a thing would be a change, he thought, and the life he had been leading since the term began had been intolerably dull: what with training for a team that was too good for him, and with his friends making nightly excursions to town, existence had been quite impossible.

With one of those valuable maps that are issued by the authorities for the use of Freshmen, Deforrest made his way past the Yard into a succession of muddy streets: from the little two-story frame houses which flanked them, they all bore a most striking resemblance to each other, so that it was with some difficulty that he found his way. He was beginning to repent of his little joke, harmless though it seemed: it might lead to an open breach of good manners, and our friend, though he had fallen rather low in his tastes and associates, still prided himself on his good manners, especially toward those whom he considered his inferiors. However, having once started on the thing, there was no use in backing out. At one time, he had even thought, if the person and location suited him, of accepting the offer, and taking his chance about the "temperate manners," but the distance he had now travelled from the Yard put it quite out of the question.

Finally he identified the house mentioned in the notice,—a little two-story wooden dwelling, with piazza and gable, that differed only in color from all the other piazzas and gables in sight. The landlady, a stout person in apron and close-fitting dress, answered his ring.

"Wait here, and I'll see if he's in," she said sharply in answer to his request, after eying him disapprovingly, and then slammed the door in his face.

Soon she returned and ushered him up a narrow staircase, whose creaking gave ample signs of light construction, to a room that faced goodness knows where. As Deforrest walked from the door to the

desk where sat a lanky person, he tried to take in as much as possible of the room and its occupant.

It was a medium-sized college room with four perfectly bare walls of a light blue spotty pattern of some sort: the windows were equally devoid of all decoration. There was a dark wood desk, holding a student's lamp and littered with papers and note-books; the remainder of the furniture consisted of two chairs and a bookcase filled with a few text-books, whose bindings betokened great age. Through an open door could be seen a smaller room containing a bed. On one chair sat the owner, Mr. James McInnes, and on the other, a black cat.

"My name's Deforrest: I came to answer your notice." As he advanced and handed his card, the black cat vacated the chair and leaped on the desk to purr to her master.

Mr. McInnes rose and offered an emaciated hand. He was an angular person of medium height, slightly bald, with sharp, regular features that showed clear signs of underfeeding, and were the more accentuated by the glasses he wore. The shabbiness of his clothes, corresponding with the general tumble-down air of the place, made Deforrest regret that he was there only for fun, and brought a feeling of pity, quite unmingled with the contempt he generally felt for a grind. Even the black cat did not make him smile.

"Sit down, won't you, Mr. Deforrest," said the other, "and we'll talk things over. There is one thing I should like to make clear, however, to save any misunderstanding. I cannot tolerate any drinking; in my opinion, drink has been the ruin of many a promising student, and the tales that I hear of what goes on in other parts of Cambridge only tend to strengthen my opinion that—"

"I suppose you don't object to my being a smoker at least," Deforrest broke in, wishing to stem the tide of temperance fervor. "I think that if I came here I should have to insist on that."

He looked up and openly grinned at McInnes. The other caught the look, but apparently took no offence, for he answered with a little sad smile, "If that's all the extent of your intemperance, I think we

shall get on. I used to be very fond of a pipe myself, but I gave it up for economy. Mr. Deforrest," he added, stroking the cat's ear to hide his embarrassment, "you must not imagine that I can supply any luxury to this room. I can move all my belongings into the bedroom, and let you arrange this one as you please."

Deforrest hastened to assure him that his tastes were not in the line of decoration. Then he turned the conversation to more general topics, and the two talked over their standing in college, about matters of rent, and other details connected with the arrangement they were to make. In the midst of it, Deforrest realized, with a sort of pang, that he was unconsciously making an exceedingly good impression on McInnes, who was growing every minute more personal and confidential.

Finally, after a little hesitation, the latter leaned forward and said, "I must really tell you exactly how I stand: the story isn't long, and will perhaps help you to make up your mind.

"My first three years here I got along fairly well on what my father gave me, together with the money from my scholarship; for my tastes are simple, and the friends I have made are few: the pictures and furniture I had were enough to make this place comfortable, and as I spend most of my time in the library I did not need much else. But last summer my father died, so that I have nothing left but my scholarship: I have been trying hard to get work, but there is not much tutoring to be done at this time of year, and the outside work I have brings very little. So I thought it might help out to get someone to share the room rent. I trust my apartment will not be too primitive for you, if you decide to come," he added with a mixture of pride and humility.

Deforrest, who had been making friends with the cat, rose much embarrassed; he felt like a thief to have stolen this lonely man's confidences for nothing but an ill-mannered joke. It was incomprehensible to him that such a person, with whose kind he himself had been practically at enmity since he came to college, should thus have been attracted to him. But he had not the heart, after raising his expectations so high, to tell him the whole thing was out of the question.

So he gave McInnes a firm handshake and said as simply as he could :

"I'm awfully sorry that your last year at college should have been spoilt like this: I hope it will come out all right. If you don't mind, I should like to have a few days to think over the plan."

And with that he shuffled out.

As he walked through the cheerless streets toward the more populous districts about the Square, Deforrest was filled with a sort of horror at what he had just seen. He knew what it was to be hard up; in fact, it was seldom that he was not well behind his allowance; and he had heard vaguely about the way in which some undergraduates lived, but that he should come face to face with one of his own kind in the extreme of poverty,—almost starving,—had never occurred to him as possible. On his way home, he was busy devising all sorts of schemes for the more thorough relief of poor and deserving students.

Two days later, when he returned to his untidy room after foot-ball practice, he discovered on his table a note, and snugly rolled up on the Morris chair—the black cat. The note read thus :

DEAR MR. DEFORREST,

I regret very much that I shall be unable to offer you a share in my room, even if you should wish it. My mother has found me a place in the book-store at home, and, as I have little to settle, I go away to-night. I have taken the liberty of leaving you Johnny, my cat: it is a gentle, clean, affectionate animal, and from the little I know you I feel sure you will be kind to it.

Hoping I have put you to no inconvenience,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES MCINNES.

J. G. Forbes.

THE ENGLISH DRAMA, 1889-1899.

A LITTLE more than ten years ago, in April, 1889, the modern English dramatic movement definitely began. On the 24th of that month, Mr. John Hare opened his new Garrick Theatre with Mr. Pinero's four-act problem-play, *The Profligate*. This play caused a sensation which was the prelude to the fuss and agitation raised by *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Almost exactly ten years after the production of *The Profligate* Mr. Hare appeared at the Globe Theatre, in April, 1899, in another play by Mr. Pinero, *The Gay Lord Quex*. This play seems to have marked another stage in the history of the English drama by its unprecedented success and unprecedented audacity. It has therefore seemed fitting to take note just now of what the English drama has stood for during the decade between *The Profligate* and *The Gay Lord Quex*.

I.

There is a good old axiom that in order to understand a phase of literary history, one must begin by understanding the phase which came before it. It is therefore wise to preface the treatment of the English drama of the last decade by a treatment of the Robertsonian comedy of the sixties.

Robertson, as one becomes aware in studying his plays, was a fairly clever man with a good knowledge of the stage. If he had lived a quarter-century later, he might have been a fairly pleasing dramatist of the second class. As the leading dramatist of an epoch, however, Robertson was totally out of place. One finds on examining his works and those of his disciple, Henry Byron,—one finds even in the delightful plays of Mr. Gilbert,—that none of them ever had an idea. Robertson and Byron always had the same subjects. One subject was whether or not certain aggressively new people—the Chodds of Robertson's *Society* or the retired butlerman, Perkyn Middlewick of Byron's *Our*

Boys — would worm their way into society. The second was — as seen in Robertson's *Caste* and *School*, — whether or not King Cophetua would marry the beggar-maid. In such a case, the real issue, as Captain Hawtree in *Caste* himself sees, would come after the marriage in the shock caused the husband by the lack of refinement of the wife. If Robertson, however, had treated such a problem, he might have been betrayed into writing a play. He might, for instance, have anticipated M. Henri Lavedan's *Catherine*. To avoid this danger we have a pretty series of stage tricks. Either the beggar-maid turns, as in *School*, into the daughter of Beau Farintosh, or, as in *Caste*, turns out a "perfect lady" accepted by even her Froissart-loving mother-in-law. To all these plays one is tempted to apply Lord St. Orbyn's speech on the ideal wife in Mrs. Craigie's delightful *Ambassador*, — "Simpletons — old school — white muslin — rose behind the ear — a bit of black velvet ribbon round the throat — nice throat — no past, no future — and Heaven our home." The English drama had come to consist of nothings carefully compiled to fill the Prince of Wales's Theatre for several hundred nights.

A second complaint against Robertson and Henry Byron is that even in a superficial comedy vein they are worse than immoral, they are vulgar. Could anything be more absurd than the Froissart-loving Marchioness of *Caste*? Surely only the Baronet in *Our Boys* who corrects the manners of his guest, and the egregious young gentleman in the same play who punches his lady-love in the ribs. The gentlemen and gentlewomen of *The Adventure of Lady Ursula* or of *The School for Scandal* may not be very profound studies; they do not, however, punch each other in the ribs. The reason is that Sheridan was an artist, as Mr. Anthony Hope is, while Robertson and Henry Byron were mere buffoons "out for the coin."

Contrast now with Robertson and Byron the typical comedy of to-day, Mrs. Craigie's *Ambassador*. This play, which is the highest point as yet of modern English comedy, was first produced in London in June, 1898, at the St. James' Theatre, ran there for months, and is to be given

in New York and Boston this winter by Mr. Daniel Frohman's stock company headed by Miss Mannering and Mr. Edward Morgan. Here I fancy the devil's advocate objects that I am carefully selecting the best modern play. You will remember, though, that I did the same with the old drama. Robertson and Byron represent the popular drama of the sixties at its best. It is therefore surely fair to contrast with them the best popular comedy of the past few years.

The title-character of Mrs. Craigie's play, *Lord St. Orbyn*, the British ambassador at Rome, is a man of forty-five, "verging on that mood when life seems to have shown all its prizes — and none of them appears worth while." Sixteen years before, he had been in love with a young widow of nineteen, Lady Beauvedre. She could not marry him on account of her husband's recent death. Afterwards he had left her in suspense, and had gone on unmarried, "loving too many women too well — or, possibly, too many too little." The world has, however, assumed that sooner or later he would marry Lady Beauvedre, because "he always tells people when her name is mentioned, he isn't a marrying man." There are, to be sure, dissenting voices. Lady Beauvedre is told "ten to one now, St. Orbyn don't keep you for a friend because you are amusin', and marry some little noodle — because she's so fresh!" The world, however, expects a marriage, and expects it soon, as at the opening of the play *Lord St. Orbyn* is a guest in her house at Paris. The Beauvedre household is in a frightful turmoil. Lady Beauvedre's stepson, Sir William Beauvedre, has just become engaged, much against his step-mother's will, to an impecunious orphan, Juliet Gainsborough. There is another storm cloud hovering unknown. Vivian Beauvedre, Lady Beauvedre's spoiled child, has stolen a check of his mother's with which to pay his gambling debts to a certain Major Hugo Lascelles of unsavory reputation. In order to increase the imbroglio, Lady Gwendolene Marleaze, in love with Sir William, and a middle-aged Princess Vendramini, in love with Lord St. Orbyn, jealously get Lord St. Orbyn involved with Juliet. From these three complexities the drama springs.

Juliet has written a letter to Sir William breaking off the engage-

ment. She refuses, however, to accept Lord St. Orbyn; she does not wish to ruin his career. She then runs at three o'clock in the morning from Lady Beauvedre's birthday ball across the street to Major Lascelles', who has been an old friend of her father's, to get back Vivian's check. There she comes upon Lord St. Orbyn, who of course is scandalized. Lady Beauvedre pursues Juliet. Juliet, to calm her, tells her that she has broken off her engagement to Sir William. Lady Beauvedre, in honor bound, urges her to consider what the world will say. Juliet replies that she is thinking not of the world, but of her ideals. This draws from Lady Beauvedre the ultimate expression of a woman who has outlived herself, "Oh, when one is young, one is full of these enthusiasms." They finally return, Juliet requesting Major Lascelles not to explain her presence to Lord St. Orbyn. This of itself makes St. Orbyn realize there is nothing out of the way to explain. So he too returns in pursuit of Juliet.

On going back to Lady Beauvedre's, Lord St. Orbyn, who combines the faculties of Romeo and of Sir Christopher Deering in *The Liars*, gives the check back to Lady Beauvedre, and by a few discreet lies saves Juliet's reputation. He then becomes engaged to her. Thus Sir William is left to marry Lady Gwendolene, Princess Vendramini to "rule Europe," and Lady Beauvedre amid the wreck of her ideals

"alone at gaze
With an implacable memory."

One is thrown, it seems to me, by *The Ambassador* into two moods which are found phrased in two speeches of Lord St. Orbyn. One is: "To die for one's great ideas is glorious — and easy. The horror is to outlive them. That is our worst capability." The second speech is: "The great thing is to love — not to be happy. Love is for both worlds. Perfect happiness is for the other only." These two ideas one finds endlessly suggestive. They moreover differ from the Robertsonian drama in being in harmony with the best contemporary literature. Fancy Browning or George Eliot treating the social relations of the Chodds.

Mrs. Craigie's second statement, on the other hand, is quite in accord with the Gospel according to Mr. Meredith; her first with at least one phase of Mr. Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. From a comedy without any idea, we have advanced to a comedy which has two, and those quite in accord with the best contemporary thought.

II.

This change from a light comedy with no thought to a drama in which many of the comedies verge on tragedy is rather amazing. Let us now, therefore, examine historically the development of the drama from *Caste* to *The Ambassador*.

The first change came, as such changes always do, in the public. For many years the theory of dramatic writing had been that the drama must appeal exclusively to girls in the full bloom of their "Rose Pink," as Mr. George Meredith would say. Gradually, in the late seventies, a change was preparing. Under the influence of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Meredith, and their younger disciples, a different idea of literature was in vogue. The first performances in London of the Comédie française, moreover, working to a certain extent in connection with the Shakespearian revival begun in 1874 by Sir Henry Irving's production of *Hamlet*, taught the public what pleasure might be derived from a drama in which life was treated seriously.

Full advantage of this increasing taste for serious drama and constant stimulation to it were given by a group of dramatists who began to struggle forward about 1870. This struggle is not only very heroic, but is also important historically. Mr. Bernard Shaw declares up and down that but for Ibsen the modern dramatic movement would never have begun. Yet more than ten years before the epoch-making English production of *A Doll's House*, in 1889, Mr. Sydney Grundy offered to Mr. John Hare a play, *Slaves of the Ring*, dealing with the question of marriage. Mr. Grundy could not get the play produced. The movement, however, did not stop. One may trace its development in Mr. Jones's

Saints and Sinners, which treats Dissenting life, and was a great success in the season of 1884-5, in Mr. Pinero's *Hobby Horse* (1886), in which the hero was made in love with another man's wife, and the same author's *Sweet Lavender* (1888), in which Mr. Pinero actually introduced a natural daughter. Not that it is necessarily important to treat love affairs with other men's wives, or indeed natural daughters; but it is important that Mr. Pinero established, to a certain extent, the right of the dramatist to treat whatever subject he liked. Finally came *The Profligate*, in which a moral theory — that wild oats invariably bear a large crop — was made the principal theme. *The Profligate* is scarcely literature. I should fancy, however, that it would be an admirable acting play. We may judge of that this season in the revival by Miss Nethersole. Above all, it was a play which, for the first time in England in many years, was vital and thoughtful.

A further stage in the development toward the expression of ideas was marked by the plays of Mr. Oscar Wilde. In these plays Mr. Wilde found admirable scope for his versatile talent. *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892) and *A Woman of no Importance* (1893) are at first sight artificial comedies. They are clearly the work of the author of *Intentions*. Upon thought, however, Mrs. Allonby, the Duchess of Berwick, and the other wickedly scintillating people who flit through Mr. Wilde's plays, sink into insignificance. One finds that underneath these two plays there is one — identically the same — idea. One then remembers that Mr. Wilde is also the author of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Hester Worsley and Lady Windermere both start with a Puritanic code of morals. Each learns that, as Lord Darlington warns Lady Windermere, "Life is not simple, but complex." Each, remaining perfectly pure, adopts the broader creed of "universal pity," as Mr. George Moore would say. Mr. Wilde thus maintained the intellectual quality of *The Profligate*. He added, what was entirely new in English drama, a naturalness of dialogue and a grace of touch.

This naturalness and grace Mr. Pinero caught in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (1893). It is this grace which gives the play its rank as a

permanent masterpiece of literature. More important, however, from the historical point of view, is the fact that so uncompromisingly serious a play made one of the greatest successes known on the English stage. And still more important was the partial expulsion of "sympathy." By "sympathy" one means the superstition of the Robertsonian school that all the characters except the villain must be given some trait, bravery, or ponderous church-going virtue, or what not, to arouse the moral respect of the audience. The drama obviously could not give a complete picture of life and express untrammelled ideas when it was obliged to make all principal characters sympathetic. Mr. Pinero expelled that superstition as far as character was concerned. Paula's vulgarity may not disguise to the discerning her true nobility of character; it can, however, scarcely be called sympathetic. Mr. Pinero still clung, however, to convention in making Paula sympathetic by her circumstances. Much will be forgiven by an audience to a former woman of the town snubbed by all the county families.

In *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, the problem-play reached its zenith. It had served a most useful purpose in freeing the English stage from conventionalism. It was, however, impossible for dramatists to secure great breadth of vision while they still tried to prove a thesis. They could not

"sit as God holding no form of creed
But contemplating all,"

as has been recommended to dramatists by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, therefore, was followed by an attempt to find some sort of play without thesis.

This was found, as far as popular drama was concerned, in the new school of comedy, founded not so much on Robertson as on Dumas Fils, but with an added relentlessness of logic. This was first perfectly developed in Mr. Jones's *Case of Rebellious Susan*, which was the success of London and New York in the season of 1894-95. In this comedy, full of wit as it was, Mr. Jones told with perfect logic the

tragedy of a beautiful woman. Lady Susan Harabin, disgusted by the infidelity of her sensual ass of a husband, flees to Egypt for "romance." There she meets a sentimental ass. With him, being new to sentiment, she promptly falls in love, and for a while lives in happiness. The lover, too, proves false. Then she, finding that her case is a "respectable average case after all," returns to Mayfair and her husband, with a broken heart and a smile on her lips. In this new formula of comedy, room was found for observation of life, together with the impartiality insured by the absence of any thesis. Within this pliable new comedy method, there was room, moreover, for every sort of play. Mr. Jones found opportunity for a tragedy of "modern love" in *The Liars*, Mr. Bernard Shaw for a satire of Puritanism, British markmanship, and other trifles in *The Devil's Disciple*, Messrs. Parker and Carson for a delicate tragedy of sentiment in *Rosemary*, Mr. Pinero for a combination of a relentless picture of "the satyr play of brainless idleness" with a modern *As You Like It* in *The Princess and the Butterfly*. Mr. Pinero's *Gay Lord Quex*, which has had such a brilliant success in London that we shall have to wait until next season to see it, freed English comedy from the necessity of making its characters sympathetic. Here, as in the *Hobby Horse* and in *Sweet Lavender*, it is of no importance that Mr. Jones or Mr. Pinero treats certain "smart" amours. What is of importance is that they have established the complete liberty of the drama. The prospect is, therefore, that a brilliant school of English comedy-writers, with more and more accuracy and freedom of observation, will hold for many years the popular stage.

There are, however, certain subjects of a height which not even modern tragi-comedy may attain. *Hedda Gabler* or *Francillon* is after all a work of an inferior order than *Rosmersholm* or than Herr Gerhart Hauptmann's fascinating *Einsame Menschen*, which Mr. John Blair is possibly to give us this season. This need of less unrelieved tragedy in the place of the problem play was met by the introduction into England of the prose poem. By prose poem, in the dramatic sense, is meant a play without a thesis, which often treats modern life in the most collo-

quial fashion, but rises to poetry by the peculiar intensity of expression which, whether in a satire by Pope or in a description by Keats, seems the best definition of poetry. The distinction, to be concrete, between a prose poem and a thesis-play is the difference between Herr Sudermann's *Heimat*, so well known to us all as *Magda*, and any later play of Ibsen.

This branch of drama was first attempted in England by Mr. Jones in *Judah*, produced by Mr. Willard in 1890. Mr. Jones lavished all his resources on the last act, in which is described the workings of the liar's conscience. The rest of the play is rather unintentionally laughable. If one wants to learn how not to write love scenes, he need only read *Judah*. *Judah*, therefore, cannot be called a success. In one scene, though, it showed the possibilities of a serious prose drama without a thesis rising to the spirituality of treatment of poetry. Six years later Mr. Jones did produce an almost complete artistic success in *Michael and His Lost Angel*. The tragedy told here of the High-Church priest and the beautiful Neo-Hedonist who are led by a "hundred little chances" into "a blind alley with" their "sin," is, though it is in prose, a play of the same order as *Antony and Cleopatra*. Those who wish a very high intellectual pleasure should read, study, and inwardly digest *Michael and His Lost Angel*. Mr. Bernard Shaw meanwhile had written his exquisitely delicate yet profound *Candida*. This play, in fact, is so delicate that I hesitate to analyse it. The play, fortunately, is easily obtainable in *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant*. Nor has one lost all hope of seeing it on the stage. So I shall leave this tragic *conte bleu* of Victoria Park to its hoped-for performance by some actor of the first class — Mr. Mansfield, say, or Mr. Blair. The prose poem reached, however, its greatest development as yet in England in two plays produced last winter, Mr. H. V. Esmond's *Grierson's Way* and Mr. Edward Martyn's *Heather Field*. Mr. Martyn's wonderful play is, after all, obtainable in print, and its production is promised us this season by Mr. Blair. I prefer, therefore, to confine myself here to Mr. Esmond's play, which, if less fragilely beautiful, is rather more powerful.

In *Grierson's Way* (which has not been published, and for a copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Esmond), Mr. Esmond had apparently two ideas — one universally human, the second specifically English. The first is — to express oneself in personifications — a duel for Woman between Genius and Physical Beauty with Virtue as a foil. The second is, agreeing with Taine in a celebrated passage of his *Histoire de la littérature anglaise*, the conflict in English minds between instinct and conscience.

Pamela Ball, the daughter of a retired merchant captain, has been brought up in a Chelsea "block" of flats. There she is loved by two of the other lodgers. The first, Philip Keen, is a violinist of genius who, through losing his hand in a railway accident, has become a failure. The second is Jim Grierson, a kindly old man thirty years older than Pamela, whom she considers purely as a friend of her father's. She has given herself to the "strong straight male," Captain Aynesley Murray, commonly called "Beauty Murray," of the neighboring barracks. Captain Murray, who is sincerely in love with Pamela, is unfortunately already married. Pamela finds out too late. Then Jim Grierson contracts with her what the French call a "*mariage blanc*," and takes her off to the Continent to give birth to her child.

The second phase of the play comes two years later with the Griersons' return. Pamela has constantly kept herself in mind of her newly-acquired duty toward Grierson. In her heart, however, it is still ever Captain Murray. She has not read the letters he has written to her at different times, but she has compromised with her passion by preserving them unread. Captain Murray, now a widower, returns to London soon after the Griersons, and is again thrown into Pamela's life. This finally brings Pamela to destroy his letters. She is interrupted by Captain Murray. Then follows the marvellous scene, beginning with tea-table chatter, swelling in an ever-increasing crescendo of tragic undernotes to an uncontrolled outbreak of passion. Pamela tells the Captain that her baby, lying there placidly in its crib, is his child. Then she commands him to go, but tells him, "Come to me to-morrow, if you

dare." Grierson, after the Captain's departure, comes in, and is greeted by his wife with "Don't come near me, you." The next day Pamela has again turned from passion to conscience. Captain Murray comes and goes unheeded; Pamela is apparently a loyal wife. Phil Keen, however, who has been watching all this "like a lynx," sees that passion will again get the upper hand. But he is bound that Pamela shall not be gained by the Captain. He, in a scene which can be compared only with the third scene of Act III of *Othello*, therefore persuades Grierson, playing principally on his generosity but with a few skilful touches on his jealousy, to commit suicide. Pamela is now won to conscience for good and all. Captain Murray comes again and rings unheeded, while Pamela cries, "No, no! O God! No, no!" Thus Philip Keen wins from the "strong straight male."

What a marvellous evolution the history of the English drama has been, from *Caste* to *Grierson's Way*! First came the Robertsonian drama, which not only had no ideas, but in its light way was unnatural and vulgar. Next came such melodramas as *Saints and Sinners*, and even such inferior plays as *Silver King* and *Lights o' London*, which were as far removed from literature as were the plays of Robertson, but were still plays which, in a crude way, treated the great passions instead of the social struggles of the Chodds. This attempt was steadily continued until it culminated in Mr. Pinero's *Profligate*, in which for the first time was brought forward an idea. This intellectual development was continued with added grace in the plays of Mr. Wilde, and above all in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which was hailed as a masterpiece in Denmark and even in France. This was followed by the pliable new comedy, which retained Mr. Pinero's freedom of vision but dropped the thesis. Lastly, we saw the Prose Poem, which has not yet gained the popular stage. In this form, however, we saw Mr. Martyn's *Heather Field*, which is to be produced this winter in some of the leading theatres of art-loving Germany, and Mr. Esmond's *Grierson's Way*, in which was vividly portrayed the eternal conflict in the English mind between passion and conscience. The English drama, in brief, has again become one of ideas.

The very fact, argued so often against the modern school, of the omnipresence of the social question, is in itself a proof of this. It is not, to begin with, quite true. The *Heather Field* and the *Ambassador*, to name no others, have nothing to do with it. It certainly does exercise, however, to a large extent the minds of our modern dramatists. How should it not? It is in the air. It pervades our novelists and poets. Mr. Meredith has shown his interest in *One of Our Conquerors* and *Lord Ormont*, Mr. Hardy in *Tess* and *Jude*, Mr. George Moore in *Esther Waters*, Mr. Kipling in *Mary Pity Women* and *The Vampire*, Mr. Henry James in *What Maisie Knew*, Mr. John Davidson in *The Ballad of a Nun*, Mr. Steven Phillips in *The Wife*, even Stevenson in *Beau Austin*. The drama would not express the ideas of the time, unless it treated this omnipresent question. But the treatment of any single subject is not so much cause for rejoicing as that the drama is once more a possible means of expression for whatever ideas the dramatist may choose. Modern English drama was first a meaningless nothing, then a crude melodrama, now it is once more in the highest sense a branch of literature.

J. P. White.

“BY SPECIAL WIRE.”

WHEN I had reached the top of the staircase, the bustling confusion of the long editorial room assailed me as it had the first time I entered it. All seemed strange, yet somehow natural;—the pretentious rows of typewriter tables, before which sat coatless youths, smoking the inevitable briar pipe, and recklessly thumping their machines; the glare of the arc lights, disclosing the dinginess of the great room; and the tumbled heaps of dirty newspapers, lending the effect of general slovenliness peculiar to all newspaper offices. There, at the further end, near the closed door leading to the telegraph

operators' room, sat the City Editor—the bogey of the office—clothed in his old-time, brow-beating awfulness. For a moment forgetting that I was not on the paper, I trembled lest he should accost me with some sneering rebuke for having been gone so long.

As I quickly passed down the row of desks, some of the fellows I knew nodded to me over their typewriters; others, slyly keeping an eye on the tyrant of the staff, even offered to shake hands. But for the most part, amid the rattle of the typewriters, the monotonous thud of the linotypes overhead, and the incessant noises of the street, I passed unnoticed. To my great surprise, the editor recognised me, over the great pile of copy on his desk, just as I stood before the door of the telegraph operators' room, and amiably nodded, in his curt, economical fashion. Such affability usually implied that his vials of wrath had just been emptied upon some unfortunate "cub" of the staff.

"The 'old man' feels pretty good to-day," explained a reporter near whose desk I found myself standing; "hasn't sworn once this afternoon, and didn't even kick on the time we took to write up copy. That exclusive Roxbury kidnapping set him up." As the "old man" was eyeing us, explanations were cut short and I passed into the telegraph operators' room.

My old friend Fitzpatrick, who still "takes down" the New York "sporting wire," was making the little stuffy room ring with his clattering typewriter, while the noisy little receiver, in the box by his side, chattered and sputtered an accompaniment. Fitzpatrick looked up and recognised me with the salutation peculiar to his busy moments—a shift of his little briar pipe, and a courteous puff of smoke from the corner of his mouth nearest the visitor. Fitzpatrick signals with his pipe quite as handily as a mute can with his fingers. Knowing my errand, he tilted his facile briar digit to the right, to indicate where the despatches lay.

I sat down on a pile of dusty newspapers in the corner, and began to read the despatches. Most of the yachting reports had been carried away by the office-boy, to be copied on the black-boards at the street-front. A few of the latest ones remained: among them, one reading,

"Only the expiration of the time limit can save the Columbia," which made my heart sink.

Anxiously I awaited the next. I watched Fitzpatrick write one just coming in, and as the eloquent pipe drooped I felt that all was over. "Shamrock still gaining," I read, as the thin, damp paper fell to the floor. Just then the office-boy darted in, snatched up the latest despatches, and with unwonted agility ran out, slamming the door behind him. A confused sound of laughter from the crowd without, who were amused between whiles with the caricatures that the black-board artists were drawing, had for a moment filled the room, when the office-boy had entered. But now that the door was closed, only a mumbled undertone sounded amid the spasmodic ticking of the receiver.

A quarter of an hour more, and the drooping pipe suddenly became rigidly horizontal. Eagerly I snatched up the copy as it fell to the floor, and read, "Columbia gaining slightly; doubtful if the race will be finished on time." Hope revived; and the briar in Fitzpatrick's mouth was stubbornly aggressive. The operator's face, sturdy, smooth shaven, and Celtic, looked very set;—the ugly little sag at the pipe corner of his mouth lent a brutally ferocious expression to his naturally bull-dog cast of jaw.

Suddenly the receiver struck up a more animated tattoo, which made Fitzpatrick mercilessly hammer at a faster rate his long-suffering typewriter. Slowly joy dawned on the operator's face, appearing first, as usual, in the pipe corner of his mouth. His expressive little briar tilted impudently aloft, his eyes shone, and his fingers impatiently pounded the key-board, eager to finish the despatch. As soon as the tapping in the noisy little receiver-box had ceased, he jumped up, almost upsetting the typewriter, and disregarding the pipe, which rolled, broken, upon the floor, he shouted, "Done, by God! Won a week's pay out of the news editor on the race!"

G. H. Montague.

Editorial.

BY the generous gift of \$150,000 by Major Henry Lee Higginson, the University Club is assured. The announcement came so unexpectedly that our feelings of gratitude are scarcely attuned to any other expression or response than ejaculations of delight, and colloquial but sincere phrases of good will to the donor. Our sense of gratefulness and appreciation, now so difficult to express, will but deepen and extend as we gradually comprehend the full significance of the gift. To the same devoted graduate we owe Soldiers Field, of which the importance and value are yearly becoming more evident.

Just what the University Club will eventually mean to Harvard men, just what position it will occupy in college life, cannot now be determined. But at least we may expect that the Club will fulfil the hopes, so far as we know them, of him who has made the Club possible—that it may furnish a means by which students at Harvard may be firmly united in all matters affecting them as Harvard men, and a means by which they may to some extent be drawn closer to each other, and thus enjoy more distinctive college life.

The plans for the Club have not yet been made public, but we may be sure that they will provide for annual dues low enough to make it possible for almost every student in the University to become a member, and for a building that will be widely and specifically useful. There will probably be a number of large, comfortable rooms in which men may meet and talk, such as a lounging room, a room for reading and study, and a large room for meetings of various kinds. Many conveniences and facilities for amusement and recreation may be added; yet even if the Club had nothing but such large, attractively furnished

rooms for general use, and a sufficient number of small rooms to serve as headquarters for the most representative college organizations, it would be of immediate and definite use. Members of such organizations and all who have occasion to see the leaders of different college activities would thus be obliged to come to the Club and mingle more or less with their fellows. The leaders, too, would have new and better opportunities of finding and becoming acquainted with those interested in their own pursuits. And men engaged in totally different activities would have chances for acquaintance that are now impossible.

This unifying function is, to be sure, but one of the possible functions of a University Club; yet in fulfilling this alone the Club will somewhat offset the disorganizing forces that naturally arise from the increasing size of the University; it will stand for concentration and effectiveness of effort, and stand for these, too, at a time when the steady migration to the dormitories below the College Yard is producing an unfortunate distinction or separation between the lives of our men as students, and their lives as human and social beings.

For still other reasons, moreover, is this a time peculiarly opportune for pushing forward the project of a University Club? In spite of decentralizing influences, the temper of the college is now in favour of common interests and common effort. Any one who is at all close to the heart of student life must be aware of an unusual fulness and vigour in its movement. There is evident an energetic spirit, an impulse to varied action, greater than has been felt at any time since the present Senior Class came to college. This spirit was growing during all of last year. It was manifested most strikingly by brilliant victories in all manner of intercollegiate contest; and, as we now learn from reports of the office, this success in public contests was attended by unprecedented

achievements in scholarship: the proportion of honour marks was the highest on record, and the number of men who completed in three years the requirements for a degree, and are now studying for their fourth year in the professional or graduate schools, is unusually great. There are many indications, moreover, that the present year will be characterized by an even more vigorous common spirit. We have already begun a series of victories that bids fair to equal the record of last year. The students have attended the games and practice in very large numbers, and have given the team hearty support. That the impulse to earnest study is as strong may be seen by the large enrolment in difficult courses, and the constantly crowded condition of the Gore Hall reading room — a condition seldom heretofore equalled except near examination periods. But the most significant manifestation of the spirit affecting Harvard to-day was seen in the work of the Volunteer Reception Committee. The sixty or more upper-class men selected to entertain the Freshmen undertook their duties with zealous alacrity, and carried out the plans of the committee even better than was expected. The Freshmen responded in a gratifying manner and took full advantage of the opportunities for acquaintance with their own classmates and the older students. In all respects this organized social effort was a signal success.

Surely we have at present the conditions necessary to make the University Club an effective element in Harvard life. But there is much to be done before the Club will be ready. Cannot the enthusiasm of the students be utilized to hasten the actual establishment of the Club? More money is needed. Is not this the time for a popular subscription that will show our eagerness for the Club and our appreciation of Major Higginson's liberality and devotion?

Book Notices.

"DESIDERIUS ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM." By Ephraim Emerton, Ph. D.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Professor Emerton's *Erasmus* is not intended as a complete and adequate biography of the great scholar; it deals with him, rather, as a factor in the great Reformation struggle, and takes up "the peculiar and often elusive personality of the man only in so far as it serves to suggest an explanation of his attitude toward the world-movement of his time." One may fairly say, however, that in doing this, Professor Emerton has met the requirements of complete biography more adequately than anyone who, in English or perhaps in French or German, has yet written a life of Erasmus.

The peculiar virtues of Professor Emerton's book can well be seen by reference to the best known of the English Lives — those by Drummond and Froude.

Drummond's work, in its selection and treatment of a great mass of material, is throughout scholarly and fair. But it has two grave faults. The author is entirely too ready to accept without question Erasmus's word about himself, or, when statements differ, to accept that which Erasmus preferred to have people believe. Again, he has not presented by any means a clear conception of the great scholar's character or his relation to the Reformation. Drummond's scattered opinions are generally sound, but they are not wrought into a comprehensive and unified conception. We are left with insistent doubts as to what, after all, the great humanist really was like, and what he actually accomplished.

Froude, on the other hand, begins with strongly held opinions. As he intends to maintain these opinions, he selects his material accordingly, using, with no more hesitation than Drummond has, such statements of Erasmus as suit his purpose. He would have us accept Erasmus on the basis of these statements — as the extensive scholar, the acute, far-seeing observer of the times, the keen and sure thinker, in short, as the wise leader, who, if men had had the patience and wisdom to follow him, would have guided them to the religious and intellectual freedom of the present century, and spared them the dreary wanderings

in the wilderness, which have been marked by intolerance, persecution and bloodshed.

Professor Emerton approaches his task in a totally different spirit. He brings to it minute and well-considered knowledge of the age in all its interests, but no theory or pre-conception. He makes it clear at the outset that the statements of Erasmus regarding himself are not to be accepted without question. In the nature of the letters themselves, and in the personality of the man who wrote them, he finds much that compels him to discredit them as reliable historical evidence.

Take the letters themselves. They show that they were generally written because Erasmus had a point to make or a purpose to carry out. He expressly admits that he altered them extensively when they were published, many years after they were written. He added dates, mostly at a guess. "Some things," he says, "I explained which certain persons had interpreted unfavourably. Some, which I found had offended the oversensitive and irritable tempers of certain persons, I struck out. Some things I softened." Moreover, these letters always have an essential literary quality which often interferes with a straightforward narration of strict facts. As Professor Emerton shows, "they *must* be literary; they *might* be accurate." Many writers before Professor Emerton have pointed out the untrustworthy nature of Erasmus's letters; but they have been satisfied with pointing out discrepancies and stating doubts, and then have proceeded to use the letters as historic evidence with no further question of their authority. Professor Emerton, however, never forgets the nature of the evidence he is using, and does not attempt to make it weigh more than it should.

Not content with ascertaining as nearly as possible the value of the letters as they stand, he has studied them until he has formed a fairly definite idea of the personality of the writer, of his prejudices and weaknesses, his habits of thought and expression. He shows Erasmus to us, for instance, as a restless wanderer, who could not brook confinement to any one place or any steady occupation; as an inveterate and inconsistent grumbler, who complained from habit under any and all circumstances; as a man eager for attention, with the pleasant fancy that his opinion was much sought after and had great weight in determining the issue of affairs; as a man who could not discuss calmly and dispassionately anything that touched him personally, and who was ingenious in finding a personal aspect in the most unlikely subjects.

When Professor Emerton has thus determined the nature of the letters, and formed a reasonable conception of the personality of the man, he subjects all Erasmus's opinions and statements about himself to obvious and natural tests. "At every stage of the study of Erasmus," he says, "one has to ask first what he believed himself to be doing, then what he wishes others to believe he was doing, and finally what the man actually *was* doing."

The application of the methods just described has led Professor Emerton to conclusions regarding the facts of Erasmus's life often at variance with the views of other authors. The best illustration, perhaps, of the effect of his method is found in the account of the life of Erasmus from childhood until, say, his first visit to England; of which the details cannot be entered into here.

Finally, Professor Emerton's conclusions about the aims and influence of this Reformation scholar are comprehensive and consistent. Erasmus was, in all questions not involving personal action, "the apostle of true common sense," a keen, sane critic of men and institutions, an untiring, devoted scholar, who loved scholarship both for its own sake and for its practical effect on the lives of men. "If we may put any confidence in anything he ever did or said, we may rely upon this: that he felt himself the spokesman of a cause greater than himself,—the cause of a free and sane scholarship." By this devotion to true learning he served, whether he wanted to or not, the cause of Luther. In spite of his professed affection for the Roman Catholic Church and his rejection of Luther's doctrine, "he stood for something more dangerous still—a something without which none of the sects could have stood alone for a moment. That something was the spirit of criticism and of science based upon a first-hand knowledge of the sources of Christian truth." "Erasmus, with all the best part of him, was fighting the Lutheran battle and knew he was doing it. He recoiled before the fear of violence and then had to justify himself." "Erasmus recognizes the need of reform in every detail; he professes agreement with every view of the reformers, but he will not advocate any specific action, because it will open some new outlet for human frailty. To follow him would be to condemn the world once for all to hopeless inactivity, simply because the world's business must be done by finite human beings." Although Professor Emerton thus points out the incompleteness and incongruities of the life of Erasmus and shows

clearly his weaknesses (and this occasionally in a slightly hyper-critical manner, and in a tone mildly hostile), yet he does insist that "this life has, after all, an element of the heroic. If there be a heroism of persistent work and cheerful endurance, of steady exclusion of all distractions, of refusal to commit oneself to anything or anybody which might impede one's chosen line of duty, then we may gladly admit Erasmus into the choice company of the Heroes of the Reformation."

W. M.

"THE BEACON BIOGRAPHIES." M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Editor. Boston : Small, Maynard and Company.

Phillips Brooks, by the Editor.

David G. Farragut, by James Barnes.

Robert E. Lee, by W. P. Trent.

James Russell Lowell, by Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

Daniel Webster, by Norman Hapgood.

The increasing abundance of brief compact accounts of all things under the sun to meet the supposed demands of the ever-important busy man, and the mediocre standard attained by many such ventures should not blind us to work of really meritorious nature which may at first seem to fall in the class we feel doubtful about. *The Beacon Biographies*, if we may judge by those already published, do not offer a short-hand method of obtaining information, or make one satisfied with vague, superficial knowledge of the characters and achievements of noted Americans. But both by the external aids of good bibliographies and well-arranged chronological tables, and by the evident enthusiasm of the authors for the subjects of their writing, one is rather stimulated to pursue the study in fuller detail.

While it is apparent that there has been in the series a definite and accepted purpose, it is also plain that the authors of these lives have of necessity looked at the men whom they must depict and the careers of those men from widely separated points of view, and pursued methods varying with the peculiarities of the task.

Mr. Howe in his *Phillips Brooks* has devoted himself wisely and with excellent result to showing concretely and vividly his hero's personality. And considering how little comparatively there was of the dramatic and striking in the career of Phillips Brooks, and how intimately his life work

was bound up in his being what he was, the presentation of a clear conception of Phillips Brooks the man is surely the most effective mode of treatment.

David G. Farragut, by Mr. Barnes, is naturally the result of a different method. Farragut's was preëminently a career of brilliant and telling deeds, of which the recital in a straightforward fashion gives us a sufficient idea of the ability and character of the man, and his place in American history. Mr. Barnes has not, however, neglected to keep prominent the more personal traits of the great admiral, his kindliness, modesty, and quiet, deep-rooted piety.

In the preface to *Robert E. Lee*, Professor Trent shows his deep affection and boundless admiration for the great Southern leader and avows "a steadfast determination to praise Lee." This little biography is truly a work of love, yet not of blind love, and for that reason is the more charming and effective. One not well versed in the military history of the war cannot pass judgment on Professor Trent's estimate of Lee as a general, but Northerner and Southerner alike will surely read with common delight and full assent his sympathetic and appreciative account of Lee, the American hero.

Mr. Hale's *James Russell Lowell* seems to the present reviewer a less happy and complete fulfilment of the stated aims of the series than any of the biographies just mentioned. It leaves a vague and broken impression of the poet, rather than a unified conception of his life and work. Yet even this incompleteness has its compensations. The treatment is charmingly personal, the style chatty and gossipy, and the whole account is to all intents a really delightful essay, which taken in connection with a more systematic biography or a series of other essays on Lowell would help much in the final estimate.

Carlyle in stating the aim and end of Biography concludes that it should answer fully several significant questions regarding the life of its subject: "How did the world and man's life from his particular point of view, represent themselves to his mind? How did coexisting circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavour and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society?" Each of the biographers in this series has responded in some measure (varying naturally with the exigencies of his

subject) to Carlyle's demands for Biography. Mr. Hapgood, however, in his *Daniel Webster*, seems to have adopted Carlyle's method thoroughly and intelligently. No better characterization of his work can be given than to say that, as far as might be in the space at his command, he has fulfilled Carlyle's demands, and has given us in vigorous manner a vivid conception of the New England orator as a man with well-marked abilities and defects, as one modified by his surroundings and circumstances, and as a force which profoundly affected his country and his time.

W. M.

"HARVARD TEAMS, 1898-1899." Edited by W. B. Wheelwright and A. M. Goodridge.

In a neat, convenient little hand-book, Messrs. Wheelwright and Goodridge have told simply and unaffectedly the story of Harvard's victories during last year. To brief accounts of the contests, and, when possible, tables of scores and statistics, they have added good pictures of all the teams.

The book is well printed and neatly bound, is not marred by advertisements, and is in every way a suitable and creditable reminder of a notable college term. It might well be the first of a series of Year-books on Harvard's contests with other colleges.

W. M.

"MR. DOOLEY: IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN." Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

The second set of meditations from Archey Road shows that Mr. Hennessey's philosophical friend keeps all his faculties in his old age. It would not be true to say that this second volume is better and funnier than the first; but it is certain that one or two of these later *causeries de saloon* (as Hogan says) are far and away Mr. Dooley's masterpieces. The well known talk on Kipling, for example, is not only full of the choicest and most characteristic humour, but was the first public statement of the fact that Mr. Kipling's renown comes almost as much from his knowledge of when to say a thing as from his knowledge of how to say it. Then there is an account of "Cyrano" that contains excellent fooling. Best of all in the book, perhaps, is "Boyne Water,"—the story

of how the "Orangeys" of Chicago held their first parade, and how, as they came down the street to the tune of "Lillibulero" and "Croppies Lie Down," the trouble arose over "King Willum" and the Pope, and how the "sergeant of polis" went through the whole rank of the Orangeys with a clarionet and one cymbal. And always in the midst of nonsense there comes some little human touch, or some figure like that of Shaughnessy, who "wurruked f'r Larkin, the conthtractor, f'r near twinty years without slip or break, an' seen th' fam'ly grow up be candle-light." For all this, and much more, it's glad we are to see Martin again.

P. S. C.

Books Received.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE." By Norman Hapgood.
New York: The Macmillan Company.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"STALKY AND CO." By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"CONTEMPORARIES." By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"DIONYSOS AND IMMORTALITY." By Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"THE EXPERT CLEANER." By H. J. Seaman. New York: The Funk and Wagnalls Company.

"CHATTERBOX — 1899." Boston: Dana Estes and Company.

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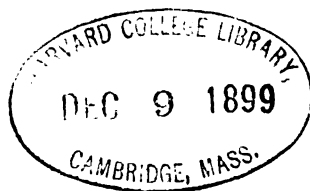
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THE NEW ADMISSION REQUIREMENTS.

THE question of entrance requirements cannot be separated from the larger question of the requirements for a degree. This was abundantly shown in the very lively discussions of the Faculty during the past two years, in which the present scheme of admissions was worked out. Under the old system of a required curriculum in the college, the problem of the schools was a very simple one. In order to pursue the college curriculum with success a certain definable preparation was required, and it was the business of the school to furnish that preparation as best it might.

From the first moment, however, of the introduction of a complete elective system into the college the matter of preparation became more complicated. It then became evident that a graduation degree was going to lose its former distinctive character. No single degree could possibly describe the great variety of attainment possible under the new system. Henceforth whatever uniformity there might be in the degree must be found in the schools. Beyond that must be a uniformity, not of subjects but of quantity. Every Bachelor of Arts must henceforth have learned not the same things as every other, but at least as much as was required of every other. What he lacked in one subject he made up in others, and we were satisfied to call him a Bachelor of Arts, though in his college life he might have studied none at all of the subjects which that degree was originally devised to represent. Those who still looked upon the

elective system with distrust comforted themselves with the reflection that the old subjects still held their own in the so-called preparatory schools. If the term Bachelor of Arts was becoming meaningless, so far as college studies were concerned, it still meant that up to their nineteenth year a great majority of the Bachelors of any given year had been through a fairly serious course of study in the same subjects which time out of mind had formed the basis of the degree.

That was the situation during about a dozen years prior to 1899. The schools were allowed a certain election of studies, but the group of subjects required to replace a part of the earlier requirement in ancient languages was deliberately made in such a way that the schools found it to their advantage to continue on pretty nearly the former lines; and they were supported in that action by public opinion, for if there had been in our public any strong pressure in favor of the "substitutes for Greek," the schools would have been compelled to yield and the public would have found the ways and means to carry out the necessary changes of equipment.

Meanwhile the sentiment in favor of wide election of studies had on the whole been gaining ground, and with it had come a new conception of education. Men ventured now to formulate an idea that had hitherto been only vaguely hinted at: that the educational value of any subject comes not from the nature of the subject itself, but from the method in which it is studied. If this were true, then it followed that a man might properly be called an educated man who had left out of his course of study a considerable part of the subjects once supposed to be necessary to this end. Indeed, the very phrase, "an educated man," began to take on a certain offensive character; for every man who had learned well how to do anything in the world might lay equal claim to it.

The reaction of this idea upon the question of admission requirements was seen in the growth of a feeling among us that the only logical step would be to present to the schools a list of all the subjects that might conceivably be accepted as suitable for secondary study, and declare our willingness to accept for entrance to college any group of

these subjects which should represent in the aggregate an amount of work sufficient to cover the years of preparatory study.

There was something very attractive about this proposition. It was logical; it satisfied the demands of those who were not afraid to trust the elective principle even in the lower schools; it threw off from the college all responsibility of having any opinion whatever as to the studies which no educated man could do without. Almost every party in the Faculty was willing to vote for it upon one condition — that it, the party, might put its own valuation on each study and have its own way as to how much value should be required for admission. Obviously this was only another way of presenting the old difficulty, and so it proved when the scheme of a free elective list had been thoroughly discussed. It was a question of "points" and combinations of points, and this led finally to the frank proposition that certain subjects should be made optional. The Faculty were in this matter — well, let us say "liberal." They were willing to put Greek, History and Algebra into the optional list. The Overseers refused to accept the two latter. They said in substance: "We are ready, after all these years, to believe that the Faculty is right about Greek; at all events we do not propose to hold out on that point; but we cannot face the possibility of giving the degree of Bachelor of Arts to a man who has never studied History or Algebra." The Faculty finally did what it always has done; it took the best it could get. It replaced the History and Algebra on the required list and it so adjusted the valuation points and the required aggregate, that the possible substitutions for Greek were many and attractive.

It is needless to say that this plan was to the end opposed by the department of classical studies and by others who shared with them the feeling that a free option for Greek in the schools meant the dropping of Greek from many secondary schools, especially from public High Schools, and that this meant a diminished place for Greek in the general scheme of American education. If that view, both parts of it, had more widely prevailed, I think there can be no question that the present plan of requirements would have failed by a large majority. I do not recall,

from beginning to end of a debate remarkable for the frankness of its expressions, one single word of hostility to the study of Greek as a most valuable part of a truly liberal education. It was throughout a question of proportion and of adjustment.

Probably no two men who voted for the present scheme were actuated by precisely the same combination of reasons, but it may be possible to state in brief form some of the considerations which entered into that final vote. One of these was that Greek was, after all, not precisely a subject by itself, but a part of the general subject of classical study; and this, too, in a sense different from that in which algebra, for instance, is a part of the general subject of mathematics. It may fairly be said that arithmetic, algebra and geometry, quite apart from their practical applications, represent each a peculiar mental process, and hence offer each a peculiar kind of training which no educated person can afford to be without. The same cannot truly be said of Latin and Greek. The method of studying them is the same; the mental training acquired is the same; the historical and moral suggestions of the two, however different to the advanced student, are much the same to the beginner. If, therefore, every candidate for the Bachelor's degree is required to know one of these languages pretty well, it cannot be said that he is suffered to be wholly without training in an important element of liberal culture. It was strongly felt that to give to any one form of study somewhat more than half the total valuation of the admission requirements was an exaggeration not justified by the present conditions of education. If any candidate or any school chose to take that view of a just proportion of interest, it should be permitted, but it should not be made compulsory.

Then, again, we found ourselves face to face with certain pedagogical anomalies. Both Latin and Greek, very difficult subjects, taught necessarily by a method that involves not so much linguistic as philosophical and mathematical processes, had been begun by boys of twelve and thirteen; while of French and German, only the elements of one were demanded from the schools, while the very beginnings of both

were taught to grown men in college. This was, of course, historically explicable. The ancient languages were already in possession in the schools when the modern languages began to be taught; there was not room for both, and so the modern languages had been put into the colleges. All kinds of arguments had then been found to justify this accidental arrangement. In spite of all argument, however, many of us believed that this was a grave pedagogical error. We believed that classical study, instead of being begun too late, as we were often told it was, was begun too early. We recalled the maze of bewilderment through which we had wandered in the early years of our Latin and Greek, and compared it with our experience of similar studies at a more mature age. We felt that there had been in all this a great waste of energy, and we came to the conclusion that a boy who should begin the study of, say, French at twelve, of German at fourteen, Latin at fifteen, and Greek at eighteen, would at twenty know a great deal more of all four, than he had known under our previous arrangements. Especially, we believed, would the advantage be felt in the Greek and Latin, because the youth would come to these more difficult studies with an interest in languages gained by some acquaintance with others in which interest can be more easily aroused and progress more rapidly made. He would bring to them also a mind matured by growth and by occupation with other studies. On these grounds we had faith to believe that even if, as is probable, the study of Greek should disappear from some schools, the total of Greek studies in our country would not be diminished. Where Greek should be begun in college it would have the great advantage of the college method and of superior instruction. Instead of being the lifeless thing it had so often been to the school-boy, it would have its chance of falling into right relations with the student's other work, with history, philosophy, and art,—in other words, of gaining a truer place in the whole scheme of education.

It is altogether intelligible that the department of classics should have been incredulous as to all this and should have defended the *status quo* to the last. It is, therefore, the more satisfactory to record with

what loyal promptness they responded to the opinion of the Faculty, and established at once an elementary course of instruction in Greek. We may have entire confidence that the new experiment will not fail for any lack of energy or even enthusiasm on their part. Greek now takes the position which is ultimately most advantageous to any subject, of standing upon its own merits. It depends upon its exponents to show in their own persons and by every legitimate form of presentation that it is indeed the instrument of a true humane culture they have always asserted it to be. Only so and not by any artificial stimulus can a vital interest in classical culture be maintained.

A natural corollary to the establishment of elementary Greek in college would be the dropping of elementary French and German into the schools; but so long as only one of these languages is required for admission, the logic of the elective system seems to demand that the elements of both should be taught in college. We defy that logic, however, in the case of the classics, since we are not establishing elementary instruction in Latin, but only in Greek. Why not defy it also in the case of the modern languages, and assume that all candidates for admission will take, say, French as we are now assuming that they will all take Latin? The answer is at present that no such general assumption can be made in favor of either French or German. In some parts of our country French is the more commonly taught, in other parts German. We are therefore compelled either to teach the elements of both or not to teach the elements of the modern languages at all. It is greatly to be desired that we should be entirely relieved of this burden, but we shall have to carry it a while yet.

The intention of the new scheme of requirements can, perhaps, best be illustrated by noting the changed emphasis on our relation to the secondary schools. It would be a natural, a legitimate and a happy result if the whole false conception implied in the words, "preparatory-school," and "fitting-school," were to disappear entirely. So long as "fitting for college" meant studying only a certain group of subjects, such terms were quite accurate. If our present requirements work as their authors

would like to have them, they should open a way to college from many schools that have hitherto been cut off from us by real or fancied barriers. Whether this will tend to lower the grade of our student-community or to increase its numbers beyond the possibility of effective teaching and discipline, are questions we cannot yet answer. If such dangers arise, the obvious remedy is to be found in higher standards and stricter enforcement of them.

With regard to the question of ease or difficulty, we have been in a singular condition of uncertainty. The only point as to which, I believe, there was no difference of opinion, was that entrance to college should be made no easier and no harder. Practically, every department concerned had a laudable desire to "improve" its requirement, and these "improvements" very naturally appeared in print as additions. Each department was convinced that its own changes were only in the line of presenting more accurately the ideal it had always cherished under the earlier form; but it strongly suspected every other department of a wicked desire to get a little more out of its candidates. Certain requirements seemed to some members of the Faculty quite prohibitory in their severity, while to other members these same requirements appeared scandalously insufficient. Some schoolmasters thought we were adding at least a year to the time of preparation; others found no material difference. Of course, in actual experience the difficulty of any requirement depends neither upon its formal statement nor upon the questions asked at examination, but upon the severity with which both the statement and the answer to questions are interpreted by the examining body. There is the real *crux* of the situation, and there is precisely the point at which we have to ask our public, the schools, the candidates, and all concerned, to rely implicitly upon our judgment and our honesty. The more demands we make upon our public, the more we are bound to give to this work of examination as much patient attention as we give to any other academic function.

Whatever may be thought of the new requirements — and there is room for a great variety of opinion about them — all interested may be

sure that they represent the best effort of all the governing boards of the university. They have been worked out with the utmost regard for the advantages of the college, the schools, and the cause of education throughout the country. That they will permanently answer all the needs of an advancing community, no one can imagine; but we bespeak for them the generous acceptance and the liberal interpretation which shall show their real limitations and open the way to their progressive amendment.

E. Emerton, '71.

A PRELUDE IN PURGATORY.

POI disse un altro. . . . "Io son Buonconte:

Giovanna o altri non ha di me cura;

Per ch' io vo tra costor con bassa fronte."

* * * * *

Sequit il terzo spirito al secondo,

"Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia:

Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma;

Salsi colui che inannellata pria

Disposata m'avea colla sua gemma."

PURGATORIO, Canto V.

I.

BUONCONTE.

Sister, the sun has ceased to shine;
By companies of twain and trine
Stars gather; from the sea
The moon comes momentarily.

On all the roads that ring this hill
The sighing and the hymns are still:

It is the time to gain
Strength for to-morrow's pain.

Yet still your eyes are wholly bent
Upon the way that Virgil went,
Following Sordello's sign,
With the dark Florentine. . . .

Night now has barred their upward track :
There where the mountain foldeth back,
And in the Vale of Flowers
The Princes count their hours,

Those three friends sit in the sweet starlight,
With the green-clad angels left and right,—
Soul made by wakeful soul
More earnest for the goal.

So let us, sister, though our place
Be barren of that Valley's grace,
Sit hand in hand, till we
Seem rich as those friends be.

II.

LA PIA.

Brother, 'twere sweet your hand to feel
In mine ; it would a little heal
The shame that makes me poor,
And dumb at the heart's core.

But where our spirits felt Love's dearth,
Down on the green and pleasant earth,
Remains the fleshly shell,
Love's garment tangible.

So now our hands have nought to say :
Heart unto heart another way
Must utter forth its pain,
Must glee or comfort gain.

Surely, for souls like me and thee
Some comfort waits ; but never glee :
Not thine the young men's singing
In Heaven, at the bride-bringing ;

Not mine, beside God's living waters,
Dance of the marriageable daughters,
The laughter and the ease
Beneath His summer trees.

III.

BUONCONTE.

In fair Arezzo's halls and bowers
My Giovanna speeds her hours
Delicately, nor cares
To shorten by her prayers

My days upon this mount of ruth :
If those who come from earth speak sooth,
Though still I call and call
She doth not heed at all.

And if aright your words I read
At Dante's passing, he you wed
Dipped from the drains of Hell
The marriage hydromel.

O therefore, while the moon intense
Holdeth the dreaming sea suspense,

And round the shadowy coasts
Gather the wistful ghosts,

Let us sit quiet side by side
And try to feel again the pride
Worn by those spirits fair
Whom Love hath not left bare.

IV.

LA PIA.

Even as theirs, the chance was mine
To meet and mate beneath Love's sign,
To feel in soul and sense
The solemn influence

Which, breathed upon a man or maid,
Maketh forever unafraid,
Though life with death unite
That spirit to affright,—

Lifteth the changèd heart high up
As the priest lifts the changèd cup,
Boldens the feet to pace
Before's God's proving face.

O, just a thought beyond the blue
The wings of the dove beat down and through!
Even now I hear and hear
How near they were, how near!

I murmur not. . . . Rightly disgraced,
The weak hand stretched abroad in haste
For gifts barely allowed
The tacit, strong, and proud.

But therefore was I so intent
To watch where Dante onward went
With the Roman spirit pure
And the grave troubadour,

Because my mind was busy then
With the loves that wait those gentle men,—
Cunizza one, and one
Bice, above the sun ;

And for the other, more and less
Than woman's near-felt tenderness,
A million voices dim
Praising him, praising him.

V.

BUONCONTE.

The waves that wash this mountain's base
Were crimson in the sun's low rays,
When, singing high and fast,
An angel downward passed,

Bidding some patient soul arise
And make it fair for Paradise ;
And upward, so attended,
That soul its journey wended ; —

Yet you, who in these lower rings
Wait for the coming of such wings,
Turned not your eyes to view
Whether they came for you,—

But watched, but watched great Virgil stayed
Greeting Sordello's couchant shade
Which to salute him rose
Like lion from its pose ;

While humbly by those lords of song
Stood he whose living limbs are strong
To mount where God's own bliss
Is shed on Beatrice.

On him your eyes were fastened, more
Than on those great names Mantua bore ;
Your eyes still the distress
Hold, of that wistfulness.

O, fit he seemed much love to rouse !
His pilgrim lips and iron brows
Grew like a woman's, dim,
While you held speech with him ;

And troubled came his mortal breath
What time I told him of my death ;
His looks were changed and wan
When Virgil led him on.

VI.

LA PIA.

E'er since Casella came this morn,
Newly o'er yonder ocean borne,
Bound upward for the choir
That purge themselves in fire —

(There where Arnolfo is, whose words
Sweet as a nest of singing birds
Went winged with jubilance
Across the fields of France)

—And from that meinie he was of
Stayed backward at my cry of love,
To speak awhile with me
Of life and Tuscany,

And, parting, told us how e'er day
Was done, Dante would come this way,
With mortal feet, to find
His sweetheart, sky-enshrined,—

E'er since Casella spake such news
My heart has lain in a golden muse,
Picturing him and her
What starry ones they were.

And now the moon sheds her compassion
O'er the hushed mount, I try to fashion
The manner of their meeting,
Their few first words of greeting.

O! well for them, with clasped hands,
Unshamed amid the heavenly bands.
They hear no pitying pair
Of old-time lovers there

Look down and say in an undertone,
"This latest-come, who comes alone,
Was still alone on earth
And lonely from his birth."

Nor feel a sudden whisper mar
God's weather, "Dost thou see the scar
This spirit hideth so?
Who dealt her such a blow

That God can hardly wipe it out?"
And answer, "She gave love, no doubt,
To one who saw not fit
To set much store by it."

William Vaughn Moody.

IN THE NAME OF HIS ANCESTOR.

TELL me, mother, what is keeping my father away so late to-night? The traps, the beaver traps, my son. You know in these wintry moons when his fur is smooth and soft the beaver can hear from afar the crack of the tiniest twig, can see as far as you, and can scent, oh — I was going to say almost as far as he can see. One of these days you will accompany your father with the traps, and then you will no longer wonder why he has to work so long over them. Come, sit here with me on the buffalo robe before the light of this blaze. Now put your feet close up to the fire, but take care not to burn your moccasins.

Ooh, mother, how the wigwam is shaking! Is Nutenwi, the wind, angry?

Do not fear, my son. But hark, listen to the voices of the trees, our grandparents! It snows, it is growing cold, and the night blackens. Lonely out in the dark stand our grandparents. Now Nutenwi, the wind, is passing among them; and so, bowing together their heads, they are wailing one to another how cold, how lonely, and how sad they are. Their voices are not so full of mirth as in the warm summer moons, when the whip-poor-will, resting upon their shoulders, sings to them songs of the ripening corn.

Hish, listen, my son! Do you hear one moaning out slowly, "Ketona! Ketona!"?

It is Mitwiwa, mother, the old cottonwood down by the spring. I wonder why he should be calling me on a night like this?

Perhaps it is not you he is calling. It may be that the Chipiya, the spirit of the ancestor after whom you are named, is walking forth this night, revisiting the lodges of his people. If so, then it is he old Mitwiwa is calling by name.

Does old Mitwiwa know as much about Ketona as my father? As you, mother?

Yes, and more.

He was the one who long ago — do tell me about him again, will you, mother?

Lay your head down upon my lap then.

You are now eight winters of age. One morning, a moon after you were born, when it was beginning to whiten in the Wabeneki, in the land of the dawn, your father brought Tacumisawa into our wigwam. Tacumisawa, you know, is still the chief of the Eagles, our gens. Shortly after, there came other Eagles, until thirty, perhaps forty, of them were seated in a circle within the lodge. I sat over in a corner among the women and the children, holding you in my lap. After the priests had chanted prayers to Gisha Munettoa, and your father had done serving turkey, venison, and corn to the guests, there fell a silence so quiet in the lodge that we could hear one another breathe. And like the mist that was rising that morning from our brook down there under the hill, lifted the smoke from the long red-stone pipes of the men, floating in slowly-whirling rings and in tiny clouds up through the opening in the top of the wigwam. Tacumisawa had long been watching the smoke. By and by he gently laid aside his pipe and, in a tone as low as mine is now, said to us all:

“My brother and my sister Eagles, Gisha Munettoa is looking down upon us. The Eagles who have lived before us are listening. I name this child, Ketona. Hear, and let me tell you why.”

And then he went on with the story you have heard over and again from your father. Now all the events of that story happened winters and winters ago in our old Rock River country, far away off in the land of the North. The bitterest foes of our nation then were the Sioux, men of the long nose, hooked like the beak of a hawk. Coming again and again from the country beyond the Mississippi, they tried to drive us away from the Rock River; but finding that they were losing too many scalps, and feeling after each fight that the hearts of our men and of our women were growing stronger and braver, they finally decided that it was better to remain on the western side of the Mississippi.

At sunrise of a morning after the Sioux had been driven over the

Great River, four of their men appeared on the bluffs of the eastern bank within sight of our lodges. Even while the runners were yelling the alarm fifteen men had started at the top of their speed toward the bluffs to kill or to capture the hated foe. But when the four Sioux lifted high their left hands, and pressed their right over their hearts, and after the old men down in the village yelled, "Messengers of peace! Messengers of peace! Let them alone! Let them come!" the men halted and unwillingly returned to their lodges. Then the runners went part way out to beckon and to escort the Sioux in.

When the strangers drew near, certain old men met them and shook hands. The Sioux at once asked to meet the chiefs and head men in Council, because they claimed to have had a message of great import from their nation.

Powashik was our chief in those days. After he had called his head men together in his lodge, he sent a runner to fetch in the messengers. When they came and seated themselves by the entrance way, Powashik filled four pipes with sacred tobacco, rolled a live coal into the bowl of each, and then handed a pipe to each of the Sioux. You have seen buzzards sitting on the limb of a tree, how their heads droop, and how still and stiff are their bodies. That was the way the Sioux were sitting as they smoked our sacred pipes, their blankets pulled tightly about their waists and over their shoulders. And when they were done smoking, they rose one after the other and spoke like this:

"Our nation sends us to you with this message. Once upon a time our young men married your young women, and your young men married our young women. We went to war together, and we were friends, close friends. We want to see the days when all these things happened come back again. So let us stop fighting. Winter will soon be here, and neither of us have laid in our buffalo meat. Our messengers will shake hands with you. Shake hands with them, and we will make ready a great feast at our village, two days' journey by canoe up the river. And we would ask you to come to the feast and rejoice with us, because we are once more friends."

Powashik and the old men went out, leaving the Sioux alone in the lodge. Many were so glad at heart that they were for shaking hands with the messengers at once; but some, who in their younger days had won the scalp-lock and eagle feather in wars with the Sioux, shook their heads and counselled against haste. But Powashik was old and gray. He was tired of war. Like most of the old men, he believed in what the Sioux had told him, so went in and shook hands with them. He told them to say to their nation that his heart was glad, that he wished the things they wished, and that he and many of his head men would go to the feast.

In the morning, the people thronged the shore and the bluffs of the Mississippi to watch Powashik and twenty of his counsellors depart for the village of the Sioux. The old chief and a few of the older men who were weak with the paddle were in their newest buckskins, wore black-tipped eagle feathers on their scalp-locks, and hung beaded and bear-claw necklaces about their necks. They took no war-club, no bow, no arrow, no kind of weapon whatever, because Gisha Munetoa had bade our people long ago never to have these things about them when on a mission of peace. But instead of these things, they had in the canoes tobacco, buckskins, and eagle feathers, all presents of peace to be given to the Sioux at the feast. And the people kept watching the canoes till the last turned the big bend far up the river.

On the evening of the second day before it had begun to grow dark in earnest, Ketona, a young man of twenty winters who had gone to help paddle his father's canoe, was seen coming toward the village. As he drew near, men, women, and children pressed round about him, eager to know about the feast. But when they saw that his leggins and moccasins were torn and spattered with mud, that his naked body and arms had been gashed by thorns and briers, and when they noticed that he hung his head and made no reply, and was making straight for his lodge, they all stopped and gazed after him with mouths wide open. Old men leaning upon their canes crossed fore-fingers over the lips, and, shaking their heads, murmured one to another, "Something bad! Something

bad!" As Ketona sat with legs crossed before the fire in his lodge and stared into the flickering blaze with eyes gleaming like those of a panther at bay, his mother stepped softly near, and, fearing she would hear something bad, asked, "My son! My son! What has happened? Why these deep scratches on your body? How came these leggins, these moccasins, to be so yellow with mud?"

Ketona kept looking steadily into the fire, while the eyes of his mother were overflowing with tears. Then she put before him on a mat some dried venison and a wooden bowl with corn in it, and begged:

"Eat, my son. You look tired and hungry. Eat all you want. There is plenty left for your father. Tell me, when will he be home?"

Ketona beckoned his mother to sit down beside him.

"My father," he began in an undertone, "will never come home again. His scalp, and that of old Powashik, and of all who went away yesterday morning, are hanging to-night in the lodges of the Sioux. I am the only one to escape. My heart is too sick to tell you how as we turned in shore last evening to camp, the Sioux pounced upon us as quickly as a hawk upon a dove; how my father yelled to me then, 'Dive, my son! Dive!'; and how, shortly after, when I raised my head above water among the tall reeds under the bank, I saw two men standing proudly over my father's body, one with a tomahawk that had crushed in his skull, the other with a knife that had just taken off his scalp. Do not weep, mother. Be brave. Go tell the people the little I have told you. The rest, they will know later. Tell them not to fear, for the Sioux are far off now on their way to the North into the land of the wild rice. Wait, mother. Give me your right hand. As sure as I am a Red-Earth, as sure as I am an Eagle, and as sure as I am your son, I will see our nation and you and me avenged."

The runners took up the message of the mother and carried it from lodge to lodge. When the women heard it, they gasped, and, for a time, were speechless. By and by, slowly gathering their cloaks about their waists and over their heads, they slipped softly out of the wigwams; and each going to a lonely spot in the forest or on the bluffs of the

river, there prayed in silence to Gisha Munetoa. But the men on hearing the news said never a word. Some of them straightened up, clinched their fists, and gritted their teeth.

Two moons had come and gone, and the snow lay deep on the hills, in the valleys, and in the forest. One night Nutenwi, the wind, roared and the snow fell deeper than ever. Even though the snow had banked almost half way up the lodges, yet in the morning rumor flew through all the village that Ketona and fifty young men were missing, gone no one knew whither. Each of those fifty young men had slipped from his wigwam as a fox from his lair, so that even the nearest kinsman did not know when he had gone. Runners slid over the country far and wide upon snow-shoes, but they could find nowhere the faintest sign of a trail.

That was a bitter winter for our nation. Day and night the women wept, and the men were sick at heart. It was hard enough to lose the old men, but what will become of our nation, they thought, if we must lose our young men, too? But the men and the women were mindful that they were Red-Earth people, and so waited patiently for the day when their young men would return.

And they did return, but not till the snow was melting and the ice was floating in the rivers. Forty of them came home. And the light of day was never so bright as on the afternoon when the forty were seen coming in single file down the bluffs of the river toward the village. And as they came on, men and boys rushed whooping from all the lodges, and, gathering round the young men, accompanied them home. All the while, the women, the girls, and the little children waited in groups before their lodges, their hearts glad, their faces beaming, and all of them proud at seeing long, black scalps dangling like horse-tails from the belts of the young warriors.

In the night a fire was kindled from a pile of logs in front of old Powashik's lodge. The scalp-pole was set up, and on it were hung the scalps of the Sioux. And all around within the firelight sat the men, the women, and the children, all wrapped snugly in blankets. Then back and forth and around the pole danced the young men, stepping to the

time of the drum and of the war songs sung by the old warriors. Now and again was a pause in the dance long enough for one to tell a short story of how he had taken a scalp. And when he was done speaking, the chief of his gens amid the whoops of the old warriors stepped up and gave him an eagle feather.

Last of all to speak was Ketona himself. He told how he and the others had slipped into the land of the Sioux, how they had slain warriors and ripped off their scalps before the very eyes of their women, and how they had not let up pursuing the Sioux till they had more than avenged the death of Powashik and that of those slain with him. And when the people saw Ketona standing there in the light of the blaze, holding in his right hand the scalps of the two Sioux who had slain his father, and in the left was holding the knife he had plunged into their hearts and had used to rip off their scalps, they breathed easier and felt that they were beginning to be avenged.

Such, my son, is the story of Ketona as Tacumisawa told it on the morning he gave you your name. And I remember so well when closing he said to us all :

“Now, my brother and my sister Eagles, now that this Eaglet may be brave and do valiant deeds to make him forever remembered by his people, I name him Ketona. And when he is old enough to know this story, this war story of the Eagles, may he wish to be like the Ketona who winters ago leading fifty young braves avenged the death of his father and of the leaders of his nation.”

When Tacumisawa was done, your father stepped over to where I was and took you from me. He handed you to Tacumisawa, who stood you on your wabbling legs, your back against his breast. Then rose all the Eagles, the men first ; and as they filed past you out of the lodge, they stopped long enough to shake gently this little right hand of yours.

Hish, mother!

Yes, my son, that is the tramp of your father's footstep.

W. Jones.

THE CHILD VERSE OF STEVENSON AND FIELD.

THE curiosity that longs to look at life over the shoulder of the child is a trait that writers have long conjured with. The child's point of view is the vantage ground from which sated readers would like to consider men and things. And whoever can occupy this strategic position, and can persuade people that what he sees is what the child would see, no more, no less, may always be certain of readers. Such interest do we take in the little untutored barbarians growing up around us that we eagerly listen to anyone, scientist or novelist, who professes to tell us about them. Our caprice finds expression in child-study societies, kindergarten methods, and Froebel clubs; or, in less strenuous moments, indulges itself in the *Sentimental Tommies* and *Wee Willie Winkies* of fiction. Since Norman Gale tried to satisfy this curiosity with poems of childhood, a host of poets and prosemen have tried their hand at it. To go no further back than the last decade, we have had Stevenson, Eugene Field, and Mr. Canton, in verse; and in prose, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Warner, Mr. Kenneth Grahame and, recently, Mr. Stephen Crane.

The incongruous variety of child-types made popular by these writers quite proves the good-natured credulity of that amiable creature whom the reviewers aggrandisingly call the General Reading Public. Kenneth Grahame, in whom the influence of Stevenson is marked, has created a child that is naïve, exquisitely amusing, exulting unabashed in manifold childish folly. Mr. Stephen Crane has fashioned for us a mannikin that lies and cringes like a little savage, and differs from grown-ups only by the ludicrous futility of his incipient brutal nature. Both are accepted as equally authentic types. Stevenson and Field each had his idea of a child, and contrived to make it acceptable, one by professing to make the child speak for himself, the other by consciously idealising the child with the love of a father.

Stevenson was quite the daring dilettante to seize upon the child's

point of view, to persuade people that he spake as the child would speak, and to defend his characterisation against all comers. With his wonderful facility for assuming strange rôles, he has, in *The Child's Garden of Verse*, played the part of child with considerable fidelity. His characterisation of the child—more convincing than most—has just that essential flavor of pleasing hypocrisy that makes insipid truth more palatable.

Stevenson felt the temptation of every writer to capture the wraith of a child which floats in each reader's fancy, and he recognised the psychological impossibility of rehabilitating the child's impressions of life. Those wondering sensations which the child experiences do not linger even in the most retentive memories: they are modified and incrustated beyond recognition by later impressions. Presumably, when Stevenson was a child he thought as a child; but when he became a man he perforce had to put away childish things. In vain he might attempt to revive them. At best he could only give his fallible conception of what those thoughts might have been.

To adopt a realistic standard, by which to judge Stevenson's characterisation of the child, would be entirely gratuitous. Though he professes to let us into the inmost confidence of the child, his professions should not be taken too seriously. The truth is, a faithful reproduction of the sensation of childhood would be unutterably dull, pointless, and quite unrecognisable. The sympathetic critic must assume these postulates, and use them as a criterion to judge the worth of child's verse. Assuming that the child with whom he has to do must be more interesting than ordinary, in order to be worth his while, let him ask himself, How far has the poet been successful in fixing upon the exact degree of idealisation essential to his purpose? Stevenson's purpose was to create a wide-eyed, precocious little prattler, adept to feel and phrase. And it is with this motive in mind that his verse should be judged.

When one considers on what a variety of subjects Stevenson has made his children talk, one wonders that he has been faithful in so much and feigned so little. Even in the ambitious delineation of the "Unseen

Playmate" that plays with the children when they are alone, he contrives to see only what the child sees. That exact degree of childish, innocent selfishness which has escaped almost everyone else, he has caught, in the jaunty lines,

"When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the little girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys."

To show how near the verge of disillusionment the reader, in his unsuspecting poetic faith, may be drawn, one need but turn to this clever exaggeration of childish inconsequence:—

"The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea."

Occasionally Stevenson over-reaches in the use of this effect:

"The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain,
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain."

This perversion to the service of Stevenson's own glancing humor tempts one to denounce the whole business as surreptitious precocity.

It would not be hard to find other anachronisms in his child-characterisation. Particularly has he aged the imaginative quality of the child's mind, as, for example, in the "Keepsake Mill," he makes his children say,

"Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
Wheels as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
Wheels and keeps roaring and foaming forever,
Long after all of the boys are away."

As childish reveries are not self-conscious, Stevenson takes a poet's privilege in imputing to childhood sober, half-melancholy reflection.

The most exaggerated trait of Stevenson's child is his precocious sureness in finding phrases for his impressions: the inarticulateness and the indiscriminating observation of the child seem almost to have escaped his notice. The most precocious youngster never prated as his children volubly phrase. Imagine an impressionist in long clothes thus describing the winter days:

"Late lies the wintry sun abed,
A frosty, fiery, sleepy head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then
A blood-red orange sets again."

The young, in point of fact, stutter in sure phrased verse only after they have grown up and become famous.

Ingenuous sincerity is the charm of Stevenson's child's verse: and for this, slight blemishes of characterisation may be pardoned him. Seldom do his faults threaten that suspension of disbelief which the subtle, unobtrusive suggestiveness of his verse compels. His most homely narratives are most child-like:

"My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

* * * * *

"All night across the dark we steer,
But when the day returns at last
Safe in my room, beside the pier
I find my vessel fast."

In these unpretentiously child-like pieces, one suspects that one has some details of Stevenson's own childhood. His lingering references to the sea, and to children in boats, seem sure and convincing, because they evidently are his own recollections:

"Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,

Boats of mine a-boating —
Where will you come home?
* * * * *
"Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore."

Stevenson, indeed, has made the child's innocent, undefining admiration of life intelligible to his readers. In accomplishing his purpose he has cleverly accentuated, but never distorted, the authentic traits of the child. And for this, everyone who loves children is his debtor.

But there is yet another child whom most of us know. In our reminiscent moods he visits us. Sometimes he is like a child whom we know in the flesh, and dearly love. More often he is the child *we* used to be. It is pleasing deception to impute to this mysterious little personage halcyon calm, and, at the same time, vague, sub-conscious apprehension of the toil and sorrow before him. Uncomfortable people who affect scientific fact may insist that the child's thought is uninterestingly healthy; but this particular child we persistently enshroud with prophetic, autumnal melancholy. We fain would overlook the dreary verities of childhood, and lend to this child's thought much symbolic significance. This dream child, to whom, as to prophecy, things recently proclaimed to us are dated back, is the theme of Eugene Field's verse.

To challenge as unreal Mr. Field's child-characterisation would be an impertinence. Luddy Dud, Little Boy Blue, and Lady Button Eyes are professedly mind-children. In reflective moods everyone has more or less cherished them, but no one has so nearly realised them as Mr. Field. They are conscious fictions, but where everything is artificial, mature fancy may, without apology, jostle childish naiveté. One expects to find them reflecting the humor, the droll caprice, and the whimsical melancholy of the contemplative man. And if the personal idiom of the reverist is lacking in them, one feels defrauded.

Stevenson, who has set for himself the straiter limits of veracity, must exclude from his child's verses all except childish fancy. But his skilful use of this is wonderfully effective :

“Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet
A man goes riding by,
Late in the night when the fires are out.
Why does he gallop and gallop about?”

To produce a similar impression Mr. Field may indulge in a much freer, maturer expression :

“Have you ever heard the wind go ‘Yooooo’?
’Tis a pitiful sound to hear.
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
’Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many’s the time I’ve cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep :
‘Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?’
And the night would say, in its ghostly way :
‘Yooooo !
Yooooo !
Yooooo !’”

The contrast just drawn between the method of Stevenson's art and the method of Eugene Field's should now suggest the difference between their abilities. Stevenson describes the child as existing externally to the mind : a notion which is so essentially impalpable and elusive, which is describable only in the crude, unwilling symbols of the child's speech, that Stevenson's terse, sententious expression of it is completely a stroke of genius. Eugene Field describes the child as a conception existing in

the mind of the contemplative man ; turning to account all the devices of expression by which the discriminating thinker creates a material body for the eternally immaterial reality of thought. The ideas which Stevenson and Field attempt to phrase are among the most evanescent and elusive that ever vex the mind. Both writers succeed in conveying their thought in a sure, compelling impression. But as the symbols with which Stevenson was forced to work were by far the more reluctant, to him belongs the greater victory.

Mr. Field best shows his intimate acquaintance with the child's simple nature when he drops this pleasantly self-revealing mood, and frankly appeals to the child himself. The very diminutives with which he has dubbed his children,—such as Pitty Pat, Tippy Toe, Teenie Weenie, Amber Locks, and Luddy Dud,—besides showing a sureness of sense that distinguishes between endearment and silly dotage, indicate how much of symbolic significance one may safely presume the child will comprehend. An explicit concreteness of illustration, a profusion of metaphor that just misses being extravagant, quite suits the child's love of vivid expression ; and Mr. Field's lullabies are relished because they show such adequate appreciation of this trait of the child's intellectual make-up. *The Rockaby Lady* illustrates this gorgeous, spectacular charm which absorbs the imagination by its subtile influence :

“The Rockaby Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing ; comes creeping ;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a charm that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping !”

This delightfully roseate treatment of childhood is tempered, in all of Field's reminiscent verse, by a tone of regret betraying itself in lurking, apprehensive allusions. With thoughtless, childish glee, Pitty Pat and Tippy Toe romp round the hall. Their happy boisterousness gladdens the poet's heart. But he remembers that one day when they,

like him, will no longer be children, their merry music must cease. The baby-song of Googly Goo lightens his labor, but there is always the conscious dread, lest "any ill might happen to my little Googly Goo!" Little All Aloney, playing in the hall by himself, feels reassured, when the loneliness oppresses him, by his mother's cheery call. Field looks ahead, and sees the man, weary of sorrow and toil, depressed, quite disheartened :

" Would that he could hear once more
The gentle voice he used to hear —
Divine with mother love and cheer —
Calling from yonder spirit shore :
 'All, all alone !' "

This haunting memory of light-hearted childhood that protests, in every man, against the crushing stress of life, Eugene Field has sympathetically realised. Stevenson has shown us an artist-child — the "little Stevenson" he has somewhere called it — an observing little prattler who tells what he sees with refreshing, sometimes suspicious, cleverness ; whose traits one likes to imagine in real children ; whom one always hopes to meet, but never will, save in *The Child's Garden of Verse*. Eugene Field has shown us the dream-child who, also, is not within the region of our speaking acquaintance ; but in reminiscent, half-melancholy moods, he visits us, and confides things long since lost with innocence.

G. H. Montague.

OVER THE RANGE.

THE moon came up over the lava beds, across which we had ridden at sunset, and dissolved the blackness that hid the ragged wall of mountains about us. Bare peaks thrust above timber-line shone white with scattered patches of snow. Then the dark spruce belt stretched impenetrable down to the bright oval of grass and water which is the headwaters of the Pooter. Back from the shallow lake, close to the spruce shadows, our camp-fire glowed, a bed of coals. The air grew more sharp, a film of ice began to form in the tin bucket, and the brook beside us became colder, smaller, and less noisy as the snow ceased to melt in the bank half a mile above us. The horses grazed quietly; only now and then gray George, who was hobbled, rose on his hind feet and followed the other two in a series of short, plunging jumps. I turned over my saddle to break the wind and sat down, wrapped in the saddle-blanket, beside the fire. Frank took a swallow of water, pitched the tin cup back in the bucket, carefully gauged his flask by the firelight, and sat down opposite me.

"I'm goin' to quit drinkin' some o' these days, when I go down out o' the hills to Denver," he said slowly. "It's all right up here in the summer time, but when winter comes, an' you don't see a soul for weeks maybe, you either drink nights or get 'loco.' Why, you'd go clean crazy just settin' alone an' thinkin'. I guess that's what pore Dawson done."

"Who was he?" I asked, pitching a branch on the fire, which sent up a line of sparks toward the white stars and flickered in the black caverns under the spruce trees.

"Well, he was a feller from back East, a 'lunger.' We fetched him up to the Park from Lyons one summer on a spring mattress laid in the bottom of a wagon. He had hem'rages, an' like to 'a' died on the way; but after a while he got better. Of course he'd waited too long — they all do — an' his lungs was pretty well gone; but he picked up an' got so's he could ride about, hunt a bit now an' then, an' ride the range

with us in summer. He rode with me a good deal, an' I got to like him damn well, sleepin' out an' ridin' all day long together. He was awful sandy, the nerviest man I ever seen, I guess. He'd made up his mind to git well, an' it looked like he'd do it on his nerve.

"When it got too cold to ride with me he took up a claim in Emmons Gulch, where it's sheltered and warm all winter. An' he built him a cabin with the help of us boys that was ridin' that way, an' fixed it up neat an' clean an' comfortable as a woman. It was good to get there of a January evenin' after ridin' half-froze all day, an' turn yore horse in the corral, an' set down in front of a bright fire with somethin' hot an' well cooked inside you. For he'd learned to cook, though he couldn't fry bacon to begin with, an' he could cook 'most as well as Dick Aldin's wife who keeps the hotel at Lyons.

"I'd ride a long ways off my trail to git there at night, an' we'd set an' smoke,— he wouldn't drink,— till the moon come up over the ridge into the Gulch. An' at last I found out what give him his grip on life. I'd 'a' died lots easier than that. Men dies easy out here, for what in hell's the difference? I'd seen a pictur' of a fine woman an' two pretty little children,— found it in a leather case he had. I ain't never seen that sort o' woman,— or maybe I wouldn't be at this now. Well, when I begun to bring his mail to 'im, an' three times every week there come little square letters all just alike, I knowed they must be hers. An' one night near the first of March, when I'd brought him three in a bunch, he was happier'n I'd ever seen him, an' got out the pictur', an' says to me, 'Frank, that's my wife an' babies, an' I'm goin' back to 'em nex' June.'

"Seemed he didn't have much money an' he'd worried all winter how they was gittin' along. But now, he said, some stocks had gone up an' they was all right. From then on he got well faster an' faster while the weather got better an' Spring come. Soon he was ridin' with me ag'in an' always a-talkin' of goin' East in June. An' I never said nothin', though I've seen 'em try it before. So at last June come, an' we rode to Lyons one day, an' he packed up his bridle and chaps, an' asked me for the old spurs I wore, 'to remember it all by,' he said. An' when the

train pulled out he looked better'n I'd ever seen him, standin' there on the platform in his city clothes.

"I led his mare back with me, pulled off her shoes, and let her run loose. That's her you're ridin' — a damn good little crittur, but not steady enough to rope off'n. I locked up the cabin he'd give to me an' seldom rode that way an' didn't stop then. After a while I got a letter from him sayin' how good it was to be home, an' how kind we boys'd been to 'im, an' a lot more. Then there was a long time when I never heard no more of him. I was up North with the Y-bar-4 outfit an' didn't get back to the Park till along in November. But one day after I'd been back a week or so, Dan, the stage driver, brought me a telegram to the ranch-house. It only said he'd reach Lyons two days later, but I knowed it all."

Frank stopped to put more wood on the fire, took out his flask, and after offering it to me, drank a great gulp without heeding the water-bucket. Then he went on :

"I got out the spring-wagon an' put the box-mattress in the bottom ag'in. When the train stopped there was three or four of the boys to take care of him, an' we brought him back to the Park, expectin' he'd die before we got there. But the women folks at the ranch-house nursed him like a child, and after a while he begun to pick up ag'in. He was awful slow this time, for he didn't seem to try like he had. But by February he was up an' aroun', an' right off he was crazy to git back to his cabin in Emmons Gulch. Of course we tried to keep him from goin', but his heart was set on it; so one day I went up an' got things all ready just like he'd left 'em, an' next day he come back. It seemed to do him good, an' he brightened up, but he coughed most all the time now, 'specially at night. There was three weeks when I lived up there with him, an' he was so grateful it made me feel bad. Sometimes he'd git awful down, said he knew he couldn't never leave that prison, he called it, an' he'd never let her come out there to be buried alive. He was awful sandy still, an' after these days he'd sometimes laugh an' joke in a sort o' reckless way.

"Then along in March there come a last storm that was worse'n any that winter and sort o' took the heart out o' you thinkin' the worst was done. I had to ride the Winter Range to salt the critturs there; an' it took me near a week, they was so scattered for shelter and feed, just little bunches of four here and half a dozen there.

"I hated mighty bad to leave him, an' the mornin' I got back I didn't wait for dinner at the ranch-house, but rode on up to the Gulch. It was a dull, raw day, the mountains all white and cold to look at. When I rode down in sight of the cabin and didn't see no smoke, I dug the rowels into my horse an' come up to the corral "heikin' the breeze." His mare come out o' the stable neighin' like she was crazy glad to see somebody. I jumped off my horse an' run to the cabin, scared sick. The door wasn't locked, an' the light came in gray through the frosty window. The whole place was neat as it always was, every little thing in its place an' in order. The fire was out, but the lamp was still burnin', an' filled the room with a sooty smell. He sat in a stiff-backed chair at the table, as straight as a king, with his head high against the back o' the chair. The pistol was still in his hands, his left hand holdin' the barrel towards him and his right thumb against the trigger. The front of his blue flannel shirt was powder-burned, an' the blood had run across the white oilcloth on the table an' dried in dark brown flakes."

Frank stopped, shifted his weight to his left elbow, and pulled a plug of tobacco from his hip pocket. His gray eyes were fixed on the fire as he rubbed the plug with the palm of his left hand and set his strong teeth into one corner of it. There was no sound except the jingle of a heavy spur as he kicked the end of a burning log, and the pawing of a horse by the water. The moon had crossed the segment of blue-black sky between the mountains and dropped behind the old crater above us, leaving the lake and the spruce trees in darkness.

R. C. Bolling.

TO THE MORN.

IF this be night, break softly, blessed day.
Oh, let the silent throat of every bird
Swell tenderly in song, as though he heard
Some brother singing deep within thy ray!
Send but an unseen breeze aloft, away
From darkness and dull earth, to be a word,
A half-discovered sound, to make me gird
Myself, and persevere this cheerless way.

But softly, softly, thou most blessed morn.
Mine eyes too long accustomed to the dark
May fail when thou in glorious heav'n art born,
May fail against that far-entreated light,
Catch but the glimmer of a distant lark,
And drop, all blasted, at the sovereign sight.

Hillary Harness.

THE SCOPE OF SIR HENRY IRVING'S DRAMATIC WORK.

WHAT is more natural than the later manifestation of a romantic spirit imbued at a very early, impressionable age! Imagine an untrammelled childhood spent among the bold, rugged, majestic cliffs of the Cornish coast, where the childish fancy was enlivened by eerie legends and fantastic, mysterious gnomes, associated with every uncommon cleft and threatening ravine, and you have an idea of the pictures and feelings that formed the warp of the first dozen years of Henry Irving's life. And the woof?—three daily companions, comprising the family library: the Bible, a volume of old English ballads, and *Don Quixote*.

Then followed that abrupt change which must have so stunned his sensibilities for a time: he was torn from the wildness and beauty of this happy romance, from the grandeur and sympathy of nature, and transferred to the confinement of a small, stifling lodging in noisy, prosaic London. In London there was little to do but attend school for a while and then enter the drudgery of a clerkship in some merchant's office. In 1853, at the age of fifteen, Irving joined the "City Elocution Class," conducted by a Mr. Henry Thomas. Here he passed many pleasant, beneficial evenings, becoming indisputably foremost in the class. His innate love for reading and recitation increased; the physical duties of the day were extended into the diligence and mental progress of the night. Sadler's Wells Theatre, the home of Shakesporean revivals, was much frequented. The drift toward the stage was gradual, though the secret hope and intention had long been fostered as a part of his daily thoughts. Considerable success in the amateur performances of the "City Elocution Class," the friendship, encouragement, and liberal instruction of Mr. William Hopkins, a leading actor of Sadler's Wells, and the irksomeness and dislike to commercial life, now urged Irving to sever his business relations and enter the ranks in the provinces.

He was little over eighteen when as Gaston, Duke of Orleans, in Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu*, he aided in opening the New Royal Lyceum Theatre in Sunderland, and commenced his professional life with the strangely premonitory toast, "Here's to our enterprise." In February, 1857, five months after he had joined the Sunderland Company, he withdrew, to accept better opportunities at the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh. Here, in two and one-half years, he played upwards of four hundred parts, giving to each that zealous, careful, and comprehending study which has always characterized his portrayals. From the first he was assiduous in every detail and make-up of his rapidly succeeding parts. Always perfect to the letter in his lines, he was enabled to devote all his energy to precise and highly-colored interpretation. The principles which guided him even at this early period were phrased in an address made some thirty years later, in 1891: "The actor's business is primarily to repro-

duce the ideas of the author's brain, to give them form, and substance, and colour, and life, so that those who behold the action of a play may, so far as can be effected, be lured into the fleeting belief that they behold reality"; and furthermore, he must "never forget that excellence in any art is attained only by arduous labor, unswerving purpose, and unfailing discipline."

The unmitigated determination, the unrelaxing ardor, and the ruggedness of constitution exhibited so clearly in these youthful struggles were in the end sure to produce fruitful results and distinguished attainment. Still, this was not to be accomplished without set-backs, disappointments, even failures. An unsuccessful trial in London, in the fall of 1859, only made him return to the provinces with undaunted ambition, and a set purpose to work and wait. If London was whimsical and distant, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool were not; and in the seven years more of preparation for the capitol, Mr. Irving won merited tributes among these cities in one hundred and twenty odd impersonations; among them being such trying characters as Robert Macaire, Rawdon Scudamore in Dion Boucicault's *Hunted Down*, and Hamlet.

On October 6, 1866, the novitiate was over, and London recognized and applauded Henry Irving as Doricourt in Mrs. Cowley's comedy, *The Belle's Stratagem*. Steadily gaining the interest and confidence of his public, Mr. Irving made for himself a firm reputation as an excellent, versatile comedian. Though thoroughly entertaining and accurate, his portrayals were in no wise remarkable, until in June, 1870, he enacted Digby Grant, the superficial, vainglorious old father in Mr. James Albery's comedy, *Two Roses*. The audience were astounded; but more so was a London manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman, who engaged Mr. Irving the following year for his Lyceum Theatre. In Irving's Digby Grant, Mr. Bateman foresaw a powerful Richelieu; he did not, however, imagine the absolute triumph the actor was to win a little over two months after the engagement commenced.

Mr. Irving has experienced many thrilling ovations, but probably

none was ever so welcome as that which burst upon him at the conclusion of *The Bells*. On November 25, 1871, unforewarned of any deep tragic power, the audience were electrified by his Mathias. Here was versatility in abundance! An actor who could with masterful aptitude run the gamut of sympathetic accord and interpretation from frills and fancy to gloom and metaphysical insight was indeed a worthy successor to Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Macready. In Mathias, we have a blending of the melodramatic with the domestic characteristics, and behind these a grim, consuming remorse. It would not have been strange had so young a tragedian given way to the impulse of melodramatic opportunity. But no! It was in this very phase of melodrama that Mr. Irving achieved his success, for he made it subserve the ulterior motive of inevitability. Fate — mocking, tenacious, unrelenting — and a restless, insupportable terror were the impressions which Mr. Irving conveyed to his hearers. Much was done by gesture, much by situation, but far more by accuracy and mobility of facial expression.

London had been conquered, and but once afterwards did it waver in its allegiance to Mr. Irving, when in 1874, after winning as distinguished laurels in Hamlet as he had in *The Bells*, he attempted Othello. Partiality for the actor's interpretations might have minimized the chance of discovering his shortcomings, had not Salvini, the greatest of all Othellos, come to London just at that time. Mr. Irving partially retrieved himself in *Macbeth*, which immediately followed, though this presentation fell far short of its sumptuous revival fourteen years later.

In 1878, Mr. Irving became the manager of the Lyceum Theatre. Before he raised himself into control, every Shakesporean drama had been mounted inadequately. The meagreness of the costuming and mediocrity of the scenery were hindrances to proper polish. "In order to promote and preserve the idea of reality in the minds of the public," says Mr. Irving, in one of his addresses, "it is necessary that the action of the play be set in what the painters call 'milieu' or atmosphere. To this belongs costume, scenery, and all that tends to set forth time and place other than our own." And to this idea, Mr. Irving has

been more than a faithful adherent. For his first production of the *Merchant of Venice*, he not only went to Italy himself, but he had the scenic artist live in Venice for a time, in order to produce not merely color, but precise shade. The same attention to detail, the same elaboration of effect, and the same lavish outlay, regardless of expense and trouble, has increasingly characterized every later production. When in 1892, *Henry VIII* was mounted, an envoy was dispatched to Italy for the sake of securing Genoese silk such as Wolsey preferred, and of getting the pattern of a cardinal's robe. Nor with the unstinted accessories did the interpretation itself lack force, for Mr. Irving was the dignified, intellectual Churchman, not the mere actor in clerical vestments. This embellishment indicates the exactitude and ardor with which Mr. Irving goes about his work. Here the business man is as much in evidence as the artist. The ensemble is what he is searching for,—the ensemble in which each bit and each figure, without exaggeration, will add to the beauty, the harmony, in short, the picture. Mr. Irving knows the tastes as well as the caprices of his public, as the following quotation, "the drama must succeed as a business if it is not to fail as an art," coupled with the fact of his unprecedented financial success, will suggest. Still, it may be imagined that there have been moments when Mr. Irving regretted the beginning of such unreserved liberality in staging a play. He has established a standard, has educated the public up to it, spoiled both critics and public, if you will, and perhaps prepared for protest, the moment any signs of deterioration are detected. The disappointing experiment of 1889, in which Mr. Irving and his accomplished colleague, Miss Terry, visited the provinces, giving readings of *Macbeth*, proved that the public would not receive the actor, great as he was and is, in strange, bare surroundings; and that on the actor's side his own "vividly-colored imagination and tastes could not be content with the bald and *triste* mechanisms of the ordinary reader."

This luxuriousness of setting and elaboration of detail detract the attention from the main issue of the play. Though we catch the outline and grasp the salient points, yet there are few times when consciousness

of entrancing atmosphere or gorgeous surroundings is submerged in the dramatic moment; and Mr. Irving is decidedly an actor of "moments," centralizing the reserved force for periodic climaxes. But though these moments thrill us, we are never overwhelmed by the sweep of vastness and might. With mastery of artistic organization and unity, with increasing brilliance as a manager, has ebbd the unlimited possibilities of attainment in the actor. To offset deficiencies in technique and passion, appeal is made to the *Missionier* delicacy and the resplendency of the ensemble. For the shortcomings of the overwhelming moment we have not the dramatic incident, but the spectacular penchant of *Faust*, of *Ravenswood*, of *King Arthur*, and at present of *Robespierre*.

Essentially a romantic tragedian working upon melodramatic lines, Mr. Irving has aimed constantly at broad though well-focussed effects through the massing of minutiae. This precludes any hope of his presenting the modern, literary problem-play. To attain the symmetry and poetry which his artistic arrangement invariably produces demands unwavering attention and the clearest vision. Without the studious, far-sighted master to raise the melodramatic elements to his own plane, and pervade the whole with his care, originality, and dramatic visualization, there would result a loose, incoherent embodiment of theatrical conventions; instead of the thoughtful impressiveness, the finish, and the psychological introspection of *Macbeth*, *Henry VIII*, and *Thomas à Becket*, we would get dignity without the strokes of majesty, bold, garish spirit without the intense, differentiated feelings involved in intricate motives.

Thus Mr. Irving diffuses the discriminating force of an accomplished mind and a magnetic personality through all his productions. He has labored earnestly and energetically, raising his ideals in proportion to accomplished efforts; devoting every spare moment to the advancement of some part of his art; now generously giving a benefit for some distressed colleague linked with a previous generation; then delivering an address — always enthusiastically received, — on some phase in his art; next enlarging and beautifying his Lyceum Theatre in London, which

has become a sort of Mecca to many ardent and devoted followers; and then conscientiously studying and gratifying the wishes — too often capricious — of an importunate public.

From the hopeful days of youth in the provinces to the majestic greatness of the present, Mr. Irving has been incessantly at his chosen task. With his great predecessor, David Garrick, likewise an actor-manager, he has made the drama one of the liberal arts by the side of its sisters, poetry, painting, sculpture, and music; and this by his own strenuous efforts and a maxim which is taken from his address in Sanders Theatre some fifteen years ago: "to *do* and not to *dream* is the main-spring of success in life."

Stanton Elliot.

SEAWARD.

I KNOW there is another strand
Down where the sky is low as land,
Out of whose dimness cometh soon
The lowly rising of the moon.
And the impassive bar of light
Across the waters in the night
Hath power to hold the surges under,
When they rise up in foam and thunder;
And when the moon is taken away,
There is no light till early day,
And nothing on the waves may hold
Their strength of waters mountain-rolled,
No light along the hidden sea
Husheth the waves continually.

Walter C. Arensberg.

Editorial.

WE are all delighted at the news that the Class of 1900 is to be absolutely unhampered in choosing its Class-day officers. There is not to be a "slate" arranged by the big societies, there is to be no alliance of the societies for the purpose of electing their own members, there is to be no pledging of club-men to vote for any candidate or set of candidates. The mere statement of this determination shows how fair and natural such a condition is. The willing and prompt acquiescence of the club-men when the plan was first suggested shows that they realize fully their duties to the class and their relation to the non-society men. They have performed an act of justice which their fellow classmen will commend and appreciate, and have made possible a heartier spirit of class fellowship in these last months of their common college life. We congratulate the Class of 1900; we congratulate the club-men; and we ask that each Senior wisely do his part in electing the men who are most deserving and who will best fulfil the duties required of them.

THE foot-ball season of 1899 gave us many surprises and suggested many topics deserving later reflection. Harvard surely may be gratified at the work of its team. That team played creditable, consistent foot-ball all season, and ended with almost faultless play in a contest as perfect as any of us may ever see. To Captain Burden and his fellow-players, and to the unselfish graduate coaches, we owe heartiest thanks.

We are, of course, disappointed, and the team more than any of us, that we did not score in the Yale game. But the dissatisfaction that

has been expressed is inconsiderate and thoughtless. It is due to a mistaken idea of the value of mere winning. We all want to win, of course. Every Harvard man who is worthy of his college, whether he is playing on the field or watching from the bleachers, is eager for victory and is ready to do his very utmost to win each game, and especially the game with our oldest rival. There should be no abatement in this determination to win, in the "do or die" spirit which gives zest to all healthy outdoor contests. But determination or desire to win should not be the prime motive in any college sport. Interest and belief in a sport for its own sake, and love for the game itself, must be paramount if the sport is to have a high value in student life. It is a sign of degeneracy when college games become merely contests between rivals, in which all the glory is in the winning, and little regard is paid to the intrinsic merits of the game itself. In this connection our colleges have still much to learn. They have gone far in purifying all forms of athletics, and in giving outdoor sport a prominent place in American life. But they will do vastly more if they will accept and spread the truth that interest in a sport for its own sake is far more important than the winning of any contest or the establishment of any boast of superiority. It is not necessary that a team be first or best, but it is imperative that it play well, skilfully, and courageously.

It must be clear, too, that all claims of championship and assumption of superiority are at best of secondary importance, and at times ridiculous, and harmful to the sport in question. Can anything be more puerile than a pretension by any college to the foot-ball championship of America on the basis of the games played last season? If the season demonstrated anything, it demonstrated the impossibility of arranging a series of games, of which the outcome would determine the national

championship. The smaller colleges have learned the game rapidly, and some of them are likely any year to turn out teams that may defeat one or more of the big college teams. Foot-ball knowledge and skill are increasing in the West, and Western colleges will have a right (if honours of championship are to be the chief end of the game) to demand games with the principal claimants. In rowing and in base-ball the disturbing spectre of championship has already been laid to rest, with most fortunate results. There is still more reason why it should be banished from the realms of foot-ball. Every college that is more concerned about foot-ball for its value as a sport, than in questionable exploitation of its own supposed prowess, should arrange for games with its neighbours and its natural rivals, do all in its power to play winning foot-ball, and keep the thought of championship subordinate to a healthy interest in the game itself.

Book Notices.

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.” By Norman Hapgood. New York: The Macmillan Company.

To any one who has felt the rather natural tendency to allow the achievements of Lincoln and the cause he represented to obscure the view of the man himself, this work by Mr. Hapgood should be especially helpful. The author has avoided both the fault of regarding Lincoln as, in the slightest degree, the embodiment of the great causes of freedom and of union, and the mistake of deducing for Lincoln, out of the ideals that he held, an ideal temperament or ideal habits. Mr. Hapgood sees in Lincoln a product of the plains, a “man of the people” in a strict sense, a man “unrivalled among our statesmen in the closeness with which he represents our land.” Since the author purposes to portray vividly the purely human aspect of the War President, he does not indulge in arguments about emancipation or reconstruction, or attempt

to narrate the events of the Civil War. He takes it for granted that his readers are already acquainted with the results of Lincoln's life, and have their own opinions as to the worth of those results. He does not try to demonstrate the exact proportion of praise or blame due to Lincoln for any particular act or for the general conduct of the war. All is subordinated to an effort to give us a clear sight of the *man* behind the achievement, of the man as he was living and working before and during the great strife. In carrying out this purpose, Mr. Hapgood never tries to conceal what is not pretty, never apologizes for acts or sayings that do not accord with conventional propriety or ideals of statesmanship. He maintains that when he has painted Lincoln as "the prairie male as well as the sage and martyr," as "the deft politician as well as the generous statesman," "he will still be great, nobler than ever, because more real."

Naturally, with such an intention, the author has devoted much space to an account of Lincoln's life before the election to the Presidency. From the acts and sayings of the obscure Lincoln can be learned the peculiarities of temperament, the qualities and inclinations of mind, and the basis of the character which was to develop into full grandeur and strength only under the strain of the later conflict. In the story of this early life and in the account of Lincoln's career as President, the author fixes his attention closely upon Lincoln himself. All outside events, all questions of the day, all matters of principle or policy are looked at over Lincoln's shoulder, with reference only to his personality.

We have, then, a suggestive, well-sustained narrative of Lincoln's life, which leaves distinct impressions of his manly character, and of his strongly human, therefore complex personality. He was, according to Mr. Hapgood, truly representative of the Western plains, was a type of pioneer vigour and versatility, and yet possessed traits that were unique and individual. On the one hand, he was marked by unfailing and apt wit, always free and at times coarse, and on the other hand, by the brand of poetic, melancholy reflection. He was noted for sane, clear views on practical and speculative subjects, views that verged on free-thinking, yet through his whole nature ran a vein of unreasoning, dominating superstition. While he remained steadfast in devotion to great moral and social principles, he could, without abandoning his end, safely bend to the needs of the hour. He showed the keenest political adroitness, and in the choice of means, did not rigidly adhere to the highest political

ideals. He did not wait for the office to seek him; when he saw favourable opportunity, he actively sought the office, and put forth all his energy to secure election. Although he refused to make pre-election bargains himself, yet he afterwards carried out agreements which his friends had made to secure his nomination; and in his efforts for reelection to the Presidency, he used all the resources of the Administration, including even the War Department. And yet with him, such temporary and selfish policy was always connected with noble public aims. In this very contest of 1864, "he saw that those who opposed him were working against the public good, and he knew that every point he could make for himself was a point for his country." In the union of easy tact in small matters with steadfastness to noble purposes, Lincoln stood with the people of whom he was a type. "Like them he was careless of many little things and profoundly just on big ones." In spite of all objections that may be urged against particular acts and peculiarities of Lincoln, he was, maintains Mr. Hapgood, essentially the great, devoted patriot, the strong, pure, noble man that popular opinion holds him to be, and he takes his "place high in our minds and hearts, not solely through the natural right of strength and success, but also because his strength is ours, and the success won by him rested on the fundamental purity and health of the popular will of which he was the leader and the servant."

W. M.

"LETTERS OF EMERSON TO A FRIEND." Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Certainly no more fitting tribute could be offered to the memory of a man so justly characterized by Matthew Arnold as "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit" than this little treasury of his unstudied words to a friend; nor do they serve to establish anything more clearly than the truth of Arnold's estimate of the scope and direction of Emerson's greatness. The letters are those of a man pre-occupied with an inspiring optimism, the indomitable resolution to hold to happiness, that breathes such vigor and encouragement into his *Essays*. "But I will not understand," he declares in one of the earlier letters, sounding here privately the appeal of that "Essay on Self Reliance,"—"but I will not understand an expression of sadness in your letter as anything but a momentary shade. For I conceive you as allied

on every side to what is beautiful and inspiring, with noblest purposes in life and with powers to execute your thought. *What space can be allowed you for a moment's despondency?"* Nothing that Emerson published himself makes a nobler appeal than these simple, personal words, and every letter in the volume speaks the same sustained and philosophic cheerfulness.

The letters will add not so very considerably to the literary biography of their time — Longfellow, Lowell, and Hawthorne are mentioned, and the notable figures that Emerson met on his trip to England briefly characterized with the winning and whimsical humor so peculiarly his own. But "devout student and admirer of persons" as he acknowledges himself, Emerson is essentially a solitary. "Men turn me by their mere presence to wood and to stone," and he needs "more than others to run out into new places and multiply his chances for observation and communion." And it is the resulting courageous cheerfulness in the face of the serious aspects of life that gives these letters, as it gave the *Essays* so often foreshadowed here, their spiritual vigor and influence.

W. C. A.

"STALKY AND CO." By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

There is something vaguely disappointing mingled with much that is vastly amusing in these nine tales of schoolboy life published under the title of *Stalky and Co.* The present reviewer must confess to an annoying uncertainty and wavering in his appreciation and estimate of the work. This wavering is largely due to doubts about the author's conscious or unconscious purpose. For once, too, the prefatory verses which we have come to expect in Mr. Kipling's volumes, give us no immediate or definite help.

To take these tales in any general sense as studies in schoolboy life, or to try to find in them much accurate autobiography, is sure to lead to difficulty and dissatisfaction. It is far wiser to accept them for what they appear to be — entertaining accounts of the clever tricks of three irrepressible boys, along with incidental representations of life in an English college in which boys are trained for the United Services, and a final suggestion of the life to which these boys look forward. In the course of the stories Mr. Kipling does bring out accurately and

sympathetically several boyish moods and emotions; but in general his point of view is that of the grown man. Stalky, Beetle, and McTurk are peculiarly Kipling boys, analogous to the well-known Soldiers Three, and unlike the boys of any other author. The contrast with Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn is, as might be expected, very noticeable. In spite of the man's point of view, these boys stand out clearly and individually. Indeed, throughout the volume Mr. Kipling displays a power of distinct and individual characterization that he has not heretofore shown to such an extent except in the Soldiers Three. In addition to the arch mischief-makers themselves, we get most distinct impressions of the head master ("the Prooshian Bates"), and King, one of the house masters. Mr. Kipling has throughout the book endeavoured in subtle and suggestive ways to do honour to the manly character of the head-master; and to make us feel that the three boys, with all their deviltry and disregard of rules, had for him the highest respect and warmest affection, and in this he is distinctly successful. But this persistent effort to exalt the character of the head-master, and to show how the boys could appreciate and applaud severity when it was coupled with good sense, insight, and manliness, seems to have modified the movement of the stories, and is, perhaps, one cause of the mingled impressions made upon a reader.

This volume will scarcely have the popularity of the earlier short stories. But certainly it is entertaining and leaves with one a feeling that one knows the author just a little better than before.

W. M.

"TENNYSON'S PRINCESS." Edited for school use by Charles Townsend Copeland and Henry Milnor Rideout. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company.

Mr. Copeland's introduction is most pleasantly written. Very briefly, and yet sympathetically, the poet's life is sketched, and the chief facts about the poem are so told as best to aid the school-boy in reading it understandingly, and to lead him further into the total range of Tennyson's work. The notes give concisely the required help in the matter of puzzling detail. There is also a brief chronological table; and the simple analysis of some of the peculiarities in the blank verse will prove of much service to the younger readers.

Books Received.

"THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON." Selected and Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Sidney Colvin. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"WILD EDEN." Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"THE ADVENTURES OF A FRESHMAN." By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"SMITH BRUNT. A Tale of the Old Navy." By Waldron K. Post. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"THE PROLOGUE, KNIGHT'S TALE, AND NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE. From Chaucer's Canterbury Tales." Riverside Literature Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"DIFFERENCES." By Hervey White. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

"THE DUTCH AND OTHER QUAKER COLONIES IN AMERICA." By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"GOD'S EDUCATION OF MAN." By William DeWitt Hyde. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"TWO TRAGEDIES OF SENECA: MEDEA AND THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY." Rendered into English Verse, with an Introduction, by Ella Isabel Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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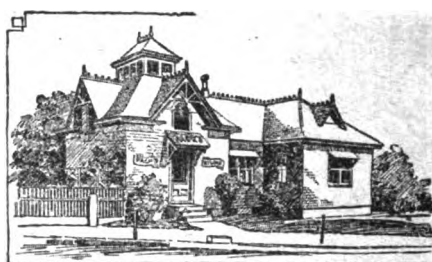
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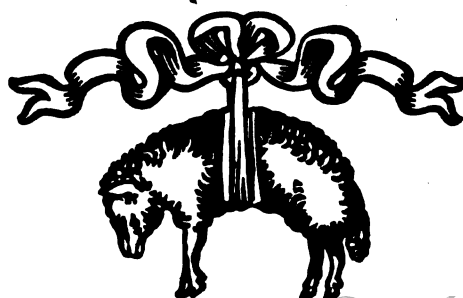
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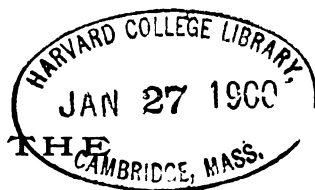
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SCHOLARSHIPS, AT OXFORD AND AT HARVARD.

THERE were few things which struck me more when I came to Harvard than the position,—or rather the want of position,—of the holders of scholarships in this University, as compared with the state of things to which I had been accustomed as an undergraduate and as a tutor at Oxford. The Oxford teacher is accustomed to find that most of the students of ability with whom he comes into contact are “Scholars of their colleges”; they are marked out from their comrades by gowns of larger amplitude; and the first piece of information which a teacher receives of a man is that he is a Scholar of such and such a college,—a circumstance regarded as creditable in every case, and peculiarly creditable when the college is one of intellectual distinction. In the University Calendar (which corresponds to the American Catalogue), the list of the Scholars of each college is printed after the list of Fellows and before that of Commoners (or undergraduates “not on the foundation”); in the chapel, the Scholars have their own special place, and in many colleges wear surplices on Sunday like the Fellows. From the ranks of the Scholars, with the rarest exceptions, is derived in the course of years the teaching force of the University—College Tutors and University Professors and Readers; they contribute most of the upper masters to the great schools; and the most successful among these, becoming Head-masters, acquire a social dignity unknown to their profession in America. And when any man of any sort of distinction dies in England, if he happens to have been a Scholar of his college in his youth, as is

•

often the case, that is a fact which no newspaper editor would dream of omitting from the obituary notice.

I need hardly say that I did not find the "holders of scholarships" at Harvard anything like so conspicuous, so marked out from the rest of the undergraduates. I found that most of the undergraduates of ability with whom I came into contact did not hold scholarships; that many men held scholarships who were ill-educated and stupid, however well meaning; and once or twice, when I was very new to the place, and happened to ask a man whether he held a scholarship, the question was received with surprise, and, if I am not very much mistaken, with a certain annoyance.

The editors of this magazine seem to think that some explanation of this striking contrast may be of interest to their readers; and their request must be my apology for what follows. But let me make it plain at the outset that my praise of the English system does not necessarily involve condemnation of the American. It could readily be shown, if there were opportunity, that each is bound up with the social organisation and social ideals of the country to which it belongs; and I fully recognise the inestimable benefits which Harvard scholarships have conferred upon very many individuals, and through them upon the community. Moreover, the contrast with which I started would perhaps be just a little misleading if applied to English academic life as a whole in comparison with American. What I have said of Oxford would, I am told, require some modification for Cambridge; and even in some Oxford colleges there are certain "exhibitions" (*i. e.*, scholarships of small amount), which are bestowed on deserving persons of no very marked intellectual attainments. Still the contrast with Oxford remains visible enough; and to that I shall confine myself.

The fundamental explanation is to be found in the fact that at Oxford the scholarships are thrown open to general competition by all comers, without regard to the pecuniary means of their parents. Let me add at once that "appointments" are not made as in American Universities for one year only, but as a rule for four years,—in practice, if

not always in theory. Each college announces a year beforehand the date of its scholarship examination, and the schools send up most of their cleverest boys for one or more of the competitions. I suppose a duke or a millionaire might feel some scruple about his son's taking a scholarship; but the duke or millionaire has probably but rarely any occasion to perplex himself with the case of conscience. Very occasionally a wealthy parent who wishes that his clever boy should enjoy the distinction of a scholarship privately declines, or repays, the allotted stipend. With these quite unimportant exceptions, the scholarships are freely competed for and gained by representatives of all social classes; and this has come to be so much a matter of course in England that I do not remember ever to have heard it criticised. The highest dignitaries of the church, country squires, Her Majesty's judges, head-masters of great schools, lawyers with large practices, popular physicians, celebrated artists, are all overjoyed when their sons win scholarships at a famous college. Dr. Arnold had been Head-master of Rugby twelve years when Matthew was elected at Balliol. Among the Balliol scholars a little junior to me was the son of the great violinist Joaquim. When I was in England last year, the son of my old History tutor at Balliol, Mr. A. L. Smith, one of the best-known of Oxford dons, was elected to a scholarship at his father's college. As soon as the announcement appeared in the papers, everybody in Oxford went about making pretty speeches about the appropriateness of the distinction. But if my son were ever to present himself as a candidate for a Harvard scholarship, I should certainly be referred to p. 484 of the Catalogue, and the severe words: "A student who is not in need of aid cannot honorably apply for a scholarship."

Now I am perfectly aware how absurd the Oxford usage invariably appears to the common-sense American when he first hears of it. What! spend a large part of the income of a college in stipends to students whose fathers are perfectly well able to pay for them themselves! But this is not yet a logical world; and many a comical absurdity has its practical advantages. And the Oxford system has two most important

results. In the first place, it prevents the scholarship from being associated with poverty, or with the defective breeding which unfortunately poverty too often brings with it. When most of the scholars of a college are just as much "gentlemen" in the conventional sense of the word, and many come from the same great schools, as other undergraduates, the holding of a scholarship cannot of itself involve any social stigma. I do not for a moment wish to imply that such a stigma is involved in America. I know how indignantly, and with what justice, this would be denied. But it certainly would be the case in England, if scholarships were restricted to men "in indigent circumstances." If anyone is inclined to shake his head, and blame or lament English snobishness, I can only say that I also would make English society something very different from what it is, if I had the making of it. Meanwhile, the "indigent" student who gets a scholarship at Oxford,—and every year quite poor men do win scholarships,—receives an amount of social esteem which no other system could there secure for him. He is known by all to have won his place by his brains, in a keen competition with men who have enjoyed every social advantage; and he is respected accordingly.

A word of further explanation, however, is necessary. The amount of a scholarship is usually a good deal larger than in America. Four hundred dollars is the usual amount; and this goes somewhat further in England than the like sum over here. And, then, many of the men who win scholarships at the colleges bring with them also scholarships from their schools, tenable at the university; three hundred dollars is a common amount. Thus every year sees the arrival in Oxford of a number of quite poor men, sometimes from the very humblest classes, who combine with first-class abilities (so far as any human tests can ascertain) the enjoyment of an income which enables them to dress like their associates, to have comfortable rooms, and to give all their working time for four years to the studies of the place. The fact is that if a man does not see his way to pay his expenses at the university without "outside work" in term time, he does not come. The man who is "working his

way through college " is almost an unknown figure in Oxford. Many a man in America and Scotland has in this way won an education for himself with a persistence and a self-denial which have done honour to human nature. Yes: it must be confessed that Oxford *is* snobbish! And yet I have received circulars from Harvard students asking my help,—practically, my alms,—in ways of earning a livelihood which have made me blush for the University. I think I would prefer that my son did not go to college at all than that he should go on such terms.

The second good result of the Oxford system is that it gives the schools something to work for incomparably higher than the examinations which correspond to the American entrance examination. "Fitting for college" in America is apparently a synonym for preparing men to satisfy the "entrance requirements." When, as is now occasionally the case, an intelligent boy taught at a good school is "ready for college" at sixteen or seventeen, as he ought to be, neither his masters nor his parents know what to do with him for a year or even two. In the English schools, on the other hand, it may be said with substantial accuracy that the object is to prepare boys to win scholarships, and that incidentally, and on the road to this, the average boy is got ready to satisfy the requirements of mere entrance. The announcements in the newspapers of elections to scholarships invariably give the name of the schools from which the several boys come; and to be successful in getting scholarships with your boys is one of the surest ways to make the reputation of a school. Clifton, under Dr. Percival, the present Bishop of Hereford, and the City of London School, under Dr. Abbott, the well-known New Testament critic, are brilliant cases in point. I know what can be said of the iniquity of introducing ideas of competition into education; when I left Oxford I was myself in the full current of reaction against it. But one cannot help seeing the unfortunate results of the lack in America of any effective educational ideals for the clever boy other than those set before the average boy; and, after all, boys are not so sensitive and nervous as high-minded theorists sometimes imagine.

It is curious that at the very time when educational reformers in England are busily occupied in completing the scholarship system by introducing its principles into secondary education, and so providing a "ladder from the Board School to the University," the state of affairs in regard to "pecuniary aid" in the American colleges should be calling forth expressions of concern from the most eminent academic authorities. I have certainly not had the experience which would justify me in expressing any very strong opinion on the subject; and I should be sorry if anyone supposed that I advocated the wholesale "introduction of the English system." But I have had the honour to serve for two or three years on the Committee for Undergraduate Scholarships in Harvard College, and there are one or two impressions which have been gradually left on my mind, and which those who know more about the difficulties of the situation may take for what they are worth.

My impression, then, in the first place, is that, as things are at present, there are too many scholarships and grants of aid in Harvard College. By "too many" I mean that some time before the Committee gets to the bottom of its list of assignments it is obliged to content itself with the most meagre evidence of knowledge or ability on the part of the beneficiaries. There are not enough "indigent" men of ascertainable intellectual power applying for scholarships to make up the number. Another impression is that the scholarships are of too small amount; that there are far too few of four hundred dollars and far too many of one hundred and fifty or less. It is surely a wasteful employment of a nation's most valuable resources — the intellectual powers of its citizens — to compel men who ought to be giving to their studies the whole of the time not needed for rest or recreation to expend half their energies in scraping together a livelihood by typewriting. For this reason I cannot agree with the proposition of President Hadley in his Inauguration Address,—if I understood him rightly,—that the wise policy of the university is to aim at the multiplication of the means of self-maintenance open to indigent students. If a man is worth helping at all, I cannot but think that he is worth helping adequately. Certainly

I know of no more pathetic figure than the gaunt and ill-clad student who "can't get more than C because he has to do so much outside work." At Harvard, as elsewhere, there are doubtless difficulties in the way of any far-reaching change; though I should have thought, by the accumulation of two or more scholarships on one head or otherwise, the obstacles could be surmounted. But if only some little progress could be made in this direction, while the total amount of pecuniary aid remains unchanged, this would of course *pro tanto* diminish the number of scholarships, and so enable, or rather compel, the appointing committee to insist on a tolerably satisfactory standard of attainment on the part of every one of the recipients.

My last suggestion must be even more tentative and hesitating. When I served on the Scholarship Committee, it was, I think, only our well-grounded confidence in the acumen of the Dean of the College, our Chairman, which gave us any reason, in many cases of Price Greenleaf Aid, for believing in the wisdom of our awards. The Dean seemed to possess an unerring instinct as to just how much was meant by a testimonial to "exceptional ability" from a master who had never sent up a boy before, accompanied by a commendatory letter from the young man's mother's most intimate lady friend. I have wondered since whether the University can count upon having acumen of this order always at its service; and whether it would not be possible to make use of the Entrance Examinations to provide data more easily interpretable. If the grants of Price Greenleaf Aid were raised in amount and lessened in number; if pains were taken to make them known in every part of the country; and examinations were held in every state of the union; it is at any rate possible that the competition would be more keen and fruitful than at present. Examination is an evil but a necessary one; and it seems to me that in this connexion, as in others, the University may find itself led to make more use of them, and to treat them more seriously.

W. J. Ashley.

THE EMANCIPATION OF GREENE.

AS I walked with the crowd from Lower Massachusetts, I felt a tap on my shoulder. Greene, my neighbor in the course, joined me to discuss the lecture.

I don't remember ever being introduced to Greene; I happened to sit by him in some courses, and we had struck up a sort of class-room acquaintance. Quite frequently we walked from lecture to lecture, or to the parting of our ways, and thanks to his ever-ready discussion of our common studies, I was able to keep alive some sort of interest in them. He was about five years my senior, and wore a moustache. If he had not sat next to me I should have put him down as an assistant in History or English, and called him "Mr." when I talked to him: but whenever we were together he was always careful to assume an air of perfect equality with me, which roused my gratitude and compelled me to like him. His notebooks, too, had been useful during the "Hour Exams."

The lecture had been prolific of difficulties to my companion's mind, and he vented his opinions until we were in the Square. Then I was able to ask a question for myself.

"Have you got the notes on the philosophy reading? I've been pretty busy lately and haven't had time to do it." I wished to be plausible with him.

He had notes, very full ones, he said, in his study.

"Can I walk up to your room and look over them for a while?" I asked.

"Certainly,—er—that is," he added, somewhat embarrassed, "perhaps you don't know I'm married."

"Oh, really," I answered, trying to conceal my astonishment:—the contingency had by no means occurred to me.

"That's all right," he said, laughing at my expression. "Come along; my wife won't be there; she's sure to be out walking with the baby."

Then he had a baby as well as a wife. I felt staggered. I had often before discovered without warning that a friend of mine was married, and yet sustained no great shock, but this news somehow upset me. It changed my views so entirely to think that this mild little man, who was learning the elements of History and Philosophy by my side, and whom I had considered only as a very small drop in the great University bucket, should turn out to be a husband and a father.

I followed him toward his home.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" I asked soon, inanely.

"A boy,— twenty-one months,— fat as a cherub," he answered with paternal pride. "We feed him on Mellin's Food."

Feeling that he had now admitted me into his secret, so to speak, he launched into a eulogy of his son and heir which lasted till we reached a tall, red-brick building on Massachusetts Avenue, covered with hideous copper-sheathed bay-windows. We mounted five flights of steep stairs.

"The baby comes up in the trunk elevator," Greene explained.

"I see," panted I.

He opened the door and led me through a small and dark corridor to his study. It was a neat little room, with a Madonna print hung over the roll-top desk, and two photographs of some country house on the opposite wall. I took a chair by the window and began to read Greene's notes, while he busied himself over some papers. After ten minutes or so I heard the front door open, and a woman's voice humming to the rattling of a perambulator.

"Excuse me a moment," said Greene, jumping up and leaving. Very soon I heard his voice in the next room, as though intoning a psalm, with intervals of gurgling and delighted shrieking from the infant.

When I had transcribed the essentials of Greene's notes to my own book, I rose and rattled my chair. Greene immediately answered the summons. I muttered apologies for my interruption and thanks for his notes, and after encountering the baby-carriage in the darkness, found the door.

It was some time before Greene went so far as to mention his family to me again, but from that day on his attitude toward me entirely changed. I was now something more to him than a mere fellow-student; he treated me as his friend. As a return for the information he gave me for my courses, he asked innumerable and quite intelligent questions about the other side of college. He showed a lively interest in foot-ball and rowing, in the various methods of loafing, in the qualities of the drama I was familiar with. It was evident that he desired a general education.

One afternoon he took my arm and led me gently, as he talked, into Leavitt's, suggesting a game of billiards. Greene was a useless player, but I was worse, so that after about an hour's toil he ran out the requisite fifty. It seemed to tickle him immensely that he should have defeated me on my own ground, so to speak. He patted me on the back and sympathized with much laughter. As I went by the door, a voice said in my ear :

"Who's your grind friend, Bill?"

I passed on with scorn.

Outside, my "grind friend" put his arm on my shoulder and began in an impressive though rather tentative voice :

"Grosvenor, I wonder if you won't come and dine with us to-morrow night. My wife has often heard me speak of you, and I feel sure she would like to meet you."

In my confusion and surprise I accepted. Greene seemed delighted, and left me with a last slap of affection, saying :

"We dine at six: don't forget!"

The next evening I arrived punctually and, as I hoped, suitably dressed. Greene, with great ceremony, introduced me to his wife, who rustled forward and gave me a limp hand. She seemed to me a typical New Englander, and I wondered a little how she came to marry Greene, who lived in Reading, Pa. She had a high, convex forehead and thin hair parted in the middle. Her cold grey eyes and hard, expressionless mouth did not seem thoroughly to approve of me, and her sharp,

upturned nose seemed doubtful about my character. In appearance, she was neither beautiful nor ugly, and she just lacked sweetness of expression on account of her over-strong mouth and the distrustful look of her eye.

By the time we sat down, Mrs. Greene had evidently made up her mind about me; she began questioning me about the manifold temptations of college life, as though I were an authority.

She took up the evils of athletics and of society. Then she came nearer home.

"Are there not," she asked, "a great many students who, without even being athletes, most persistently neglect their studies?"

I gave a qualified assent.

"They must," she continued, "be a great nuisance and a very bad example to the real hard workers."

"The real hard workers," I tried to explain, "live in a class by themselves; you see, many men come to college not entirely to study, but also to get a certain experience of life that they can't get anywhere else. And they don't usually look for it inside the four walls of Gore Hall Library."

"For my part," Greene broke in, "I consider a certain amount of freedom from work most beneficial." Mrs. Greene turned a look of surprise on him, but he continued, "Companionship with men of different temperaments is very civilizing and broadens the views remarkably. And as for a little amusement, I think it does no harm; in fact, it makes you all the fresher for your work."

Apparently "amusement" was to Mrs. Greene as a red flag to a bull; from her expression it must have embodied in its broad meaning all the most wicked vices her mind could conceive of. Amazed and flushed at her husband's audacity, she was preparing a withering and crushing retort, when the infant came to the rescue. He saw that his mother needed sympathy, and stretching forward from his chair in a burst of affection, he applied to the maternal cheeks two loving little handfuls of mashed potato.

I could not refrain from one giggle, but Greene judiciously hid a smile in his napkin. Mrs. Greene firmly reproved her son's ardor, which called forth an unfortunate outburst of tears. With but one angry glance at me, as though I had caused all the trouble, she picked up the child and swiftly left the room.

When she returned, there was a decided chill. I tried to talk of psychology in the kindergarten, of which I knew nothing. Poor Greene felt that things had not turned out quite well, and I wished myself anywhere else. At the earliest opportunity I made an excuse of some thesis, and left.

It was not till the "Mid-Years" were beginning that I plucked up courage to call. The "help" told me that Mrs. Greene was out, but Greene, hearing my voice, cheerily called me in.

"I'm sure you'll do me a favor, Grosvenor," he said, as I entered the study. "Won't you take a bundle for me up to the Square, if you're going that way? I'm getting out notes in Phil. 35, and having them sold at Amee's."

It certainly was evident that something unusual was occurring. The study, so neat before, was covered almost all over with sheets of inky, type-written paper. Mrs. Greene, clasping a black, shiny roller, rose and bowed stiffly from behind a copying-machine. She wore a much-begrimed thing that resembled an artist's blouse: her face had a discouraged look, and on her cheeks were several large black smudges.

"My fingers are too dirty to shake hands with you," she said sadly. "I wish Edward had used the blue ink instead of this stuff: they say it's not nearly so messy."

"You know you wanted the black yourself, my dear," Edward said timidly. "You said it came out more clearly. Here are the notes, Grosvenor. Just tell him I'll have the rest down as soon as I possibly can. I'm ever so much obliged to you for this."

I took up a dozen or so well-thumbed copies that Greene extricated from a pile of sticky sheets, and tucking them under my arm, bowed myself out.

When I found Greene sitting by my side again at the end of the examinations, he seemed very glad to see me. Two or three times he leaned toward me to say something and then stopped. But as we went out he approached me and said in the most cheerful manner :

"My wife has gone to live with her mother, and I've got a room in the Yard."

I expressed my astonishment and regret.

"Oh, it's all for the best," he said complacently. "She had no friends here, and my work kept me from her a great deal. I think, too, the country air will agree with her better than Cambridge."

I wondered if those little differences of opinion had anything to do with the change of air. Certainly Greene himself did not appear to feel the separation keenly ; in fact, he seemed to have thoroughly persuaded himself that everything in it was for his wife's advantage.

From that time on his life changed. He spoke less to me, and more to other men. He made friends in his building and out of it, and very soon had a fair assortment of acquaintances. One day as I went down to Soldiers' Field I saw him running past me in base-ball clothes. It struck me that possibly Mrs. Greene was not in the secret. Still he stuck manfully to his work of civilization. He began taking occasional cuts, and once I saw him fall asleep over the explanation of Kant. Things reached a climax when, one day, I saw next to me an ill-favored stranger in knickerbockers, whom I recognised with an effort as Greene without his moustache.

It was not long before the strain began to tell, and Greene gradually quieted down again to his old life. Perhaps he was suffering from his conscience, perhaps it was merely his old industrious habits reasserting themselves. Whatever the matter was, before long Greene became very much the retiring busy student that he used to be.

But one day he rushed in very late to Philosophy, with the unusual decoration of a white pink, and an air of satisfaction on his face. It was a delightful day, full of the scent of Spring, and I found more pleasure in listening to the birds twittering and the sprouting creepers

rustling against the open windows, than to the machine-like drone of the lecturer. The whole class was restless, and at the end of the lecture rose as one man and rushed for the doors. I was among the last out, and just beyond the gate, some ten yards ahead of me, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Greene talking gaily together, and each with one hand pushing their baby-carriage, while the fond hope of his father sat proudly within, and clasped in his chubby arms a big, black note-book.

W. Grosvenor.

*STEVENSON THE MAN, AS REVEALED IN THE LETTERS.*¹

ANY notice of the Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson demands a fore-word of unqualified praise for the work of the compiler and editor. Mr. Colvin had a difficult task, but in the performance of it he has exercised absolute good taste and unerring discrimination in the selection of material. The introduction, the biographical details, and the running notes are judicious and helpful. His entire work is accomplished in a spirit of modesty, loyalty, true literary feeling, and intelligent zeal.

It has been well said that the letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett cannot with any pleasure be read aloud, but must be read in private, and even then a reader never loses the feeling that he is wantonly prying into holy things. Stevenson's letters, on the other hand, demand sociability, and should be read aloud to one or two companion spirits before an open fire. They are unfailingly entertaining and unendingly suggestive; they are a treasure-house in which the student of current literature may long search before exhausting the riches. In them more fully than in his studied writings are found

¹ "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to His Family and Friends." Selected and edited, with notes and introduction, by Sidney Colvin. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

spontaneous, uncomposed statements of his religious and moral beliefs, of his artistic ideals, standards, and tastes, his opinions of life in general and of his particular friends and favourite authors. But none of the contributions which his letters lavishly bring is comparable in interest to the frank, yet unconscious, revelation of the writer's temperament and character, and of the progressive unfolding of his ever ripening genius and glowing human sympathies.

He began as a crude youth with gorgeous but shifting dreams and obtrusive eagerness to write cleverly. Then came strife between his desires and inherited notions of duty, the effort to reconcile traditional beliefs and customs with the truth, and beauty, and joy which his clear, hopeful eye perceived in the world and in life; along with this came the effort to perfect his technique, to see the world and adjust himself to it, to gather knowledge of people and books. Then after patient endeavour and struggles with personal cares and ill-health, came the period in which he worked, and enjoyed working, with some taste of success, with consciousness of his powers and knowledge of how to use them, with an assured attitude toward life and realization of his place in it. All this growth is evident in the letters. What a difference there is between his first affected phrasings of slight incident and ill-considered opinion and the mature, sincere, and perfectly appropriate expression of man's best and deepest feelings toward God, in the prayer written on the day before his death!

To describe the man, with the strong character and charming personality that shine out even from the early letters, is not an easy task — so many-sided was he, with such a variety of moods, such depth and extent of affection, and such a multitude of interests. I can but indicate the salient traits, the dominating moods and impulses of this versatile genius.

Any attempt to appreciate the man must take account of his egotism, for he was egotistical and self-conscious. Yet the effect upon his life and his relations to others was far different from what we ordinarily associate with those terms, for into the self and the life, of which he was steadily

conscious, he took so many of his friends and so many varying interests, and made them part of himself and of his own concerns, that there is a total absence of the mean feeling of selfishness. "I am a rogue at egotism myself," he wrote to a distant correspondent, "and to be plain, I have rarely or never liked any man who was not. The first step to discovering the beauties of God's universe is usually a (perhaps partial) apprehension of such of them as adorn our own characters. When I see a man who does not think pretty well of himself, I always suspect him of being in the right."

Most noticeable throughout these letters is a pervading sunshine, warm, cheery, and invigorating. A little cloud, now and then, passes over the scene but is quickly dispersed by the compelling warmth. In an early letter written in the midst of the severe Scotch weather which was always so hard upon him, there is a note of cheeriness that is typical of the marvellous good spirits manifested by him throughout a life of 'depressing ill health: "What a wintry letter this is. Only I think it is winter seen from the inside of a warm greatcoat. And there is at least a warm heart about it somewhere." This gladness of heart which so seldom deserted him was something more than cheerful patience, or passive good nature; it was in him a glorifying good humour, an aggressive force, a glowing warmth that brightened and enlivened all who surrounded him. In a rather gloomy letter, written in one of the darkest periods of his life, he breaks out: "But some time or other I shall whistle and sing, I make no doubt." Whistle and sing, he did, under nearly all circumstances. He bursts forth frequently in irrepressible wit, quick, illuminating humour, and inimitable fooling. Moreover, as later illustrations will show, his entire view of life was coloured by his lightheartedness and quest for joy.

Interwoven with gaiety of spirit was his warm human love and interest. He understood men, for he was very thoroughly a man himself. He shared the most essential and fundamental human feelings and desires, and felt that nothing in life that was opposed to these natural feelings could be of real value. Though weak in body and obliged to take con-

stant care of himself, possessed also of rich poetic fancy, and fineness of feeling that was somewhat feminine, yet he was moved strongly by the more primitive masculine instincts, and was eager for physical buffeting with a difficult world. The power of strong sympathy was his also. He had that insight or penetration which enabled him to get beyond the manner, the act, the apparent motive, to the essence of the men for whom he cared. With such wide interests and depth of affection, and with ability to see what was really worthy of interest and affection, it is no wonder that he impressed himself strongly on his friends, and later on even his readers. In his own life, too, he craved chiefly human companionship and sympathy, and was generally fortunate in securing them. Once when alone in San Francisco, ill and poor, he wrote to a friend: "And not one soul gives me any news about people or things; everybody writes me sermons. . . . If one of you could write me a letter with a jest in it, a letter like what is written to real people in this world — I am still flesh and blood — I should enjoy it."

Sanity of a very positive kind is the other prominent quality of Stevenson's nature. It is the natural accompaniment of a rounded, healthy personality, of a clear intellect helped by the saving grace of humour. Such sanity combined with active cheerfulness, with intensely human tendencies and sympathies, and with poetic fervour and fancy, amounts to almost unerring insight. And, indeed, such clearness of vision, sureness of penetration, and soundness of judgment are conspicuous in all his personal letters. They colour his entire expression, and keep him from absurd extremes both in phrasing and in opinion.

To illustrate vividly these most characteristic traits of Stevenson — sanity, humanity, and compelling cheerfulness — one needs but consider his views on religion and art.

Only, indeed, because of the qualities that I have just described did religion become so potent in Stevenson's life. Instead of simply revolting against the harsh creed of his fathers and thereafter dismissing the whole matter from his life, Stevenson, yielding to natural seriousness of purpose and to impulses of gratitude and worship, pushed aside inherited

modes of thought and seized upon essential, universal truths. His religious feelings are more than individual. He inclines to no creed, is troubled with no intellectual doubts, but goes straight to the gospel of love and happiness, finding in it all that is needed to cheer and help human frailty. The reason why people in general do not have more "assurance" in religion is, he says, because they "speak so much in large-drawn theological similitudes, and won't say out what they mean about life, and man, and God, in fair and square human language. . . . A kind of black, angry look goes with that statement of the law of negatives (the Ten Commandments). 'To love one's neighbour as oneself' is certainly much harder, but states life so much more actively, gladly, and kindly, that you can begin to see some pleasure in it; and till you can see pleasure in these hard choices and bitter necessities, where is there any Good News to men?" The positiveness of this view of religion and the joy that he feels is man's natural inheritance are still more impressively stated in a few words from one of his own prayers: "Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour smiling. . . . As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation." His sound comment upon methods of Christianizing foreign peoples might well be placed in golden letters on the wall of every mission house (the italics are his): "Forget wholly and forever small pruderies, and remember that *you cannot change ancestral feelings of right and wrong without what is practically soul murder.*" More unusual, and yet equally penetrating and characteristic, is his view on philanthropic work in general, in which he commends "purposes of innocent recreation, which, after all, are the only certain means at our disposal for bettering human life."

Quite as much of the man, however, enters into his expressions upon the purpose and aims of art, and methods of attaining success. Consider first the practical soundness of his advice on literary exercise: "I believe in the covering of much paper, each time with a definite and not too difficult artistic purpose; and then from time to time, drawing oneself up and trying, in a superior effort, to combine the facilities thus

acquired or improved." And again: "*In moments of effort one learns to do the easy things that people like.* There is the golden maxim; thus one should strain and then play, strain again and play again. The strain is for us, it educates; the play is for the reader, and pleases." The prosaic common sense of this counsel reminds us of early critics, especially Ben Jonson with his insistence upon frequent exercise. Yet how different from the views of Jonson is Stevenson's idea of the purpose and result of art. Again, the essential qualities of his nature assert themselves. Art must be joyous, it "is a diversion and a decoration," in which "no triumph or effort is of value, nor anything worth reaching except charm." He craves romance, and shuns gloomy realism. Yet he objects to realistic methods only when the result is displeasing. "Real art, whether ideal or realistic, addresses precisely the same feeling, and seeks the same qualities — significance or charm." As to the content of art, he insists that man and life are ever above and beyond all art, and must supply art with its material. He admits that he is a "person who prefers life to art, and who knows it is a far finer thing to be in love, or to risk a danger, than to paint the finest picture or write the noblest book." He cares "for nothing but the moral and the dramatic, not a jot for the picturesque or the beautiful, other than about people." No matter what the form or method, the more of the essentially human, the more of the significant in life can be put into any work of art, the better, by just so much, is that production: "the comedy which keeps the beauty and touches the terrors of our life (laughter and tragedy-in-a-good-humour having kissed), that is the last word of moved representation; embracing the greatest number of elements of fate and character; and telling its story, not with the one eye of pity, but with the two of pity and mirth." But in the choice of subject for a work that aims at significance or charm, and that is to contain the greatest number of elements of fate and character, much will depend on the man who writes. "The sufferings of life may be handled by the very greatest in their hours of insight; it is of its pleasures that our common poems should be formed." And once the

material is given, "in any case and under any fashion, the great man produces beauty, terror, and mirth, and the little man produces cleverness (personalities, psychology) instead of beauty, ugliness instead of terror, and jokes instead of mirth."

A final quotation from one of Stevenson's letters to a critic is perhaps the most concise available expression of the whole man, of his character, temperament, and aims: "Not only do I believe that literature should give joy, but I see a universe, I suppose, eternally different from yours; a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe, where suffering is not at least wantonly inflicted, though it falls with dispassionate partiality, but where it may be and generally is nobly borne; where, above all, . . . *any brave man may make* out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so being, beneficent to those about him. And if he fails, why should I hear him weeping? I mean if I fail, why should I weep? Why should *you* hear *me*? Then, to me, morals, the conscience, the affections, and the passions are, I will own frankly and sweepingly, so infinitely more important than the other parts of life, that I conceive men rather triflers who become immersed in the latter; and I will always think the man who keeps his lip stiff, and makes 'a happy fireside clime,' and carries a pleasant face about to friends and neighbours, infinitely greater (in the abstract) than an atrabilious Shakespeare or a back-biting Kant or Darwin. No offence to any of these gentlemen, two of whom probably (one for certain) came up to my standard."

No matter what limitations Stevenson the author may have had, we must grant that as a man he displayed the very qualities which we have come to regard as the highest — sweetness and sunshine, poetic fancy and insight, clear human vision and warm sympathies — all that makes one a charming companion, a valued friend, a man of honour, and a gentleman.

William Morrow.

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW PARTS.

"**S**HALL I fetch mo' logs fo' de fire, Marse? It's mos' out."

"Reckon you better, Chad," answered Colonel Harris, who was busily sorting spoons and forks at a table across the room, "'cause the folks who're comin' here this eve'n' will be nigh frozen."

Chad shuffled noisily into an adjoining room, where presently he was heard chopping and splitting and intermittently observing aloud, "Dat's de un'er-cut; dat's de upper-cut; an' dat's de Fit'simmon's knock-out." He soon reappeared loaded to the chin with kindling and split-logs, which he piled in a heap on the yellow brick tiling in front of the fire-place. Then, slowly and carefully, he lowered himself to a half-kneeling, half-crouching posture beside "de combus'sels," which he began laying, one by one, on the live red wood embers.

The Colonel finished counting his silver and sank wearily into an arm-chair drawn up to the fire. He stretched his long, thin legs towards the blaze which, under Chad's replenishing, was leaping in fitful blue tongues up the wide-throated chimney. His great, reddened hands hung at his sides, and his sharp, beady eyes, that looked out from beneath shaggy gray brows, rested steadily on his negro servant.

For more than thirty years the Colonel and Chad had lived at Harris Inn. They had come to the tavern when the Colonel was a very young man, and when Chad was "de bes' jiggin' nigger" in Missouri. During the first years of the Colonel's occupancy, the Inn had been the scene of many a dance and dinner; but these festivities had of late decreased in number until there was only an annual New Year's Eve dance. To this dance, the country folks for miles round Westport were invited, and the young and the old, "them married and them unspliced," assembled to regale themselves in the low, square public room of the Inn. On such an occasion, the room was stripped of its usual pine furnishings; the floor was "tallowed with candle peelin's"; and the walls and high oak rafters were draped with flags and bunting. Then,

with old Dan Banta, the town fiddler, sitting in a corner playing waltzes and lancers, and with Chad, in a "b'iled" shirt and a long white apron, "bustlin' round a-servin' thin's," the dance ran on quite merrily far into New Year's morning.

It was the afternoon of the day before New Year's that found Chad and his "Marse" fixing things for the coming dance. They had "slicked" the floor and decorated the walls, and the Colonel, with characteristic care, had laid out his "Sunday best" silver.

"Chad," said his "Marse," who for some minutes had been silently watching the old negro at work with the fire, "Chad, why ain't you never gone and got married?"

"Lawd-a-massy, Marse!" exclaimed Chad, half rising in his surprise, and staring at the Colonel with great wide-apart eyes, "what yo' as' dat fo'?"

"Ain't you never had a sweetheart, Chad?"

"Mayb' so, Marse," was the non-committal reply, "mayb' so." Then with a little chuckle, Chad added, "Spec's I hab, suh; mos' niggers hab seb'rel."

"Then why ain't you never married?" persisted the Colonel.

There was a silence, broken only by an occasional little chuckle from Chad.

"Marse," said he, at last, "yo' knows de ole swimmin' hole in de Big Muddy, does you?"

The Colonel nodded.

"Well, dey was a baptisin' dere twelve, fifteen yeahs 'go. I's baptied 'long wid a gang o' country niggers. When de pa'son done seen us all in de water, he yell out, 'Drap un'er, niggers!' An', o' course, I draps, jes' like a dade coon. But when I tries to git outen ag'in, dey's sumfin a-stan'in' on me, dey was dat, Marse, an' I riz 'long wid it, an' what you reckon it was, suh? Lawd-a-massy, bless my soul! if it wa'n't Delfie, my honey! An' she went a-swashin' in de ribber—she did, fo' a fac'."

Chad was again on his knees before the fire, industriously "jabbin'"

the big logs. "Marse," he said, when he again turned his wrinkled black face towards the Colonel, "Delfie neber fo'gib dat duckin', 'deed she neber."

"Delfie," repeated the Colonel, questioningly, "Delfie?"

"What wo'ks for Miss Ga'by," explained Chad, in a sober voice. "An' Marse," he continued, confidently, "she ain't neber married no livin' pussen yit."

"Miss Garvey's Delfie," repeated the Colonel thoughtfully, his eyes bent on the woolly-gray head of his old servant. Then a smile overspread his face, and he laughed very softly.

"Well, Chad," he murmured, so gently that only he himself heard, "I'm goin' to borrow Delfie to help you with the servin' to-night."

The Colonel's New Year's Eve dances began early and lasted long, and it was not many hours after the mid-winter sun had set in a haze of purpling gray clouds that the guests began to arrive. They came on foot, on horse-back, or in rude, wood sleighs, which crunched heavily over the hard-packed snow in the tavern yard. Muffled in a big fur coat, the Colonel stamped up and down before the barn door, only pausing in his march to grasp the hand of a new arrival or to aid Chad in unhitching a guest's horse. By seven o'clock, the last of the "invited uns" having straggled in, the Colonel bade every one gather at table for dinner.

When the meal was over the guests returned to the public room, where Dan Banta was tuning up for the opening dance. Squatted in a low, splint-bottomed chair, a little group of "th' old uns" seated round him, Dan sawed noisily on his fiddle till the strings sounded sharp and true; then with a sweep of his arm, he drew one deep, scratchy strain, and struck up "Black-eyed Susan." The young men and girls paired off quickly, and were soon "steppin' lively," to Dan's inspiring music; while from their corner by the fire the old folks looked on with shining faces. Chad and Delfie moved through the company with plates piled high with cake and chicken; while the Colonel — why, the Colonel was everywhere!

Among the guests to whom he was especially attentive was Miss Garvey, Delfie's mistress, a slender, fair, little woman, whom forty years of simple country living had left still fresh and good to look upon. In her younger days, Miss Garvey — Miss Julia she was then called — had been the Colonel's "steady company," and, as was quite natural, West-port society, putting two and two together, had concluded that there would be a "weddin'." "They love each other, and some day they'll marry," women folks observed, delightedly; "He wants her pa's land, 'cause it joins on to his'n," men commented, knowingly. It was when the whisper of the latter opinion reached his ears, that John Harris had drawn aside from his love as from a deadly moral temptation. And, although he did not at once alter his manner towards Miss Garvey, he gradually lessened his attentions to her, loving her no whit the less, yet, because of that fine sense of honor which is the birthright of the Southern gentleman, he shrank from engaging affections that brought with them much money. "Do I really love her, or is it her pa's land I want?" he asked himself once, and again, and a hundred times, during the months and years that followed; and while the question went unanswered, John Harris, remaining a bachelor, settled into a middle-aged, unmilitary, Missouri Colonel, and Miss Garvey, passing out of young womanhood without "splicin'," became a sort of town sister of charity. Of late, the Colonel had frequently put to himself the question, "Do I love her?" with its hateful conditional clause, "or is it her land I want?" He had been revolving it in mind when he asked Chad why he had never married; it was uppermost in his thoughts as he now watched Miss Garvey waltzing with young Tom Barrett. Yet, to-night he had only to consider the first clause; for Miss Julia had told him a little earlier in the evening that she must soon go to live with a relative in the country, as her town house was to be taken under foreclosure of an old mortgage.

When his guests had thinned out so that his duties as host were somewhat lightened, the Colonel asked Miss Garvey to dance, and with the little woman clinging tightly to him, the old man shuffled bravely up and down the room in his cowhide boots. At the close of the dance he

insisted that his partner should "take a bite," and he led her into the deserted dining-room, where earlier in the evening there had been "solid eatin'."

"My Chad was tellin' me to-day, Miss Julia," the Colonel began, as soon as they were out of range from the crowd, "as how he's been lovin' your Delfie for nigh unto twelve years, and —"

He stopped short, and dragging forward his own favorite arm-chair, remarked, "Won't you seat yourself, ma'am?"

Then when Miss Garvey was comfortably seated, and he had brought her a plate of "eatin' things," the Colonel resumed:

"Twelve years's a long time, a mighty long time; but do you know, Miss Julia, do you know —"

Yet, somehow, the Colonel could not say just what he wished, and while he was still trying, Miss Garvey suggested that they had better return to the guests.

"Jest a moment," begged the old man, earnestly, "jest a moment. Oh, Miss Julia, Julia, can't you say it for me?"

"Do you want to ask me," inquired Miss Garvey, looking straight into the troubled eyes of the Colonel, "if I will give Delfie to your Chad?"

"Tain't that," broke in the Colonel, sadly, "tain't Chad I'm thinkin' of, tain't Chad I've been thinkin' of for twenty years. It's,— it's —"

Miss Garvey stood very close to him, her dark eyes sparkling, her red lips parted and trembling, and her small, shapely, golden-gray head glistening in the ruddy firelight. To the Colonel, she represented Eve, serpent, apple, and all; so forgetting that he was a shy and awkward country gentleman, forgetting everything but that he loved — honorably, he stooped quickly forward and took Julia to his heart.

In the public-room the music had changed from waltz to jig time; and above the talk and laughter of the guests now rose the voice of Chad, full of honest admiration: "Come in, Miss Delfie! Hurrah for Miss Delfie! Miss Delfie's got Chris'mus in her heels!"

And to the regular beat of hands came the rhythmical shuffle of Delfie's "jiggin' feet."

"Chad," called the Colonel, when the last guest was gone, and Chad was locking "de do's an' pinchin' de candles" for the night, "Chad, I've somethin' to tell you."

He was sitting before the fire, the dull red glow playing over his head and face. "I, Chad, I'm goin' — to be married."

"So's I, Marse," burst out Chad excitedly, "so's I; fo' when I done 'pol'gised to Delfie fo' de wettin' I gin her, I ses, 'Delfie, we've been a pair o' fools, we hab, an' now I wants to marry yo'.' But Delfie up an' sez, 'Dey's jes' been one fool, Mister Chad, fo' de latchstring o' my do's been a-hangin' out fo' yo' all de time.'"

B. B. Lee.

DUSK.

DOWN by the silent ice-bound brook,
O'erhung by alders bending low
Beneath the weight of clinging snow,
The last soft light before the dark
Bathes the bare woods in radiance bright
Before the coming of the night.

The black pines on the western ridge
Stand out against the flaming sky.
The clinging oak leaves brown and dry
Are rustling in the dying wind.
The sunset light fades into gray
So night has conquered o'er the day.

Richard Washburn Child.

TWO SKETCHES.

A SKELT IN OUR MIDST.

LONG before I was old enough to read or appreciate *A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured*, I was initiated to the mysteries of the juvenile theatre. How many readers of Stevenson, I wonder, deplorers of the passing of romance and the "sordid conditions of American life," know at all that we have in our own poor country a Theatre Royal? How many at all realize that the great Skelt himself has his satellite here, and that children of our own generation have conducted performances of the *Miller and His Men*, and are on familiar terms with the redoubtable Grindoff, 2nd dress? It is for the discomfiture of these skeptics that I bring together the following facts, which must lack unfortunately the skill of a Stevenson to make them live for others, but will be eloquent enough to those happy readers who have in days gone by possessed Theatre Royals of their own.

The first play my father bought for me was *Red Riding Hood*. It appeared on one of our early Christmas trees, and was promptly performed for the edification of the family. I had not then developed the subtlety of using artificial light, but simply placed the square little wooden board on a table, without any protecting drapery, trusting to the chivalry of the audience to keep them from "peeking." The first two acts, I recollect, went off smoothly enough, though I forgot to take out the "cupboard of plenty" after the first curtain, and its presence in the forest scene excited some comment. The wolf's growling, however, was so dramatic that it immediately distracted the attention even of the carpers, and I had a distinct encore, from which my throat did not recover for long. The third act was more difficult. The scene, representing the grandmother's cottage, was the same as the mother's cottage in Act I, except that the empty cupboard took the place of the cupboard of plenty, and the Grandmother in Bed covered up the fireplace. But the difficulty lay in arranging so many actors: besides the grandmother,

there were Red Riding Hood, the father with his gun, the wolf in the old lady's night-dress, and the wolf *in propria persona*. The latter, to make things worse, had to rush wildly on the helpless old woman, and sweep her and her bed from the stage with ravenous and frantic growls.

After I had thoroughly mastered the difficulties of my first play, I had in succession, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and *Cinderella*; and then I graduated to the Theatre Imperial. This was not only larger than the Royal, but it had such gorgeous scenery that the innovation of candle-light straightway suggested itself. Accordingly, "the fellows" and I proceeded to strip the beds of comforters, wherewithal to darken the windows; to tie strings to the gas-jets, so that we could command all our illumination from behind the scenes; and to supplement our proscenium with portières, which entirely hid the elaborate mechanism of our productions.

It is the opening afternoon of *Robinson Crusoe*. Willie runs wildly up and down stairs, tending door and collecting the fifteen pins which procure for each spectator a seat in the pit, or the ten which entitle him to take his place on the "balcony," or tool-bench; George lights the candles and sees that the threads of the characters are all in their proper grooves; while I hastily run over the text for the last time. There has been one scoffer all along, Johnnie A——, who had predicted dire failure for us, and ventured to intimate that *he* didn't care to see our "darned old show." But now, at the last moment, up he comes to the flushed and sententious Willie, who answers his request for a seat scornfully and with even more than his usual sententiousness: "Standing room only." Now, after a hush and a pause, the performance is actually in progress. After the nervousness of the start, we get well under way and all goes smoothly until a critical moment, the entrance of Friday. The unhappy creature passes too near a candle, there is a titter from the front benches, and as the curtain catches the flame, someone (perhaps Johnnie A.) shouts "Fire." Immediately there is a rush, a scuffle, and the three proprietors are left alone with their dismantled theatre.

But this mishap did not discourage us in the use of artificial light. Indeed, the question of illumination, once introduced, soon became the absorbing topic, and the plays were merely the occasions for elaborate and ingenious effects of chiaroscuro. Red light for a while eluded us; but in a moment of inspiration I made boxes of red sheet gelatine, placed the candles within them, and that problem was solved. Next we adopted lycopodium powder for lightning, with dumb-bell rolling for thunder; salt dissolved in alcohol for the Magic Scene in the *Wizard of the Glen*; and before we finished we managed a rising moon with a hole in the back-drop and some tissue-paper.

Alas, "it is not now as it hath been of yore; turn whereso'er I may, by night or day, the things which I have seen I now can see no more." When last I saw one of Hanlon Brothers' remarkable spectacular creations I noted with a sigh that it was not half so gorgeous as our Enchanted Palace used to be; and yet, when I bought the Theatre Royal last Christmas for a Boy I know, I had to admit, further, that the forest which used to seem to me so limitless, so umbrageous, was but a bit of pasteboard and lithograph. Would it be so with the Imperial? Would the wizard himself, sitting among his beakers and alembics, leave me unmoved? I know not, nor shall I pursue the query; but what I do know is, the Theatre Royal is to be bought at reputable toy stores for the trifling sum of fifty cents, extra plays twenty-five cents; and boyhood is perennial.

THE GENIUS OF ST. OUEN.

NO matter how violently you are bitten with the mania for sight-seeing at the start of your first European tour, your first cathedral, if you have any vestige of inborn delicacy, rebukes the crudeness of your curiosity, and substitutes for it the germ of a true humility and receptiveness. You go in, perhaps, fresh from the hotel *table-d'hôte* with its bewildering jumble of new faces; or from long, weary corridors of the picture gallery, where you have been making a vain effort to

preserve the requisite mental sensibility ; or from the clamorous railway station, where you have struggled with the strange system of baggage-machinery. You enter ; and in the one step that takes you across the threshold you have left the noise, the people, and the sunlight far behind, a mere remote rumor and stir ; you are bathed in a vague vast sense of stillness, coolness, gray-azure light, and old, faint perfume. You look calmly down vistas of stone pillar and groined arch, to where a sober-colored window not quite sparkles. You look above to the high roof, dim with a thin smoke of incense. You behold reverently the candles burning lucid on the altar, and the stooping figures of the peasants before them. You listen to the hollow resoundings of your own feet on the great square flags worn deep by generations of the pious. For a while the clatter and strife of the streets outside ceases for you entirely, and you give yourself up to an infinitely sweet sense of quietude, shelter, and childlike adoration.

At Rouen, to all intents and purposes, the real cathedral is the beautiful *Eglise de St. Ouen*. The Cathedral proper, to be sure, has one conspicuous beauty in the hoar-frost-like gray crusting of its façade, so cool in color, and so eloquent of age and the softening touch of time ; but it is not good Gothic inside, and it is deformed by a recently added Eiffel-tower of iron spire. *St. Ouen*, on the other hand, greets you at open spaces in the narrow streets which lead to it, by its slim, octagonal tower, a perfect piece of grace and slender vigor of line, known for miles about as the "Crown of Normandy." All these devious lanes (for they are scarcely more) debouch into the wide square, where the sun blazes down on a shadeless expanse of cobble-stones. Roasted and dazzled, you make your way across to the church door, and step within. Your first feeling is simply a general sense of dusky, cool, fragrant space. As you get accustomed to the twilight, you notice wonderingly the grand harmonious outlines of pillar and groin, the richly-tempered glow of the windows, the strong sweep of the ribs that leap to support the roof. Then you walk slowly to the iron screen that bounds the choir and sit down to meditate.

Thus was I sitting on the morning of my first day in Rouen, calmly hospitable to serious thoughts, brooding on the beauty of this foreign religion, watching the simple, earnest peasants at their prayers, when I became aware of a gentle, softly-stepping, mouse-like little old man who immediately aroused my interest. He shuffled quietly about, with head bent and hands clasped behind, slowly enough for devotion, but with an indefinable air of being on duty: he was evidently the *suisse*. I sat as I was for a while, following him with my eyes. He gave mild glances about him from time to time, and even whispered once with a tourist who needed direction, but for the most part simply ambled tranquilly up and down the aisles.

The next day I brought my water-color box, and set out rashly to make a sketch of the noble transept and rose-window. Becoming engrossed in the baffling task, I worked hard for a couple of hours. By that time my water was brown and my temper exhausted. The sketch was hopeless. I drew a long breath and looked up. There, in an attitude of courteous curiosity, surveying me and my daub, was the bent black figure with the white hair. Discovered, he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, clasped his hands, and purred out with urbanely deliberate, piping voice, and with a lovable senile up-inflection at the end, "Monsieur est art-iste?" How polite he was, to be sure, and how measured in utterance for a Frenchman! Each syllable had its due weight, and all the consonants were sounded with tender care. Thus might a musician play upon a dearly-beloved flute. All the French understand that speech is an art, it is true, but there was something peculiarly touching in the quavering punctiliousness of this old *suisse*.

After that, in tones subdued lest we should disturb the worshippers, we had much talk. He always spoke with the same cheerful civility, in the same deliberate, chirruping note. I grew to delight in the funny upward quirk with which his questions always ended; it seemed to epitomize his whole kindly, old-world personality. I led him on to interrogate me, that I might hear it. It was indescribable; half husky, half ringing, and bird-like withal. Very few of his questions can I

remember word for word ; but I recollect asking him if the tower was open to visitors. He bowed in answer ; "Oui, mon-sieur," he fluted ; "voul-lez-vous mon-tez?"

The morning I left Rouen my old friend escorted me to the door of the church by way of farewell courtesy. It was a baking July noon outside, and as he stood there facing the square, which was vibrating with sunlight, his rheumy eyes winked and watered with the unwonted glare. Behind him I could make out through the obscurity of the nave the massive shapes of arches, reredos, and altar. Bright flames of candles shone distant through the curling wreaths of incense-smoke. I turned unwillingly toward the steps and made my adieus. "Bon-jour, mon-sieur!" piped the old man, bowing ; and hovered gently out of sight among the pillars.

Daniel Gregory Mason.

WHERE MAN'S STRENGTH FAILS.

IN a nook of coastland between the dark Welsh Mountains and the Irish Sea nestles our little village,—Caernmawr, we call it. Away on the eastern horizon the sun gilds with its first rays the bleak crest of Snowdon, and at its setting it rests with a lingering touch on the fertile fields of Anglesea, lying there across the rippling waters of Menai Strait. Beyond, stretches the Irish Sea, dotted with the soft brown sails of fishing boats. The people are like the place, tranquil, cheerful, yet withal firm as the hills that tower at their backs. God-fearing folk they are, with their church set quite in the centre of the town. Their ministers are stern, just men, who do their duty and ask no man's approval. Sternest of all was he who preached there four-score years ago. David Rowland was a grim, unsmiling man, who held to the hardest side of his hard creed. And yet his little church was always full. For David Rowland was the father of Gwen, and Gwen the daintiest lass in

all Caernarvonshire. Even the stern minister had a soft place in his heart for her. She led him where she would. The people often said to one another then, "The minister has met his match at last." But as the years rolled on, there came a time when they learned, Gwen and all, that the minister's conscience was stronger than his love for her.

Of course, half the lads in the county worshipped her. Black, sparkling eyes she had, that laughed out at you from under a wave of coal-black hair, and a skin like the crest of Snowdon of a winter's morning, and lips that—Well, that was years ago and I'm an old man now. Yes, they were all in love with her—but never a bit she cared. She stuck to the side of her gray old father, and people said it boded ill for the man who tried to come between.

So the years went by, Gwen gay and careless, the minister cold and stern, to every man, until he came who was to part them. Of all men, he was least expected. Evan Evans was the black-sheep of the place, a gay, bold, roistering fellow, ready to whip any two men in the village, and then drink half the night with them. 'Twas said he'd had a hand in the smuggling, too. There was little hope for one like him with such a daughter of such a minister. Straight and strong, big-bodied and bigger-hearted, Evan was the bully of all the lads, the admired of all the girls—save Gwen. He would blush like a boy if she so much as glanced at him. And so the little witch looked at him as often as she got the chance. But she never seemed to care for him. One minute she would gaze into his eyes, the next she'd be crying to the others, "Here, see how the little one is blushing." And yet one spring-time, when the winds were warm, and the birds were calling all about, her heart was changed. Perhaps it was the season, perhaps the hour of her fate was come.

One morning as the herring-boats were coming in, the men saw Gwen's skiff staggering toward them. As they watched, the water blackened before it under a whirling flaw, and the little boat went over in a trice. They shifted tillers, and rushed down to save her. Evan's boat was first, and Evan pulled her from the water. He held her close

against his breast as they sailed in toward the rock-rimmed harbor. At last she stirred, opened her eyes, and smiled faintly up at him. "Thank you," she whispered. And Evan did not blush: only bent down, it was such a little way, and kissed her pale lips. "Thank God, my darling," he cried. And proud Gwen was not angry. She cuddled down in his arms again with a little sigh of content. She had found her master.

It was all so sudden that no one could understand. Afterward they remembered how she had stood in the evening light, many a time, and watched Evan's boat sailing out into the night, and a multitude of little things which made them see that that moment was but one of a chain that had woven through the years,—and was not finished. How is it the saying goes, "Love leaps while Prudence ponders"?

The minister still had his word, of course; but the people said, "Let him kick against the goad if he will. The girl has always had her way, she'll have it now."

Evan was not slow to learn his fate. The housekeeper told us how it came about. Said she:

Last night, Evan Evans comes up to the house. Gwen was sitting on the arm of the minister's chair, and he was laughing and chatting with her. "Please God," I thought, "it will all come out right now," but when Evan came in, he turned as stern as ever.

Evan,—you know the bold lad he is,—he seemed put out a bit by the minister's coldness, but he plucked up his courage soon.

"Minister," said he, "I love Gwen, and I think she loves me. Will ye give her to me? I know what I've been, but, my faith—"

"Stop," says the minister, with a face grim as Death. "Gwen, do you love this man?"

Gwen blushed a bit, and then she answered with a smile, "Yes, father." And she tried to hide her blushes on his shoulder, but he held her back, not roughly, but strong.

"What right have you," says he to Evan, "to ask me for my daughter? Haven't you been a roistering, cursing, miserable drunkard?"

"Yes."

"A common thief, a smuggler, an outlaw in the land?"

"Yes," said Evan.

"No," said Gwen.

"Be silent, Gwen," said the minister.

"Haven't you been a blackguard, a scorner of the church, a scoffer at the word of God?"

"Yes."

"And you think I could give you my daughter for your wife, and not be ashamed, after what I've preached, to look men in the face? Not be ashamed before God Almighty Himself? What does His Book say? 'Avoid the conversation of the ungodly.' 'What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?' I answer you plainly, you cannot have my daughter."

"But," said Evan after a minute, "if I change?"

"You have my answer. Gwen, tell him to go."

At that they both awaited her. She had been clinging to her father, but now she turned away, and her eyes were misty.

"Father," she asked, "why must he go?"

"Because, my daughter," and his face grew soft as he looked at her, "I must not give you to him."

"But I will have him, father," she cried.

"You shall never have him with my consent."

The minister was angry now, and Evan's eyes were flashing.

"Dewiswch chwi heddyw, Choose you this day," he said. "Choose now between him and me."

"No, father," she cried; "I will not choose. I've love enough for you both."

And she tried to caress him, but he held her hand away.

"Choose," he said.

"Choose," said Evan.

The poor girl searched her father's face for a look of yielding, but it was hard as the cliffs on Menai Strait. She looked at Evan. His

eyes were full of yearning love. With a little moan she flung herself into his arms.

"Forgive me, father," she sobbed, "I must follow my love."

The old man's gray face was twitching but he did not yield. "Ac os dy law a'th rwystra, And if thy hand offend thee," he murmured to himself. Then all his passion broke out.

"Foolish girl," he cried, "your way and mine are separate. If you choose to go with him, then go at once."

"Very well, father," she answered, "I will leave home in the morning."

"To-night," said the minister.

"But, father, where shall —"

"Wherever you choose. There's room at the public."

"But, father," she broke down again. "Father, what will the village say? I'm not Evan's wife, only his sweetheart."

"The village will say truth. You will never be his wife, the sacrament of God does not unite the godly with the ungodly."

"Come, Gwen," said Evan, "you can stay at the inn for a few days, till the minister will marry us."

"Never," said David Rowland.

"But, father, you are the only minister —"

"Were I the only one in all the world, I could not marry you."

"Then, father," she said, chokingly, "I will go. But may you remember in sorrow the shame you drove me to, the harshness and cruelty you heaped on me."

The minister was like a madman.

"This is the gratitude you pay for all my love," he cried. "Better for you if he'd never pulled you from the sea that day. This is the marriage blessing I give you, a blessing worthy of the marriage: may you both die by the death he saved you from; may you be laid in the grave without a friend to shed a tear, without the blessing of God above your clay."

And then the girl turned on him and finished the curse we all saw fulfilled.

"A blessing for a blessing," she cried. "May all you've wished us return two-fold on your own head, and may you never know happiness till your day of death."

And they parted.

If the minister had been stern before, he became doubly so now. He spoke to no one in the church or in his house. The people began to mutter, "Gwen's curse is working, the minister is going mad." Never a sign of grief he gave, save for a strange look in his eyes. But once or twice in the evening, some thought they saw a dim form on a hill high above the Strait, and heard a sound that might be sobbing. And from that hill one could see, across the Strait, a light from a little cottage, Gwen's new home.

The summer passed away, and autumn came, with fierce gales that lashed the sea in one wide fury. One night, in the storm, a fishing-boat was driven on the point outside the cove. In the lightning flashes the people gathered there could see a figure clinging to the mast. The great waves were tearing the little boat to pieces, as they looked on, powerless to help. Suddenly a tall, silent figure appeared among them, and took a rope, and crept out over the ledges, while they waited in the darkness. Then there came a fearful flash, and they saw Evan's boat, and Evan springing toward the minister, who brought him life. But ere the peal of thunder had died away, a wave bore the rope back to shore, and there was no one clinging to it.

Next morning they found them lying in each other's arms, the minister and Evan, cold and still beneath the dripping rock-weed. Terror-stricken, the people gazed into one another's eyes, and whispered, "The curse still lives."

They laid them under the brown sod of the little plot beside the moaning sea. The graves were side by side,—but there was room for one between. There was no one to say a prayer, for he who had prayed for others was silent then. But one lingered a moment beside Evan

Evans' new-made grave, and whispered, "He was a brave man, may God forgive him."

Gwen, in her shame, they saw no more. Still they never doubted they should see her when the time was ripe. "See," they said, "here is room for her between the other two."

At last, when the snow had melted, and the birds were singing all about, and the dark crest of the mountains was touched with green, the time did come. Then down on the shore, one who had been watching many a day saw something in the murmuring water, something whiter than the foam, and blacker than the rocks above. Tenderly they bore her to her place, and in the glorious evening, when the golden mist was stealing in, they laid her in the little churchyard beside the Irish Sea.

All their little loves, and hates, and hopes have been covered, many a year, by a mossy stone that reads :

DAVID ROWLAND — GWEN — EVAN EVANS.

God rest their souls, all three.

Rowland Thomas.

A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION.

TO the child possessed of imaginative perceptions there still lingers in the sleepy, out-of-the-way villages of New England a store of associations with earlier and more stirring days. The ancient slant-roofed farmhouses, whose grey, weatherbeaten walls are now standing in this second century, seem to have confined within their low-studded rooms some mysterious influence enduring from vanished generations; their spacious closets still retain odd relics,—rusty and tarnished flintlocks that wake revolutionary memories, or cracked and broken spinning-wheels that recall the earlier colonial period. On every hand are objects which, in the child's consenting mind, arouse the liveliest fancies.

Such were the circumstances of my boyhood years, and for me there still endures some charm of that long-vanished village life. I recall the broad, elm-arched street, fronted with ancient farmhouses and set at one corner with a huge, rambling meeting-house, from whose belfry the sexton sounded the morning and evening hours. The long street is once more filled with those quaint, venerable figures so revered and feared in childish years. Again I feel the solemn hush that succeeded all our tiny bustle when the Sabbath came, and young and old alike marched to the church for long sermon hours.

Surrounded with a thousand memorials of revolutionary days, no child could escape a martial strain. The very stone walls that wandered up and down the rocky hillsides in uncertain lines had once given shelter to the embattled minute-men. Before our house an ancient oak stood, thrusting its gaunt, bare limbs sturdily against the gale. Beneath this tree, on that far-off April morning, the minute-men had formed to march to Concord, and at night their leader had been brought home, among the first to fall on that glorious day. In the shade of this same tree we played at children's games, gathering acorns and planting mighty forests, or building houses in the gnarled branches. These were but lighter plays, however, and yielded ever to an insistent spirit which shaped the play to one of war.

There were, besides, special plays for rainy days, the long, dark days when the steady beat of rain sounded on the gable roof. Then the attic was our playground. We ransacked its dusty corners, and emptied long iron-bound trunks of their mouldy accumulations. Chief among treasures of this attic, we valued an old musket of uncertain age—perhaps carried by a great-grandfather on Lexington Common,—or at least (a last concession to carping reality) used in the later war our elders mentioned so familiarly. Then there was an old sign bearing the legend "Ye Inn," a relic of the Tavern days of the house, the crabbed lettering half lost in the seams and cracks of the decaying wood. Beside these there was a curious assortment of finery, blue waistcoats resplendent in brass buttons, a faded beaver of the Jacksonian Era, and numberless

other garments that pleased our childish fancy as we decked ourselves out and swelled and strutted, mimicking the dandies of some vanished world of fashion. But most delightful of all our plays was that in which our chosen hero shouldered the rusty musket and came proudly marching home from Yorktown to tell us wonderful tales of heroic charge and reckless gallantry. So passed the long, rainy hours, until voices from far beneath our dream would summon us back to reality and supper.

But of all these childish memories, none lingers so long or lives so vividly as that of my grandfather. Surely there was never another such grandfather. He had been a soldier, too, and told rare stories of far-off Southern prisons. But recent wars did not commend themselves to the childish mind; far more entertaining for us were his stories of Revolutionary days, stories he had heard from the lips of those who stood on Lexington green; stories of a far-removed grandfather who served the scanty store of powder from Belfry Hill, or of the midnight marshalling of that tiny company, of the few stern words of command given by the sturdy captain as they waited for the approaching British in the mists of that April morning.

Best of all my grandfather's stories were those told by the open fire, told on winter nights, while I marched every miniature army up and down the warm hearthstone. No tales of battle or of siege were half so real as those related while the long, thin spires of flame rolled up and vanished in the mysterious depths of the chimney, and the fire roared and crackled in the heart of the back log. No tale of ghostly presence, or of Indian warfare, seemed half so credible as that told when the long, thin shadows stole down the walls and silently edged in on the dying embers. At last, flashing eyes and knitted muscles told watchful observers that the bed-time was come. Then the glorious period by the fire was succeeded by long, wakeful hours beneath the sloping roof, listening to the north wind as it roared down the deep caverns of the chimney, or the rain as it sounded its muffled long roll on the sloping roof. And at last the hours of wakefulness merged into dreams, wherein new wars arose and a later generation pursued the ever fleeing red-coats.

But presently there comes a period in memory, when shadows begin to hedge in the dream-world, when something of the old romantic glamor vanishes, and there awakens a new-born dignity which refuses to accept the long-treasured legends. The rusty flint-lock and the garret treasures descend to some younger dreamer, and the childish things are put away forever. The work of time shows also in the surrounding world: familiar figures vanish strangely, a dread silence hushes beloved voices; yet, as the dream-palace lies in shapeless ruin and a last annulling change impends, a kindly spirit intervenes and separates the dream-world from a joyless reality, henceforth to endure beyond the reach of time.

Frank Simonds.

Editorial.

IN the columns of the *Crimson*, undergraduates have recently been reproached for not taking sufficient interest in the University Club to send in suggestions to the committee on plans. If the opinions of the undergraduates who really stop to think of the matter at all could be briefly phrased, they would be something like this: "We want the University Club, we believe it can do much good, and we feel that this is a time peculiarly opportune for beginning such a project. *But* we are convinced that the erection of the club on the site chosen by the committee will seriously endanger the success of the undertaking, will give strength to the prejudices and natural conservative feelings that always hinder a new venture, and may postpone indefinitely the fulfilment of the donor's hopes — hopes that we all share. The proposed site is quite on the edge of college life — the edge *from* which the college has been growing. We admit its beauty and availability, and the difficulty of

securing a more central location ; but we feel it would be better to wait than to risk failure by building in an unsuitable place. And perhaps if those in control felt keenly enough the danger, they might, with effort and patience, secure a more advantageous site. Compared to the question of situation, the detailed plans for the building are of little moment."

Whether or not this feeling is supported by sufficient reason, whether or not conditions that have not been considered might change these opinions, certain it is that the undergraduates and recent graduates are, either from prejudice or sound conviction, opposed to the present site. No matter on what flimsy foundation such opposition is based, it will be more potent in determining the success of the Club than the calculated reasoning of those in control.

For obvious reasons, those who generally phrase undergraduate opinion have heretofore kept silent. But further silence might be interpreted as acquiescence. The committee should not be permitted to proceed under any misapprehension of student sentiment. Those who have up to this time complained and objected over their dinner tables and at their clubs ought now to address the committee directly and promptly.

Book Notices.

"**LE PEDANT JOUE : COMEDY.**" By Cyrano de Bergerac. With a Life of Cyrano by H. B. Stanton (H. U. 1900), and a Preface by Professor Ferdinand Bôcher. Published under the auspices of the Cercle Français of Harvard University.

Mr. Stanton's Introduction is of real value. From sources carefully noted he has compiled the main facts of Cyrano's life, and, to our knowledge of the man, has added the results of original investigation of

the *dossier* of the Cyrano family. He has brightened his account of biographical details by a delightful description of the estates of Bergerac whence Cyrano took his name. With considerable discrimination, Mr. Stanton has treated the disputed incidents in Cyrano's career: such, for example, as his controverted connection with the College of Beauvais and the alleged collaboration with Molière, and by very ingenious argument he has proved that *Le Pedant Joué* was never produced till this year. In discussing the play, he has shown how closely the plot follows that of the conventional Italian free comedy; and after a cursory historical review of the typical comedy of the period, he identifies the characters of *Le Pedant Joué* with authentic Italian prototypes,—making emphatic exception, however, of the peasant character, Gareau. He treats of Racine's and Molière's debts to Cyrano, and claims for him a secure though unpretentious place as representative of the transitory period in French literature.

Monsieur C. H. L. N. Bernard, who compressed the comedy from five acts to three, has successfully preserved, without interpolation, the personal humor of each character, and has retained the spirit of broad farce and often coarse vaudeville characteristic of the diffusive original.

G. H. M.

"WILD EDEN." Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Woodberry's latest book of poems, *Wild Eden*, is marked by a lyric rush of beauty which carries one into the very world of poetry. From the first page to the last there are constant surprises of thought and music, from the lines,

"I shall go singing over-seas:
The million years of the planet's increase,
All pangs of death, all cries of birth,
Are clasped at one by the heart of earth!"

"I shall go singing by tower and town:
The thousand cities of men that crown
Empire slow-rising from horde and clan
Are clasped at one by the heart of man!"

"I shall go singing by flower and brier:
The multitudinous stars of fire,
And man made infinite under the sod,
Are clasped at one by the heart of God!"

through a large number of splendid achievements, such as "The Secret," "O, Struck Beneath the Laurel," the powerful and beautiful "Mighty Mother," and "Eden Dirge," to "Seaward," which, of itself, is fit to rank very high indeed among the poems of the century.

On the whole, the spirit of the book is the spirit of love: each of the poems expresses some mood or form of love, some joy or bitterness of passion which is always strong and pulsing, rising at times to an ecstasy of which these lines are but typical,—

"Though I be mad, I shall not wake;
I shall not fall to common sight;
Only the God himself may take
This music out of my blood, this glory out of my breath,
This lift, this rapture, this singing might,
And love that outlasts death."

Mr. Woodberry is, then, essentially a poet; and it is the poet thinking and singing that gives his books, especially *Wild Eden*, their nobility and fascination. In short, of all contemporary poets in America, Mr. Woodberry is, to one mind, by far the most poetical. His rare psychological intuition and power of graceful, inspiring expression are his alone — and his to an extraordinary degree of perfection.

H. H.

Books Received.

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA." A Tragedy in four acts. By Stephen Phillips. London and New York: John Lane.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"PUBLISHING A BOOK." By Charles Welsh. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company.

"LETTERS OF THOMAS GRAY." Selected with a Biographical Notice by Henry Milnor Rideout. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

(To be reviewed next month.)

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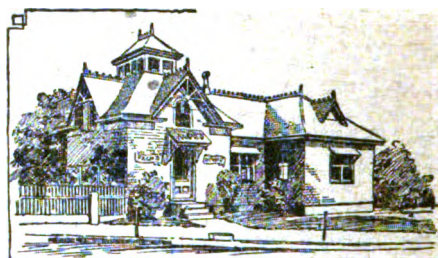
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The
HARVARD
MONTHLY



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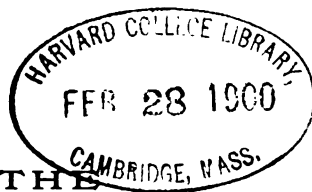
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FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 5.

CHARLES FRANKLIN DUNBAR.

CHARLES Franklin Dunbar, for nearly thirty years professor of Political Economy in Harvard University, died on January 29, 1900, in the seventieth year of his age. He did not achieve all that he had hoped for; obstacles of various kinds prevented the execution of promising plans; but he lived a long and honorable life, and rendered great services to the University and to the community. The end of such a career is cause for sorrow indeed, but also for grateful and helpful retrospect.

Professor Dunbar was little known to most undergraduates of the present day. The quiet figure that moved daily across the yard doubtless attracted notice, and led to wondering inquiries; but, except to the few members of the advanced courses which he conducted, his was hardly more than a name to graduates and undergraduates of recent times. Twenty years ago, he came in contact with large classes, and, as Dean of the College, was known to many students of all sorts and kinds. Even for them, however, his career and his influence were veiled by the inevitable limitations of the undergraduate's horizon. Still less known was the course of his life before he joined the University staff; yet this was notable alike from the character of the work then done and from the equipment it gave for his later activity as teacher and writer.

Professor Dunbar was born at Abington, Massachusetts, July 28, 1830. He prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, of which

in later years he became the administrative head as chairman of its Board of Trustees. Graduating from Harvard College in 1851, he engaged for a year or two in mercantile business; but failing health compelled him to relinquish business life. After a short essay at farming, which served to restore his health, he turned to the law, studied in the Harvard Law School, and became a member of the bar in 1858. But while engaged in these tentative steps toward a settled career, the bent of his mind showed itself in frequent contributions on current political and economic questions to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. In 1859 an opportunity offered to become permanently associated with the *Advertiser*. Professor Dunbar, then less than thirty years old, became part owner and associate editor, and soon was the guiding spirit in the paper. In 1864, he became titularly,—what in reality he had been almost from the first,—sole responsible editor. He remained in charge of the *Advertiser* until 1869, his term as editor thus covering the most trying and most important decade in the country's history.

At this time the *Advertiser* was the leading newspaper in New England, and was more than maintained in its leading position by Professor Dunbar's management. To the student of that wonderful period, with its shifting hopes and fears, its bitter trials and sorrows, its triumphant rescue of our Union, the columns of the *Advertiser* unfold the story from day to day intelligently, soberly, faithfully, without concealment and without exaggeration. The news was fresh, and it was well-digested; especially that from the front during the war was secured with care and in great fulness, expense being in no wise spared. In his editorial columns, Professor Dunbar loyally supported the administration. His was by no means a partisan organ. He was independent in his judgments, and did not hesitate to criticize where he thought criticism was called for,—as, for example, in regard to the injudicious arrests of Northerners whose attacks on the administration were thought to pass the permissible bounds. But there was no faltering in his steadfast maintenance of the cause of the Union; his courage in the face of the defeats of 1861, 1862, and 1863, his faith in the ultimate triumph of the

right, were unfailing. By nature he was conservative and judicial; both sides of a disputed question presented themselves to his mind; but he never wavered on questions of principle, and he held tenaciously to the conclusions which he had reached after reflection. In the stormy days of December, 1861, when the Confederate representatives, Mason and Slidell, were seized from the Trent, and England threatened war, the *Advertiser* put at the head of its editorial columns a print of an American seaman nailing the flag to the mast, and for a year kept that emblem to the fore. The administration — wisely, as we now can see — did not insist that the principles of international law justified the seizure, and restored the envoys. The editorial columns of the *Advertiser* during this episode are notable alike for the courageous spirit breathed by the words which justified the emblem, for the skilful handling of the dry question of international law, and for the dignified rebuke of the bullying attitude then taken by the British jingos.

These years were crowded with economic and financial experiences of the most varied kind. A huge national debt was suddenly piled up; inconvertible paper money was issued in great excess; the banking system of the country was completely remodelled; resort was had to methods of taxation hitherto untried in the United States; millions of men were diverted from their ordinary pursuits by the call to arms. These phenomena passed in review before the editor of the *Advertiser*, whose inborn aptitude led him to follow them with keen and sagacious attention. The fund of experience so acquired was invaluable for his later career. Under no circumstances would he have been a closet economist; a saving sense of the realities of life was part of his intellectual nature; but the skilful application of rigid reasoning to the concrete facts of economic life, which marks his later writings, was made the more skilful and assured by his intimate acquaintance with the striking events of the decade 1859-69.

In 1869 the *Advertiser* changed hands. Professor Dunbar's health, never strong, had been sapped by years of application, and he was glad to dispose of his interest and retire from the editorial chair. His

able management had given the paper additional prestige, and its sale was effected on highly advantageous terms. Fifteen years later, when he was in full activity as professor, he was suddenly called on to undertake its guidance once again, for a brief period of stress. In 1884, the Republican Convention nominated for the Presidency Mr. Blaine, whom many independent Republicans could not conscientiously support. The *Advertiser* had then come again into the hands of friends and associates of Professor Dunbar. Over-night, a decision had to be reached whether or no to bolt the ticket. The bolt was voted; whereupon the editor, who would not abandon Blaine, resigned on the spot. Professor Dunbar was asked to step into the breach, and did so without hesitation. Through the campaign of 1884 he was once more in charge of his old paper, and once more supported unswervingly the cause which he deemed just.

Shortly after his retirement from the *Advertiser* in 1869, he was asked by President Eliot whether he would accept a professorship of political economy at our University. President Eliot had been in office but a few months; and he already showed that wisdom in the selection of his associates which has been not the least remarkable feature of his remarkable administration. Professor Dunbar doubted his own qualifications for the post, and for a time would give no answer. He finally assented, but first gave two years to travel and study in Europe, which served to restore his strength and equip him more fully for his new career. He was formally appointed to his professorship in 1871, and entered on its duties in the fall of that year.

Political Economy then had a very subordinate place in Harvard College, and indeed in all American institutions. In the required curriculum of those days, it was usually taught "in the elements" by some instructor mainly engaged in other work. Thus, for many years it was taught by Professor Torrey, whose subject was history; and, just before Professor Dunbar's appointment, by Professor Bowen, a philosopher. When Professor Dunbar began, something equivalent perhaps to a quarter of a course (such as we have at present) was required of all

Juniors, and an elective course in Mill and Adam Smith was offered to Seniors. From such small beginnings the subject has grown to its present dimensions. The growth has indeed taken place in all our large universities; it is part of the great and rapid development of higher education throughout the United States; but its orderly advance in Harvard University was due to the guiding hand of a broad-minded leader. His plans, as expressed in the courses of study here offered, became the model for many other institutions and so affected the instruction in the subject the country over. For some time, the courses in political economy were usually offered under the head of philosophy; but in 1879 they appeared, three in number, as an independent group. In 1883 a considerable expansion took place; and since that time there has been, almost from year to year, a steady growth. As the resources of the department increased, Professor Dunbar was able gradually to withdraw from instruction in the elements of the subject and in general theory, and to concentrate his work on the topics which most attracted him,—currency, banking, and financial administration. To these he confined himself during the last ten years of his active work as teacher.

In his career as teacher and scholar, nothing is more striking than the complete and conscious change from his previous occupation. A busy editor, intent on the daily eddies of events and opinions, he had become informed on every detail of contemporary history, and was habituated to prompt and constant comment on questions of the day. It might have been expected that, as professor of political economy, he would continue in close touch with current affairs, and contribute in periodical literature to the discussion of the legislative problems of the time. The nature of these problems, especially in the financial legislation of the decade from 1870 to 1880, must have presented a strong temptation to plunge into the thick of the fray. But it is clear that from the first he had set for himself another object. He cherished the highest ideal of scholarship. He believed that the University teacher should be a leader in thought and a guide in investigation; elucidating the principles on which the solution of current questions must depend,

but leaving it to others mainly to spread abroad and apply those principles. Alike in his teaching and in his investigation, his watchword was "thorough." He took nothing for granted, said nothing at second-hand, quietly refrained from expressing himself on subjects to which he had not been able to give careful study. Far from indifferent to the political events of the day—his interest in them remained keen to the end—he believed that his function was now the different and, as it happened, not less congenial one of scholarly research.

At the time of his appointment, he was strongly and indeed unduly conscious of the incompleteness of his preparation,—in those days, systematic instruction in the subject was offered nowhere in the United States,—and for years he delved in the general literature of political economy, exploring the corners and by-ways as well as the familiar broad avenues. He thus became widely read in the classic writers of earlier and more recent years. He knew his Locke and Hume, his Quesnay and Turgot, his Adam Smith and Malthus and Ricardo and Mill, as well as Senior, Say, Storch, Rossi, and the whole host of minor writers. One of our eager young generation would not have failed to give to the world some evidence of all this research; but Professor Dunbar, though he had well-matured opinions of his own on mooted points in the history of economic thought, was content to enrich his own scholarly equipment, and to limit his activity as author to those parts of the subject which had always most interested him and for which his wide general reading served mainly as preparation and as foil.

Unhappily, he was not able to carry out his literary plans, even on the financial subjects to which he gave special attention. Here, too, his published writings give but fragmentary indication of his attainments. But they served to establish firmly his reputation as an accomplished scholar and acute reasoner. His little book on Banking is perfect of its kind, and will keep a place as a classic in the literature of the subject. To one familiar with the currency discussion of the last ten years it is obvious that the principles laid down and amply illustrated in this

volume have gradually spread among thinkers and writers, and have permeated the best proposals for legislation; nor will they fail in time to have wider influence, and lead to a further and beneficent remodelling of our banking system. To the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* he contributed a series of papers, chiefly on the financial history of the United States, each a model of its kind, scholarly, mature, admirably written, conclusive on its subject. To these he had planned to add others, from the rich material he had gathered and digested, and so to cover, in a series of papers, the important episodes in our financial history. His essays on more general subjects,—on the “Reaction in Political Economy” and “The Academic Study of Political Economy,”—were alike steadfast in the statement of his own views, and just and catholic in the consideration and interpretation of the views held by others.

I have referred to the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, which was established by the University in 1886, and of which Professor Dunbar was editor for ten years. The same sound judgment which he had shown as editor of a daily newspaper appeared in his management of the recondite scholarly journal. Here again he set for himself a high ideal. He believed it to be the function of the University to maintain a journal for investigators and scholars. Solid and judicious articles on current questions were indeed welcome to its columns, and always found a place. But the promotion and advance of knowledge constituted the primary aim. Hence papers on questions of principle and of theory were given an especial welcome, and were accorded the place of honor; and capable writers of all schools found an opportunity to set forth their views. A thinker who had something to say which promised really to enrich or enlarge the science, here was afforded an avenue for publication, even though but half-a-dozen persons the world over might turn to his work on its first appearance in these columns. The *Journal* at once assumed a distinguished place in the scientific literature of its subject, and had a large influence, especially in the English-speaking countries, in promoting the remarkable advance in economic thought which has taken place

in the last fifteen years. Professor Dunbar always looked back with just satisfaction on what he had here accomplished, and found in it a solace for disappointment at not having carried out plans for publications from his own pen.

Quite a different aspect of his career appears in his share in shaping the policy of the University during these thirty years. His clear and far-seeing judgment was soon enlisted to aid in that re-creation of Harvard University and of university education in United States which stands as the distinctive achievement of President Eliot's administration. He was Dean of Harvard College from 1876 to 1882; and when the enlarged and remodelled Faculty of Arts and Sciences was created in 1890, he was its first Dean, serving until 1895. He was in constant touch with the head of the University, a staunch advocate of reform and advance, an independent critic, a sagacious and trusted adviser, a warm and loyal friend. Conservative by temperament, he yet saw clearly in what directions academic progress was called for, and promoted the various measures which have made the University what she is to-day. The extension of the elective system, the broadening of the requirements for admission, the liberal and manly policy in dealing with undergraduates, the elevation of the professional schools, the creation and fostering of advanced instruction and of the Graduate School,—all found in him an earnest supporter and advocate. The two series of his reports as Dean cover some of the most important periods of change in the University, and are models in matter, in arrangement, in style. The administrative work thus put on him inevitably absorbed a large share of his time and strength, and, though cheerfully assumed and borne, was felt to be an obstacle to the scholarly work which he cherished as the vital part of his duty as professor in a great University.

Professor Dunbar was reserved and reticent by nature. Those who did not know him well often thought him a distant and unsympathetic person. Such, doubtless, he appeared to be to many of the undergraduates with whom he came in contact as Dean of the College. As teacher, he was most effective in set lectures, and in the familiar inter-

course of advanced classes. In the give and take of discussion with larger numbers, his habitual caution and his unwillingness to express an opinion not fully matured prevented him from being as effective and stimulating as many a headlong person. Yet he often clinched matters by some complete and exhaustive bit of explanation. I recall an experience in his class-room, over twenty years ago, when a statement of opinion, precisely wrong, had been rashly ventured by myself on a knotty point, and Professor Dunbar proceeded quietly and simply to set forth the truth in terms which have never been forgotten. As a lecturer, he had a remarkable faculty for the orderly and consecutive exposition of difficult subjects. Here, too, I can revert to my own experience as an undergraduate. Among my papers, I have still certain notes on lectures given by him on the financial legislation of the United States from 1860 to 1878 (the year of the lectures); and to the present day I have found nowhere so lucid and clear an account of the complicated events of the period as is contained in these notes. All his qualities,—his gift of exposition, his dignity of bearing, his thoroughness of scholarship,—appeared at their best in small courses for advanced students. None who came in contact with him under these conditions failed to value him justly, or to cherish feelings of admiration and esteem.

F. W. Taussig.

REQUIESCAM.

COME to the window! You're the painter used
To shadow-in pools of light far out to sea,
Or fix it where the solitary wave
Rears with a shimmering scoop before the shore.
And you're a poet? I know not what you write,
Pardon me! — But together look out awhile
And love my view, from our suburban height
The squalid Champaign zigzagged by the Seine.

I'm old, most of my labour done. My chisel
One of these days among the pellets of dry clay
Will lie and rust. I have immensely worked,
And hitherto seen nothing but the Form
Staring upon my eyeballs. Years and years —
Tho' I were walking jostled the wet streets
O' the city, or in companionship, — I've looked
So long and seen away so fixedly
That space scrolled up, I seeing none the less:
Except some shape, some woman lightning-blended,
Pinned to the ground, lay dreadful in my road.
O Labour, everlasting vanity,
That fills her cracking pitcher and falls down
Face to the earth, the water in her hair!

Into a bole of clay all my life long
I've stared my visions home, and, thumbing, seen
Materialize obscurely to a line
The long desire of Nature turning home.
So strains itself out of the sea a shape
With loads of weedy tide up to the land,
Straining to touch and taste, to lose and die,
Straining fore'er miserably unsatisfied.
Between the toad and lyre-bird, 'twixt the snail

And greyhound all is struggle : the which is vain.
For by our bases we're firm sunken-down
In the element ; and whenever a little while
Yearning Illusion flutters up the sky,
She presently swings to the gasping pitch,
To fall bolt-like.—You say, Sir Poet, that you
Sang the great work of mine. I will believe
You understood (your word !), you understood.

I say, all my life long close-to I've stared
Into the clay, have with my chisel rasped
The marble off and stroked the lovely limbs,
The breasts of women and the lips of boys
In stone. Again, into the mould I've poured
The wretched desolation of my dreams
And bruised here and there the bronze. All this
I have done my life long, and not so much
As lifted up my eyes.

But now at last
I pleurably look to either side.
I shall paint a few landscapes ere I die,
One or two landscapes of the view you see,
The squalid plain meandered by the Seine.
There, when there's moon, thro' fumes of gray and black
The silver river curls away. Beyond
It's Night and vapid darkness infinite.
And sitting at this window, I suppose
A pallet on my thumb, and brushes and
The colours gently mixing with their oil : —
Leaving my marbles in imagination
For final solace in a softer art.
You two, and most the painter, have enjoyed ;
You've looked less hard into the dark. But I
Forged in the night. It's resting-time, I'm old.
Landscape will ease me somewhat toward the end.

Joseph Trumbull Stickney.

THE CITY EDITOR.

IN spite of the heat and noise of the office, I had accomplished a good deal before the city editor arrived. I had marked for him all the local exchanges and a copy of our own evening edition, and had cut out and pasted on assignment slips the stories which the marked items had suggested to me. As I had nothing more to do until he came, I had wandered over to the sporting editor's to discuss National League prospects within the breeze of his electric fan. I sat on the leaf of his desk, with my knee sprawled over the crumpled telegraph pads that strewn the top, while he searched for his book of batting averages in a drawer dingy with empty tobacco-pouches and dilapidated pipes. The door of the managing editor's office opened and the city editor stalked out. I had never seen the city editor so grand and stiff: his coat hung on his arm akimbo, his long legs, usually sinuous and uncertain, were now obstinately unwavering and supported with compensating dignity a frame of surpassing lankiness, and his bashful, boyish face, long and smooth and thin, was very damp, and very red. In a jiffy I slipped down from my place and brought him the assignment slips and the marked newspapers. He quickly strode to his desk next mine, impatiently turned on the electric fan, hung up his coat and hat on a hook near the copy-box shaft, jerked off his cuffs and threw them on the shelf with his dictionaries, and wearily sat down to unlock his desk-drawers and get out the assignment-book. Meanwhile I was standing by, holding a pile of newspapers and a bunch of manilla paper slips, ready to lay on his desk as soon as he made room for them. With a sweep of his arm, he gathered into one corner the papers that littered his blotting-pad, and while I was laying down my burden he growled with curt economy of syllables:

"Call up the hospital and see if the district attorney has died; and then correct the copy in the basket,—quick now!" Then with a bit less staccato in his voice, "Come up to dinner with me to-night. It's up to me this time, I believe." He tried feebly to smile through his discomfort, but the curl of disgruntlement had fixed his lips.

I sat down immediately at the telephone desk, for already some of the staff were waiting for their assignments. I learned from the hospital that the district attorney had just died. So I looked up the address of his brother on the West Side, and asked the editor to send someone for details of an obituary. I called up several judges and the president of the bar association for appreciations, and finally I hunted in the drawers of our photograph cabinet for a half-tone cut that could be run with the obituary. While I was rummaging among the electrotypes, Miss Oviert, who was waiting to get her assignment from the city editor, came over to ask if I would not save out for her the next special story dealing with the River Flats. I liked too well to be coaxed by a pretty girl to tell her flatly that the River Flats was no place for a woman; so I made the non-committal answer that had greeted her previous requests for an opportunity to study slum life, and asked her if she knew at Smith a girl whom I had met the other night. We talked of Smith girls we knew, and house dramatics, and Senior theatricals, until she was called to the city editor's desk, and I was left alone to search for the plate. I found it, and laid it in a marked envelope on my desk ready to send up with the obituary. And then I took out a bundle of typewritten stories that had accumulated in the copy-basket since the forms for the afternoon edition had been made up, and sat down at my desk to correct them.

The first was an account of a runaway, so carelessly composed and slovenly typewritten that the only impression it left in me was a jumble of carriages and of misspelled and unspaced words. I slashed my blue pencil through a page or two and then marked the story "*Killed*," and threw it on the editor's desk. But in a moment the editor threw it back, marked "Rewrite for a No. 3 Head"; and I had to sit down at a typewriter and beat out my own version of it. After I had it written, the heading baffled me. No head-line that I could think of was contained in the sixteen letter spaces permitted by the No. 3 style; and after futile experimentation in combinations of sixteen letters, I had to give it up as a bad job. The other stories I purged with great blue

marks and finally approved with huge *O. K.s*, but the permutations of their headings were still eluding me when I heard the editor pull down his desk-top and call me to come along to dinner.

The editor led the way downstairs, and for a block or two through the bustling street; not until we were seated in a cool corner of a restaurant with consommé before us did he broach a subject more serious than the sultriness of the weather. I felt my attempts at conversation stultified by his very apparent ill-humor; and I was immensely relieved when he thrust his legs deep under the table and began seriously to talk:

"The Lake Mohonk conference comes next week and the managing editor is going to have you cover it. He says you asked for the assignment. Miss Oviert is to be transferred to the Sunday editor's staff, and for the next five weeks she will run five-column special stories, with illustrations, in each Sunday edition, all dealing with the under side of city life generally."

He said this with a snort of disgust, and leaned forward as if to observe better the effect of this information upon me. He saw that his reference to my request for the Mohonk assignment had angered me, and he hastened to clear himself:

"It's not so much your being sent to Mohonk that I quarrel about. It's Miss Oviert's transfer. It was none of my business, I know, but I stood out against it when the managing editor told me of it, because—well, I didn't give the reason, for—no matter why. What I did say was that Miss Oviert ought to go to Mohonk."

The editor was too engaged in picking his words to notice my vexation.

"She, I mean Miss Oviert, ought never to be on the street. She says she wants to be a *journalist*!"—he pronounced the term with all the odium that newspaper men heap upon the word. "She thinks a woman's impressions of low life are good copy. She has been begging for the opportunity ever since she has been on the paper. As if the stuff she has to write up now were not bad enough!"

His lips twitched and his face grew very red. Like most editors, he could not express himself except when he held a blue pencil, or felt a key-board beneath his fingers. The newspaper man's voice is a faltering agent of expression that halts unexpectedly, or rattles on monotonously with the disagreeable staccato of a noisy typewriter.

"My particular grievance," he continued, "is that she is to be put under the Sunday editor. The men with whom she has to run on the morning staff are—well, none of us are saints. But compared with the Sunday editor we are angels of light. You must have noticed that they are already pretty intimate. He is clever and interesting, and different from people she has known, so she does not think of his faults. I hate to see a girl like her put under a man who boasts of his—"

The editor paused, his face red as fire. When he began again his voice was calmer:

"He can get out a breezy paper, full of original stuff that no one except him would think of. But you can already see in his face the tell-tale look. It is the excesses of brilliant men like him that give us slower fellows the chance in the newspaper profession. At the pace he is now living, he cannot do brilliant work much longer."

He cut short his preachment, while the waiter removed his untouched soup and put on the beef. And then he resumed in a persuasive tone that I had never observed in his voice before:

"I wish you would let Miss Oviert go to Mohonk in your place. It will at least keep her from the Sunday editor for three weeks, and before she comes back—well, something may turn up before then."

I assented without much enthusiasm. During the rest of the meal we were both too abstracted for talk, he, I suppose, thinking of what he had just said, and I wondering why he should have interfered at all.

His abhorrence of newspaper women generally and his disparaging reference to Miss Oviert in particular disproved the possible hypothesis that he might be in love. Nor had he good cause to thwart the Sunday editor, for it was to the latter's recommendation—so he had once confided to me—that he owed his position as city editor. As we sipped

our sherbet, and while we walked through the cool streets on the way back to the office, I racked my brain for some rational and unheroic explanation. Somehow, I never thought that it might be his stilted ideals.

Together we climbed the long stairs and entered the stifled, noisy office, and reluctantly sat down to the evening's work. I arranged the electric fan beside his desk so that some of its breeze might reach me, and then I tried to finish writing the headings I had begun before dinner, and to correct some of the copy that had accumulated in our absence. But the distracting noises, the sultriness of the office and the persistence of my thoughts made work almost impossible. The thumping of the linotypes overhead, the clattering of the typewriters, the continual buzz of conversation about the city editor's desk, the intermittent rattle of the copy-box ascending the shaft and the whir of the electric bell accompanying it, the hot glare of the arc-lights, each the centre of a swarm of insects, and the heaviness of the air fetid with tobacco smoke,—none ever seemed so unendurable as on that night. Not until the evening assignments had been given out, and I was alone except for the city and suburban editors, could I work assiduously. And then I finished the headings and the copy, and sent them scraping up the shaft to the printers.

A cool breeze had sprung up in the interval when there was no more copy to read and no proof had come down. I leaned back in my chair and blinked sleepily at the suburban editor, bent over his desk, his collar off and his arms bare to the elbows, puffing great whiffs from his corn-cob pipe, and perspiring under the hot lamp. I mused whether this hard-working man, who brought up a family on a thousand a year, could afford to be as bad as the city editor seemed to think most newspaper men were. I ruminated on the propriety of women entering the profession, and whether I should want to work in our office if I were a girl. I was wondering just how bad the Sunday editor really was, when the bell at the copy-box shaft rang and some proof came down. At the same time, the city editor asked me to take his place at the desk, while

he spoke to the managing editor in the inner office. By the time I had sent up the last damp strip of proof and the city editor had returned, the reporters straggled in to write their latest copy. The tattoo of the typewriters and the rumble of the presses in the basement began about the same time.

The proof of the district attorney's obituary and the electrottype plate were sent upstairs to be put on the first page. A reporter telephoned from the police station that a Polish wedding had started the River Flats running amuck, and asked a detail of two men to help him get the story. Then the reporter who covers the labor-unions brought in a scoop on a threatened strike he had succeeded in getting after a whole evening's work on a very dubious tip. Our hotel reporter brought in an exclusive interview extorted from Booker T. Washington on the Baker family episode. The suburban editor was called to the telephone to take down the report of a big fire up the river, for which room had to be made on an inside page by crowding out a special story on the city bath-house. While we were reading the proof of the strike story, the men assigned to cover the affray in the River Flats returned with their note-books filled with a hodge-podge of sibilants purporting to be the names of the wounded Poles. A wagon-load of police had been called to restore order. So the space of three columns reserved on the front page for the Dreyfus case was contracted to one, in order to admit local news.

After the forms for the first edition were made up, at about half-past one, I usually had nothing to do but read late copy and proof, and wait until the country edition came off the press. To-night the unusual number of late stories gave me no breathing space till after two o'clock. Excitement and the refreshing night wind made me work more easily; and not until I had finished writing the synopsis of local news that regularly appears on the first page did I look up from my desk. I stood up and yawned and finally settled back lazily in my chair. I noticed Miss Oviert sitting in the street window talking with the Sunday editor. Her hair waved prettily in the night breeze, and as she

talked her eyes flashed through the shadow that fell on her face. The Sunday editor sat in the half-shadow, his feet tilted upon the window-sill and a little briar pipe between his shining teeth. I thought as I dreamily watched him that I saw in his handsome face the sinister droop of the lip and the dark marks about the deep, restless eyes of which the city editor had spoken. But my musings were interrupted again by the screech of the copy-box; and when I had read the proof that came down, Miss Oviert and the Sunday editor were gone, and the suburban editor was just turning out his light. The city editor was correcting typographical errors in the country edition; and except for the rumble of the presses, the great room was still.

As I rose from my desk with the corrected proof in my hand, the city editor hastily folded the newspaper and reached it out to me.

"Send this up with your proof and call up the police station, and we'll go home," he said pleasantly.

I stuffed the papers into the carrier, pressed the button and sent the copy-box on its last trip; and then sat down at the telephone desk and called up the police station. Since I had been on the paper nothing had happened there after our regular reporter had left, at half-past one; but the custom of calling up the police station just before leaving still persists. The invariable sleepy voice at the other end of the line answered, "All quiet." I laughed as I hung up the receiver. The editor, who was standing beside the desk, ready to go down to the street, laughed too. "Sometime we may get some news on the last call," he protested.

I disputed the possibility while I put on my hat and coat; and together we walked downstairs to the street, whistling and boasting of the work we had done. Just as we parted on the walk in front of the office, I remembered to ask him how the change in staff had been adjusted. He dropped immediately into a seriousness almost comic:

"Oh, yes, I forgot: Miss Oviert is going to Lake Mohonk."

"And the Sunday editor will —"

"He will get through here next week."

I looked amazed and incredulous. "A pretty grudge he will have against you!"

The editor's lips twitched, though his voice sounded firm enough :

"Oh, I don't know. I get through at the same time." And he turned and walked up the empty street, whistling.

G. H. Montague.

UNCLE WILLIS, SKIMPY, AND THE COTTON BALE.

"UNC' Willis," said the Child, looking up from his play at the old, grizzled negro sitting before him, "Unc' Willis, please tell me a story 'bout the war. Ise tired of playin' Gunboats." Uncle Willis and the Child had been playing in their favorite shady corner of the big veranda. It was just outside the Colonel's room, so if the old gentleman called, Willis, who had been his body servant and followed him through two wars, could respond at once. "Gunboats" was the Child's favorite game. He and Uncle Willis would get a pile of sand, some bits of stick, and all the caterpillars they could catch on the grapevines. The sand was ranged to represent a high bluff; the sticks mounted for guns, and the harmless and unsuspecting caterpillars made to worm their way in front of the mock fort, in imitation of gunboats steaming past batteries. Uncle Willis would cry, "Bang!" This was a signal for the decapitation of a caterpillar by the Child; for he always "made Uncle Willis be the Yankees." After all the gunboats, or caterpillars, were destroyed,—for the Yankees had to get whipped,—the Child always asked for a story. So Uncle Willis, having pondered a moment, asked, "Would de one 'bout de cotton bale do?" The Child assented, so the old fellow, after knocking the ashes from his corn-cob pipe and blowing carefully through the stem, began :

"One day, 'long 'bout '62, jes' arter de gunboats come up de river, an' jes' 'fo' Marse Forrest come 'long an' run de Yankees outer hyah,

'twuz er ole lady name' Miz Tait come over to de home place. Marse Niles—in yonder—he wuz home den, wounded, unbeknownst to de Yankees, 'cause he wuz brung home de day b'fo' dey 'rived. But no one didn' s'pec' nuthin', so he warn't in no danger. 'Sides, Marse Forrest he wuz comin' fas' ez he could frum down Hernando way. At dat time yo' pa warn't no bigger'n er toad-frog in short breeches, an' yo' Uncle Jeddy he wuz 'bout fryin' size. De ole lady whut I speak uv, Miz Tait, she come frum somewhar out 'roun' Macon, an' 'lowed she wuz on her way down to Holly Springs, ter see her sister. Lawdy! Lawdy! I nuver will fergit dat day. 'Long 'bout three o'clock, hyah come er ole rickety wagin, an' in hit sot Miz Tait. 'Twuz er cross-eyed nigger drivin' de wagin, hinst er white mule. Miz Tait she wuz hol'in' onto er great big bale o' cotton. Dey wuz some no-count black nigger sojers guardin' de wagin, an' Miz Tait she wuz cryin' an' sayin' she'd ruther die den be 'sulted lak dat. But 'Ole Miss,' she come out an' tek Miz Tait in de house, an' tell de driver cart de bale roun' by de back po'ch an' lay hit on de groun'. Den she tell Miz Tait ter quit cryin' an' stay wid dem fer always, ef she wanted. Arter dat she step out on de front po'ch an' tell dem devilish niggers ter leave de place—an' dey lef', too! Pretty soon Miz Tait quiet down, an' 'fo' long eve'ything wuz goin' fine. Dat night ev'ybody sot up kinder late, an' hit musser been mighty nigh twulve o'clock 'fo' dey all went ter bed. Hit wuz blowin' awful hard outside, an' wuz gettin' cold 'nough ter mek ole Satan poke up his fire.

"Marse Niles' room hit wuz nex' de library, an' I slep' in er little room 'long side o' his'n, so dat ef he called, I could hear 'im easy. Yo' pa he slep' wid yo' Uncle Jeddy in er big room nex' mine. Nigh onter two o'clock in de mawnin' I heared someone knockin' an' knockin' on my door. I say, 'Who dat?' Den I heared Marse Willie say, 'Hit's me, Uncle Willis.' I 'low, 'Whut yo' want wid me, boy, dis time o' night?' He say, 'Aw, Uncle Willis, some Yankees done driv' up in de yard an' stole de cotton bale.' I 'low, 'Go 'way, boy, an' quit foolin' wid me.' Den Marse Willie he say, 'Naw, Uncle Willis, I ain't foolin' wid yer; come out hyah an' see fo' yo'se'f.' So I fixed up an' went out in de cold

an' wind. An' sho' 'nough, bless Gawd, dar wuz wagin tracks in de mud, an' de cotton bale hit wuz plum gone.

"Well, suh, hit didn' tek long fo' de whole house ter git roused up, an' den hit wuz mos' sho'ly er time roun' dat place. 'Ole Miss,' she 'lowed 'twuz dem nigger sojers; an' Miz Tait she wuz jes' whoopin' an' yellin'. Dat cotton bale wuz wuth sumpin', honey, in dem days, so I didn' blame de po' ole lady frum yellin'. Marse Niles, he call me in his room an' ax me all 'bout de case. Arter I tole 'im he say, 'Willis, some Yankee "camp-skunks" done stoled dat cotton bale, an' I wants ter git hit back fo' our visitor. So you an' Marse Willie, an' Marse Jeddy git yer each er lantern, an' er pistol, an' git on horses. Track dat bale an' dem thieves. Ef yo' fin' 'em, don't mek no noise at all, jes' come back an' tell me, an' I'll hev er note writ to de Fed'ul headquarters, whut'll mek dey gin'l get de bale back. De idea uv er po' ole lady havin' her bale o' cotton stoled.' I went back an' tole yo' pa an' Marse Jeddy whut Marse Niles done say, an' dem boys wuz mos' tickled ter death. Marse Willie he got on de big bay mare o' Marse Niles', and tek er lantern an' er 'Navy Six' mos' large ez he wuz. Marse Jeddy he got 'stride uv er big ole plough-horse, so 'twarn't nuthin' lef' fo' me 'cep' de white mule whut brung de cotton bale. I ax de cross-eyed nigger driver whut de mule's name. He 'low, 'De mule name "Skimpy."' I 'low I didn' lak ter ride no white mule on er 'spedition lak dat, 'cause dey used ter say dat er white mule couldn' run fas' an' would gi' yer chills an' de misery. But de boys dey mus' hev it so I clumb up on dat mule. Talk erbout de razer-back hawg,—g'way frum hyah, dat mule wuz sharper 'long his backbone den er gargle-eyed perch. He'd roll his ole eyes roun' so yer could mos' knock 'em off wid er stick. I knowed 'fo' uver I started dat dar wuz gwine be trouble. Well, de wind come howlin' roun', mos' blowin' out our lights. De ladies peeked out fo' ter see us start, an' yo' pa he holler out, 'Nuver min', Miz Tait, we'll get dat cotton bale.'

"We rid 'long down de road, thro' de turnip patch, tell we fotch up at de Cane creek, an', gentlemens, dat peaceful little creek wuz mos'

sho'ly on er rampage. Marse Jeddy 'low he 'wouldn' lak ter fall in dat creek to-night.' I ain' said nuthin', but I wuz doin' er pow'ful lot o' thinkin'. When we got 'crost de creek we hit de ole red dirt road, an' sho's yo' born, dar wuz de wagin tracks. We kep' on till we come to de Jewish cemetery. I say, 'Marse Willie, I don't lak ter go thro' dat place at night.' Marse Jeddy he speak up an' say, 'Aw! Willie, I b'lieve Unc' Willis is scared.' Den I say, 'Yaas, I is scared; I don't lak ter crost no cem'tery, 'speshily when Ise ridin' er white mule, an' at night.' Yo' pa say, 'Shucks, Unc' Willis! don't yo' 'member whut de Irishman done say? "Youse all right; whut ef de ghoses an' hants does git yer, an' tek yo' unner de groun'? De devil he nuver would think o' lookin' fer ye hyah, 'mongst all dem Jews.'" Dat sounded er little better, so I got 'tween de boys, an' shut my eyes whilst we rode thro' de buryin'-groun'. Den come er long hill, all covered wid scrub oak and vines. Jes' whin we come to de top, Marse Jeddy he stop all uv er sudden an' say, 'Look!' We stopped an' looked. Sho's I'm er settin' hyah, right dar 'head uv us wuz er big fire, an' rounst hit sot five uv de meanes' lookin' po' white yaps I uver seed. But 'fo' de Lord, honey, right 'long side uv 'em wuz dat big ole cotton bale.

"Marse Jeddy say, 'What shell we do?' Yo' pa whisper, 'Holler to 'em ter s'render; ef dey do, we'll let 'em go; ef dey don't, we've got de drop on 'em.' 'Fo' I could say er word, Marse Jeddy pulled his big 'Navy Six,' riz up in his stir'ups, an' holler out, 'Hey, dar, s'render dat cotton bale.' Wid dat up jump dem men an' look roun'. No sooner did dey ketch sight o' dem lanterns 'fo' I heard sumpin' go 'ker-bang,' an' de lantern in Marse Jeddy's hand flew all ter pieces. He commence ter holler, 'Aw, Lawdy, I'm shot, I'm kilt,' an' den he lit out. Ag'in I heard sumpin' go 'ker-bang,' an' er bullet come moanin' pas' my haid, sayin', 'Whar-izz-ye, I want yer.' I looked roun' for Marse Willie, but he wuz gone, too. An' all dat time de bullets kep' on singin' roun' my haid. I kicked Skimpy in de short-ribs, but dat mule wouldn' budge. Says I, 'Willis, youse er gone nigger; yer won't see Belle no mo', fer hit's jes' yo' luck ter draw dis white mule.' Honey, I wuz wuss scared

then den uver I wuz. De pusperashun bruk out all over me; I wanted ter holler, but 'twarn't no use. I could feel my haar raisin' up lak de brissels on er ole sow's back, an' my ribs wuz heavin' lak bed slats 'twixt er corn-shucks mattress. But jes' then er bullet come by an' peck off'n er piece o' Skimpy's haunch, an' b'fo' Gawd, chile, nobody kain't nuver tell dis nigger dat er white mule kain't run. Skimpy, he jes' riz right on up in er bunch an' lit out down dat hill, plum on thro' de oaks an' vines. Dey scratched me, an' mos' pulled me off'n dat mule, but shucks, baby, I could hear dem thieves up on de hill shootin' an' hollerin', so I jes' throwed my arms roun' Skimpy's neck an' hung on.

"De fust thing I knowed we wuz in de grave-yard, an' Skimpy wuz jes' flyin' on over dem grave-stones. Ef er 'hant' had riz up an' tried ter grab me, he'd had ter run mighty fas'. 'Twarn't nuthin' wid Skimpy but er case uv 'Rabbit! Rabbit!' Down de path we flew, lickety-split, till all uv er sudden, Skimpy he branch off'n de path an' mek er 'bee-line' fo' de creek. I sot right up an' holler, 'Aw, Lawdy, Skimpy! fo' Gawd's sake, mule, whar is you goin'?' Skimpy he nuver said er word, but kep' right on till he come to de creek, den he kinder slack up. I could see dat yaller water boomin' 'long, an' I says, 'Skimpy, Ise er Baptis', but 'fo' Gawd, I ain' no December Baptis'. But I reckon Skimpy wuz, 'cause he give er flop an' went right on in. I yelled when dat water close over me, but in erbout er second we come up, an' Skimpy clumb de bank, an' kep' on runnin'. In de turnip patch I cotch up wid Marse Jeddy and Marse Willie, an' we rid right on to de house.

"De ladies had heared all dat shootin' an' wuz mos' scared to death, but whin we come lopin' in, dey couldn' he'p frum laffin'. Marse Niles he made me come in to him jes' lak I wuz, all drippin' an' shiverin', an' he say, 'Willis, yo' scoundrel, didn' I tell yer, git dat cotton bale?' I wuz 'fraid ter tell him dat he said 'jes' ter fin' hit,' so I says, 'Marse Niles, I woulder got hit, suh, but Skimpy, de mule, he didn' seem ter lak ter stay roun' dat place.' Marse Niles laugh, an' 'low, 'Willis, yo' no-count nigger, git yo' some dry clothes, an' tek er drink uv peach brandy, den I want yer ter carry er note down ter de "Haidquarters."'

Out in de pantry, jes' whin I wuz 'bout ter tek my drink, hyah come dat cross-eyed nigger whut brung Skimpy on de place. He say, 'Hee! Hee! Willis, yo' hed bad luck, I sees, wid Skimpy.' I 'lowed, 'Nigger, yo' kin see too many ways now wid dem "cross-cut" eyes o' yourn, but ef uver yo' say mo' ter me 'bout dat mule, yo' won't nuver be able ter see but one way, an' dat'll be "straight erhead wid bofe eyes closed." ' Arter I fix up, 'Ole Miss' wrote an' sign de note Marse Niles tell her ter write, an' I toted hit to de Yankees. Pretty soon 'twuz ten men in de barn waitin' ter start. I slipped into Marse Niles' room an' he tole me, 'Willis, git on Skimpy an' show dem Yankees de way.' Wid dat I flop right down on my knees an' holler, 'Marse Niles, fo' Gawd's sake, marster, don't mek me have nuthin' mo' ter do wid dat Skimpy, 'cause he sho' laks water too well in de winter time fo' dis hyah nigger.' So 'ole Marse' give me his own horse, an' I showed de sojers de way. An' dey got dat cotton bale, too!"

T. N. Buckingham.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

[*SCENE: A College Room. Time: 3 A. M. JACK and BILL, room-mates. JACK is sitting by the fire, reading, when BILL enters.*]

BILL. Hello, not in bed yet?

JACK [*without looking up*]. Do I look it?

BILL. Peevish, eh? What the dickens are you working so late for?

JACK [*contemptuously*]. Working! Do you think I'd sit up till three to work? I'm just reading. How was the dance?

BILL. Oh, fine! The best this year.

JACK. Was the champagne good?

BILL. I don't know; I wasn't interested. Oh, Jack, I could have danced that last dance forever: I never get tired of the "Blue Danube," do you?

JACK. Personally, I'd rather have *Moet and Chandon*; it's more wholesome. [*Examining his companion's crumpled shirt.*] I never could see the fun in hustling round for five hours in a room jammed with humanity until you look as if you had been swimming in the Blue Danube with a dress-suit on. But I suppose it's a matter of taste.

BILL. [*He pays no attention, but takes several favors out of his pockets, and holds up a green pin-cushion.*] Look! She gave me that!

JACK [*in a "blasé" tone*]. How very generous of She: it must have cost as much as a quarter.

BILL. What do I care how much it cost? I don't value it in that way. [*Hums the "Blue Danube."*]

JACK. Of course not. You value it because She gave it to you. She probably gave away about ten others, if that's any satisfaction to you. If every man who got one values it as much as you do, she must be doing well. Do you really imagine she put any more sentiment into that little thing than into the ones she gave to the other fools?

BILL [*with confidence*]. Oh, I don't know.

JACK [*cynically*]. Perhaps you think she loves you and that you're in love with her. Why don't you marry her, whoever she is, and let her pay your debts?

BILL. You put things so prettily.

JACK. If she's as intelligent as the average bud, you'll make a good pair.

BILL. Thanks.

JACK. What's the good of a room-mate, if you can't insult him?

BILL. I'm glad I'm some use to you.

JACK. [*He rises and paces up and down.*] You'd be a great deal more use if you would only stop your eternal lady-killing.—Don't you remember that night about a year ago, when you confessed to me that society was a hollow sham, and that you were going to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. You said you would come to the law school with me, and we would both get A's, and then go to New York, and make whole piles of money.

BILL [*who has been carelessly lighting a cigarette*]. Did I say all that? Well, ambition can't last for ever: the reaction has got to come sooner or later. Besides, that was after I got an A in Geology 4;—there may have been other reasons, too, but it's not worth while discussing them.

JACK [*with warmth*]. But why not get a relapse of ambition? When the season is over you can settle down and forget it: and next year, we'll be grinding Law students, and shan't have time for any miserable dances. Just think how much more worth while it is. In ten years we'll be well-off, prominent, respectable citizens, having got rid of thirst and all other objectionable attributes. Then we can go into society and select for a wife some lovely creature who is at present bowling a hoop on the Avenue.

BILL. Oh, rats, Jack. It isn't that I care so much for society,—although it is pretty good fun. But I'm sort of discouraged about myself. I can talk a bit to a girl at dinner, and perhaps I don't dance so badly, but I'm hanged if I could ever get a Law Degree. Why, I don't know the first thing about the history of my own country, much less of any other, so it's useless to try. You see, anything that needs real brains and—well, call it application,—is absolutely out of the question for me. I'll go into my father's business, I suppose,—and my uncle may die.

JACK [*gloomily, as he relapses into his chair*]. That sort of uncle never dies.

BILL [*with disappointment*]. That's true; one ought not to bank on a chance like that.

JACK. It'll be plenty of time to think of girls and marrying when he does die, and by that time you probably won't care whether he dies or not.

BILL. I didn't quite follow your reasoning.

JACK. Oh, well, I mean, in ten years you'll be able to support yourself, et cetera.

BILL. I hope so.

JACK. And you certainly can't now. If the allowance you get now isn't enough for yourself, how much less —

BILL. Never mind.

JACK. You know perfectly well you could never get on with a wife, unless you had a yacht and a few automobiles and about three dinner parties a week. Why, there would be trouble in no time. I can just see your wedded bliss with the cash going short. Ha! ha!

BILL. Go on then, let's hear it. Let's have the words of wisdom falling from the mouth of a babe.

JACK [*gazing abstractedly at the smoke of his cigarette*]. You would go abroad, of course. Lovely place, Switzerland: full of sublimity and sunsets. Just the right kind of scenery for a pair of honey-mooners. Having seen all there is to be seen in Switzerland and gone to the most expensive hotels, you will pass on to the Italian lakes and Venice. Think of moonlight on the Grand Canal, and a gondola built for two. Just think of it, man!

BILL [*contentedly*]. I'm thinking; it's great.

JACK. By that time the amount of your happiness will be inversely proportional to the size of your letter of credit. Autumn is upon you. You decide to return by way of Monte Carlo to recoup. I give you three days there, before you have to send an appealing cablegram to Pa. Pa will write stern words and send a check, and the turtle-doves will come back by the next steamer. That's where the fun will begin. After a year or so of economy, with only one carriage and no horses to ride, Mr. and Mrs. will find that, strangely enough, they differ on certain points, and there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, and possibly a little broken china thrown in. Take my advice, old fellow, and keep away from them, or you may get pinched. You're too young for such a fate.

BILL [*with ironical approbation*]. Well spoken, Mentor! A charming prospect you've given me. What profound observation you must have.

JACK. Now take a cigarette and let's go to bed.

BILL [*drowsily*]. All right. [*He sinks deeper into his chair.*] Splendid house, the Battingtons. There was a beautiful place for sitting out up-stairs,—big sofas and soft light and lots of palms and things.

JACK. Oh, go to bed. [*He pulls Bill out of his chair.*]

BILL. I'm going, you damned old woman-hater.

[*They both go to their rooms, and there is a pause.*]

BILL [*as he wanders around, undressing*]. Oh, Jack!

JACK [*impatiently*]. What?

BILL. Have you ever been thrown down by a girl?

JACK. Never gave one the chance. Why?

BILL. I thought perhaps that was what made you so sour.

[*Another pause.*]

BILL [*from his room*]. Oh, Jack!

JACK. Shut up and go to sleep.

BILL. Jack, I've got something awfully funny to tell you. You'll laugh like the devil when you hear it. I could hardly believe it myself. Promise not to tell anyone else!

JACK. Yes.

BILL. On your honour.

JACK. I promise; hurry up and tell it.

BILL. You know Miss Parkman: well, once last year I told you she was a conceited little idiot.

JACK. What of it?

BILL. I was lying.

JACK. Well?

BILL. Swear not to tell. I asked her to-night to marry me, and she said she would. Good-night. [*He slams his door.*]

J. G. Forbes.

A MIRACLE OF ST. ANNE.

THE wizened little priest drew a small three-legged stool from a corner, sat down, and looked about cheerfully. The evening was warm and the window of the low-roofed kitchen hung far out on its rude hinges. Through the casement he could see the distant St. Lawrence, darkened by the lengthening shadow of the slope; and near at hand, the thrifty Canadian garden, marked by rambling lines of gaudy sunflowers. From it came the pleasant hum of bees: a low, drowsy murmur, quite different from their noonday song.

"Your little children work late, Marie," said the priest, as a bee crawled over some mignonette in a rustic window-box.

Marie glanced at him brightly.

"Yes, and busily, too," she replied. "And what do you think, Petit Père? Unc' Jean Lemay came in this morning, and carried me out to the hive, chair and all! Oh, but it was grand to be out in the sunshine! I could see the men and women at work in the fields, 'way up the river!"

The girl leaned forward eagerly as she spoke. Her dark eyes lighted up with pleasure; her face glowed with excitement; and as she pushed back the shadowy black hair from her forehead, all traces of weariness were hidden by a happy smile.

"So Jean was here, to-day, my daughter?" asked the little man, drawing a shiny brass snuff-box from his pocket.

"Yes, Uncle comes very often. I don't know what the mother would do without him, since I must be so useless."

"You will not be so always. Some day you shall find faith, and then the good Saint Anne will make you whole. The little lame boy of Louis Desjardins was healed by the sacred relic, just before Pierre went away — but I suppose M. Lemay has told you about Pierre?"

"About Pierre! Has anything happen' to him? Is he —"

"No, no, mon enfant. Why are you so afraid for Pierre?" demanded

the priest, with an amused twinkle in his eyes. "But it is not strange," he added; "Pierre is a fine, strong lad. No, it is this only: he is tired with Montreal, and in a few days he is coming back to the farm and work again for the old man."

There followed a moment of silence, broken only by the far-off rattle of a cart, lumbering slowly along the river road.

"Mon Père," said Marie, at last, "just before he left, Pierre wanted me to marry him."

"And what did you tell him?" asked the priest gently.

"That I would not be a drag on him, no matter how glad he might be to have me—or however much I might love him," she added in a trembling voice. "Oh, I do love him so, and now he's come back and I'll have to see him again. Why must I be so helpless, so unhappy, so—" She gazed at the priest with a startled look. "Truly do you believe in the power of St. Anne?" she asked slowly.

He bowed his head devoutly. "As in God himself, my child," he answered.

"Let us go, then," she cried eagerly. "Perhaps I was not right. The good Saint will hear our prayers and I shall walk again!"

II.

The train was bumping along good-naturedly over the little Beupré branch, taking its own time. The great pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne had gone the day before, and so the oak benches, running the whole length of the car, shone out in all their emptiness. One of the few passengers on the train was a young man, evidently a needy French-Canadian, who sat staring through the dusty car-window. Tall and well-built he was, with a shapely head, an honest, serious face, and frank eyes. A bit of scarlet, carelessly knotted about his throat, hid the coarseness of his gray flannel shirt.

As the train drew nearer to Beupré, the ragged country, civilized by an occasional stretch of white, dusty road, took on some appearance

of order. Careless, wandering brooks changed to sober, pious little rivers, flowing smoothly through cultivated fields and under narrow white bridges. All this transformation passed unnoticed by the young fellow on the train; and when at last the rusty-brown platform of Beaupré lay in view, he leaped upon it before the train had stopped, and hurried toward the steep village street.

On his right stood a cluster of little shops, mostly open-air booths, where souvenirs of various kinds were sold. Crowds of country people, with brilliant dashes of red and yellow in their dress, moved about, jostling each other, and gazing at the Bibles and miniature crosses everywhere for sale. Above and beyond this cheap market-place towered the stately, weather-beaten church of St. Anne. Its high, white walls stood up in all their bareness, quite unadorned. Long, deeply-worn steps stretched down to the level of the stony road, as if to encourage doubting pilgrims. The bleak shrine lent to the cottages of the village an undeserved air of grandeur.

As the young man hurried along, however, he took no heed either of the cottages or the gayly dressed crowd. The anxious look on his face deepened as he reached the church door. He paused a moment, then took off his cap and silently entered.

The dimly lighted church was well filled. Young and old, men and women, were sitting on the narrow, straight-backed seats, so wholly absorbed in the scene at the altar that his entrance was unnoticed. A long, narrow aisle, hemmed in by the tall gates of the pews, lay in front of him. Flanking it on either side rose two irregular pyramids, covered, as if in haste, with a motley collection of relics. Braces, canes, crutches of every kind, hung there in confusion. He merely glanced at these mementos, and then walked slowly forward, keeping his eyes fixed upon the altar.

A white-haired priest, holding a small object in his hand, was earnestly praying. The chancel, lighted by a bright beam of light from a square window, high in the wall, seemed like a faultless picture, clear and startling against the dark background. As the old father ended his

prayer, he turned slowly to a dark-haired girl standing near, supported by two men.

"Trust now in the blessed Saint," he said in a low voice, as he gazed into her face.

Indeed, faith seemed lacking there. The frightened look in her eyes told of bewilderment, not of hope. Her attitude, the droop of her head, made plain her horror of the staring crowd and the coming ordeal.

"Trust in the Good Saint Anne," repeated the priest. He kneeled, holding in his outstretched hand the sacred relic, a wrist-bone of the Saint. He began to pass it up and down in front of the girl, moving his lips silently. Now and then, he touched her with it gently, his face always upturned in prayer. At last he arose, stepped back a few paces, and signed to the assistants.

"Believe, and thou shalt be whole," he whispered solemnly.

An absolute hush fell over the church. The two men began to loosen the girl's clinging hands, and to remove their support. A look of fear shot across her face.

"No, no, not yet; I am too weak. Stop! Stop!" she cried hastily, as she felt herself sinking.

She cast about a quick, despairing glance. At the foot of the chancel steps stood Pierre,— Pierre with arms outstretched and tears in his eyes. Marie saw him and half turned, forgetful that she was standing quite alone. She did not hear the rapidly muttered prayer of the eager priest.

"Oh, Pierre, I'm frightened, take me away!" she cried, and ran to him as he came toward her.

"Holy Mother, 'tis a miracle of the blessed Saint Anne," sobbed an old man in the back of the church, wiping his eyes.

Francis R. Dickinson.

THE ANGEL ON THE TOWER.

HIGH on the gray old tower an angel stands,
Alike in summer sun and wintry snow;
Far, far beneath him flow the ceaseless sands
Of human toil, of human joy and woe.

Silent he stands through the calm, starry night,
And watches o'er the city's fevered sleep;
Upon his brow rests the first gleam of light,
When morning rises from the mystic deep.

When clouds of mortal grief and fear and dread
Are o'er me, and my heart is wrung with care,
To the abiding tower I lift my head,
And still that sculptured angel-form is there.

Steadfast and changeless as unchanging fate
It stands; and I, too, stand, and hope, and wait.

R. M. Green.

THE CATASTROPHE IN MODERN TRAGEDY.

THE production, a few months ago, of *El Gran Galeoto* by the Independent Theatre has increased the talk often heard about the lack of a proper catastrophe in contemporary tragedy. There is no uplifting; at the end of most modern tragedies, is the common complaint, one is left in complete gloom. This talk is by no means new. I remember, for example, that there was a great deal of it at the time of Madame Modjeska's last performances in Boston of *Magda*. This feeling, recently revived and strengthened, now deserves notice, since it is in fact founded

upon a misconception of the practice of many of the best dramatists, from the days of Greek tragedy until the present.

In treating the tragedy of the Greeks it is very important to remember the difference of their attitude on many questions from the modern. The power of heredity and environment, which so fills with loathing such typical moderns as Mr. Hardy and Lord De Tabley—I refer of course to the famous passage in the eleventh chapter of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and to the very noble and beautiful poem, "Zeus," in the first series of Lord De Tabley's *Poems: Lyrical and Dramatic*—appealed strongly to the Greek sense of law, and seemed to have given the great Greek tragedians a kind of stern delight. Yet even in Greek tragedies one discovers at times, I fancy, catastrophes which are scarcely uplifting. A good example is the last chorus of *Ædipus the King*:

"Ye dwellers in Thebes, our native land! this, behold in Ædipus, who knew the famous riddle and was a man most mighty, on whose fortunes every eye in Thebes would turn in eager wonderment; in what a sea of fearful trouble is he plunged!

"Wherefore keep we close watch to see that day, which closes all; calling none happy of the sons of men, till he have passed life's borderland and known not aught of grief." (*E. P. Coleridge's Translation.*)

In tragedy sufficiently near us to be penetrated with the modern spirit, the work of Shakspeare at least gives little support to the theory of the professors of æsthetics. The works of Shakspeare's greatest period between 1600 and 1608 are as pessimistic as if they were the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Their dominant note, as has been very ably shown by Mr. Swinburne and Professor Wendell, is fatalism. Nowhere does this fatalism appear more strongly than in Shakspeare's catastrophes. Take Hamlet's last words,

"The rest is silence,"

and the speech of Fortinbras at the end of the play,

"Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
 The soldiers' music and the rites of war
 Speak loudly for him.
 Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot."

It would be hard to find encouragement in these, unless indeed one had a soul of the average professor of æsthetics. Similarly in *Lear* one scarcely finds anything "uplifting" in Lear's last speech:

"And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life!
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never!
 Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
 Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
 Look there, look there!"

or Albany's speech at the end of the play,

"The weight of this sad time we must obey,
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long."

Still more strongly does one find this pessimistic ending in *Macbeth*, if one disregard the very end of the play as of no importance one way or the other, in that last cry of Macbeth in which Professor Wendell sees "last word of soul-sick despair,"—

"Lay on, Macduff;
 And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

Shaksperians, pure and simple, are so apt to deny all comprehension of their poet to those of us who are unfortunate enough to care for Ibsen or Hauptmann or Maeterlinck, that I cannot resist fortifying myself with two paragraphs from Mr. Swinburne's *Study of Shakespeare*, as being the

words of a poet and a critic of genius who has no sympathy with realism and who has devoted to Shakspeare the love and the study of a lifetime :

“But in one main point it differs radically from the work and the spirit of *Æschylus*. Its fatalism is of a darker and harder nature. To Prometheus the fetters of the lord and enemy of mankind were bitter ; upon Orestes the hand of heaven was laid too heavily to bear ; yet in the not utterly infinite or everlasting distance we see beyond them the promise of the morning on which mystery and justice shall be made one ; when righteousness and omnipotence at last shall kiss each other. But on the horizon of Shakespeare’s tragic fatalism we see no such twilight of atonement, such pledge of reconciliation as this. Requital, redemption, amends, equity, explanation, pity, mercy, are words without a meaning here.

‘As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport.’

Here is no need of the Eumenides children of Night everlasting ; for here is very Night herself.

“The words just cited are not casual or episodical ; they strike the keynote of the whole poem, lay the keystone of the whole arch of thought. There is no contest of conflicting forces, no judgment so much as by casting of lots ; far less is there any light of heavenly harmony or of heavenly wisdom, of Apollo or Athene from above. We have heard much and often from theologians of the light of revelation : and some such thing indeed we find in *Æschylus* : but the darkness of revelation is here.”

It is when one gets to the French tragedy of the seventeenth century and to the German tragedy of the eighteenth, that one begins to discover in the catastrophe compliance with modern rules of æsthetics. Even in classic French tragedy there are, to be sure, some catastrophes that scarcely comply with modern rules. Take the ending of *Phèdre*, for example : it seems scarcely uplifting that the innocent Theseus should suffer for the sins of his wife. French tragedy as a whole, however, is, as has been pointed out by a French critic of no less distinction than M. Faguet, scarcely tragedy at all. Romeo and Juliet die, as M. Faguet very succinctly puts it ; Rodrigue and Chimène marry. One may easily see that a tragedy so called in which a large proportion of the endings

were happy would naturally not contain very gloomy catastrophes. This is still more striking in the German drama of the eighteenth century. Anyone who has read serious German verse-plays must remember how many of them are not called tragedies at all. This is true, for example, of *Tasso*, and of that very fascinating *Iphigenie* which Herr Conried is to give us this spring. Even genuine German tragedies have virtually happy endings. Faust and Mary Stuart and Joan of Arc die indeed; they die, however, moral victors, with none of the despair of, let us say, Macbeth. Here, too, the tendency was naturally not toward a gloomy catastrophe.

Far different has been the condition of affairs in the great school of drama which has arisen in the last quarter of our century. The realistic movement in drama which sprang up simultaneously in France with Emile Zola, in Norway with Ibsen, and in Spain with Echegaray, has naturally not been pleasing to the academic mind. The professors of æsthetics have been unable to conceive that tragedy should exist in unvarnished prose without the adornment of verse. The dramatists tried to conciliate them by calling their tragedies plays. This, however, was of no avail. They have been held to all the rules for catastrophe that certain professors of æsthetics have promulgated. These rules the dramatists have been quite able to make use of when they wanted to. Theatre-goers must remember the magnificent verse about sunrise which ends the *Sunken Bell*, and in *The Master Builder*, the magnificent last outburst of Hilda Wangel: "I don't see him any more. But he mounted right to the top—my, my master builder." When, however, the dramatists have wished to express gloom, they have naturally not chosen to lose their effect by a compliance with certain formal rules laid down by the professors of æsthetics. The practice of the dramatists will naturally be regretted by those who regard men of letters as a missionary society for the spreading throughout mankind of the beneficent doctrines of optimism. It remains, however, to be proved by the professors of æsthetics that tragedy has any such aim. One does not see, meanwhile, how they can very well condemn dramatists for not complying with rules

that they can only assert without proof. One feels all the less like yielding, alike in the technical detail of catastrophe and in the broader principle which lies behind it, when one remembers the practice of William Shakspeare.

James Platt White.

Editorial.

TO a vast majority of the University, the Phillips Brooks House has been scarcely more than the name of a structure seen by them as they passed to Memorial Hall or the Gymnasium, but which had no part in their lives, and aroused little feeling except lingering regrets that it should have been erected in a corner of the College Yard that was more beautiful without it. They have never thought about the position in university life that is occupied or that ought to be occupied by the Phillips Brooks House and what it represents. But now the receptions given by wives of the members of the Faculty — gatherings so eminently in accord with the purposes for which the building was erected, and also so charmingly conducted — very naturally, since they bring men into the House, arouse questions relating to the limited use and restricted utility of the building.

An effort to determine why the Phillips Brooks House and the organizations accommodated in it are apparently so insignificant in college life might lead one far afield; the same is true of any attempt to suggest comprehensive remedies for the general unconcern. But at least we may ask for a removal, as far as may be, of the restrictions that make the House and the societies connected with it appear as institutions distinctly unlike all others with which they share the same fundamentally social aims.

The restriction to which most objection is made is the prohibition of smoking. For such prohibition we can conceive no adequate excuse. Would not a wider use of the building, with freedom to smoke, and to enjoy its comforts in any gentlemanly way, have been just what Phillips Brooks himself would have desired and advocated? One can readily imagine him as University preacher, seated before a fire in the large parlor, pipes and a bowl of tobacco nearby, and a group of students, smoking if they pleased, chatting socially and listening to the big-hearted man, whose broad sympathy irresistibly attracted them. Permission to smoke in the Brooks House would not perhaps be accompanied by a large or even noticeable increase in daily attendance, but it would be a step toward eliminating the idea that religion and the buildings and the interests connected with it lie widely apart from all essentially human affairs.

Any such step that will extend the usefulness of this memorial to a man very broadly human, and that will help students who do not style themselves "religious" to feel at home in the building, ought to be taken promptly and cheerfully if, indeed, the Phillips Brooks House is not to become in fact what it has been wittily, though we hope inaccurately named — a *Religious Casino*.

Book Notices.

"LETTERS OF THOMAS GRAY." Selected, with a Biographical Notice, by Henry Milnor Rideout. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

Mr. Rideout, in his edition of Gray's letters, has attempted a kind of literary work which, of all kinds, most needs to be well done in order to be worth the doing. A novel may survive a lot of poor workmanship; a new edition of an old classic cannot. The standard of mere technical merit, therefore, must here be set unusually high. It is

gratifying to apply this standard in the present case and discover that the work passes; that it has been almost, if not quite, as well done as the most rigorous critic could exact.

"Not quite"; because, in his introduction, Mr. Rideout has not escaped two very dissimilar, and, perhaps, not very serious pitfalls. In at least one instance he has been too journalistic; in another, academic. When, that is to say, he brings in Stevenson and the romantic revival of to-day, and qualifies the movement as a "sunset which threatens to be Arctic," he gets off a clever phrase; he stimulates interest by a touch of personal opinion, and an allusion to the immediate present; but he does all this at the expense of permanent value; he thinks only of to-day and makes no provision for the morrow, when his allusion will be stale, his prophecy either a common-place or a mistake, his edition a literary symptom, not an editorial fact. Is it unfair to call this touch a catchpenny? So, too, a case of quite dissimilar error occurs at the very end of the introduction, when Mr. Rideout vaguely alludes to a "still more famous letter-writer," who used both Gray and Madame de Sévigné as models. The average man will have no idea who is meant, and—not having any very clear idea how to find out—will be, not so much stimulated, as irritated. To one of the elect, it is true, the allusion is clear enough. But are "Selections" made for the elect? And do we not hope, in any case, from Harvard men, for work of wide appeal? work fairly free from academic shibboleth?

These two blemishes, however,—if blemishes they be,—are ridiculously slight; their enunciation serves only to show how small a peg this work affords to hang hostile criticism on. When it is subjected to anything like a broader view, only words of praise can be found for the workmanlike way in which Mr. Rideout has done his job: the judiciousness of his selections, the unobtrusive adequacy of his notes, the sympathy and skill with which, in his introduction, he has worked up a somewhat weak-kneed subject into a firm and living portrait.

A. Z. R.

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA." A Tragedy in Four Acts. By Stephen Phillips. London and New York: John Lane.

A few years ago Mr. William Archer declared that a revival of English verse-tragedy would require a heaven-sent genius. To the minds of many, including indeed Mr. Archer, that genius has appeared in the

poem of Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose first volume of poems made so great a sensation in 1897.

The beauty of the verse of *Paolo and Francesca* is no surprise to one who knows Mr. Phillips' previous volume. The great beauty of *Paolo and Francesca*, as of the *Poems*, consists in its simplicity. One finds, indeed, such lines of Coleridgian splendor as

"Sea-perils, or some long-ago farewell,
Or the last sunset cry of wounded kings."

The peculiar charm of the book lies, however, far more in lines in which the beauty comes from the subtle rhythm of the simple but perfectly chosen words, as

"Under some potion gently will I die;
And they that find me dead shall lay me down
Beautiful as a sleeper at her feet."

What does astound one is a frequent display of tremendous dramatic power. The opening, indeed, is poor. The exposition is too huddled, too direct. After that, however, *Paolo and Francesca* differs from most English verse-tragedies in being genuinely a play. Mr. Phillips' speeches are not only poetic like Browning's or Mr. Swinburne's, but often dramatic like Mr. Pinero's. Mr. Phillips' dramatic power comes out most strongly in his ironical use of comic relief. At a bound Mr. Phillips has written a tragedy which we can almost call Shaksperian.

The play becomes even more interesting from its position in the modern drama. Mr. Phillips has given us another example of the reaction against the problem-play, which has already become apparent in the vogue of comedies like *Lord and Lady Algy* and *The Degenerates*, and in such tragedies without a purpose as *The Heather Field*. Mr. Phillips has only written a play. He has not attempted to alter the tax-rate or the position of woman.

If *Paolo and Francesca*, however, does not attempt to solve a problem, it does at least express a mood. Like the authors of *Tess* and of *McTeague*, Mr. Phillips is weighed down with a sense of overwhelming fate. If human beings sin, they sin because predestined. Here, too, Mr. Phillips shows himself a master. The poet of the inexorable driving of the lovers, the youth and the maiden with her "convent thoughts," to sin and death, is one with whom comparison in his peculiar ground need not be dreaded by either Mr. Hardy or Mr. Norris.

J. P. W.

"THE QUEEN'S TWIN AND OTHER STORIES." By Sarah Orne Jewett.
Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

In the story that gives name to the book, a thoroughly plausible type of New England character has been discriminated. The Queen's twin is an ancient New England woman, born in a windy Maine fishing-port on the same day as Victoria, and exalted above the dreary mediocrity of a life of drudgery by a dignifying sentiment of affinity to the Queen. This vital superstition, strengthened by analogy in commonplace experience and by rumination on every scrap obtainable about the Queen, became with the poor woman a kind of *daimon*, personal and palpably real, that calmed and ennobled her character.

After having read this story, and caught the virile, tonic spirit that pervades it, one is not prepared for the rather attenuated studies that complete the volume. Their discursiveness of narrative and triteness of subject are rallied only by a richness of descriptive detail and a delicate sensitiveness to New England atmospheric conditions. One feels, too, a bit defrauded to find two sketches of Irish life intruding in the collection, though they are quite as justified by their vigor as are some of the more unprosperous Yankee tales. Yet, for the sake of the human, and hitherto quite new, characterization in *The Queen's Twin*, one is ready to say that the work is worth having done.

G. H. M.

Books Received.

"A MAN'S WOMAN." By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

(To be reviewed next month.)

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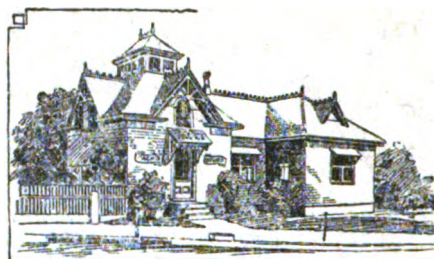
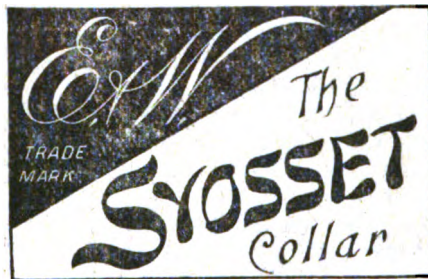
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